Tour Around The World

By Genl Grant

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U. S. Grant

A TOUR
AROUND THE WORLD
BY GENERAL GRANT.

BEING

A NARRATIVE OF THE INCIDENTS AND EVENTS OF HIS JOURNEY

THROUGH

GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND, BELGIUM, THE GERMAN EMPIRE, SWITZERLAND, FRANCE, EGYPT, THE HOLY LAND, TURKEY, GREECE, ITALY, HOLLAND, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, RUSSIA, AUSTRIA, SPAIN, PORTUGAL, INDIA, SIAM, CHINA, JAPAN, ETC.

CONTAINING

Accurate Descriptions of the Cities and Countries Visited by General Grant, the Manners and Customs of the People, Remarkable Places and Objects of Interest, together with a Full Account of the Extraordinary Honors Paid to General Grant by the Sovereigns and People of the Old World.

EDITED AND COMPILED FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES

BY

JAMES D. McCABE.

AUTHOR OF "THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD," "PATHWAYS OF THE HOLY LAND," "PARIS BY SUNLIGHT AND GASLIGHT," ETC., ETC.

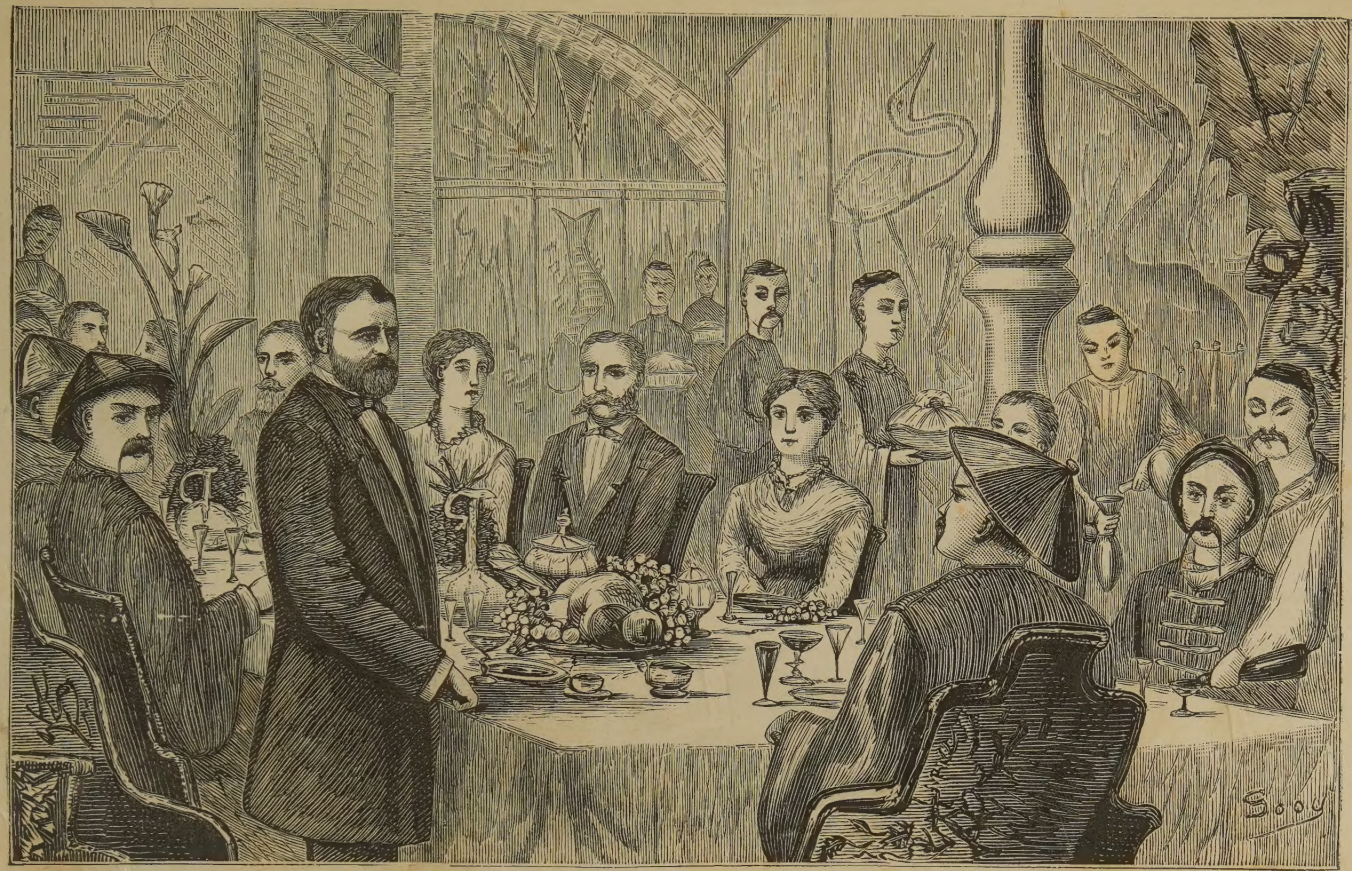
EMBELLISHED WITH NEARLY 200 FINE HISTORICAL ENGRAVINGS AND PORTRAITS.

Issued by subscription only, and not for sale in the book stores. Residents of any State desiring a copy should address the Publishers, and an Agent will call upon them. See page 811.

PUBLISHED BY

THE NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO.,

PHILADELPHIA, PA., CHICAGO, ILL., ST. LOUIS, MO., AND ATLANTA, GA.



GENERAL GRANT DINING WITH THE PRINCE REGENT OF CHINA.

PREFACE.

THE journey of General Grant around the world is one of the most important events of Modern History. There is no living man whose career can be compared with that of General Grant; no soldier, since Napoleon I., has accomplished such great results. It is generally admitted that the victories of General Grant saved the great American Republic, and it is not surprising that all the world has done homage to the greatest military chieftain of the age. The splendor of General Grant's reception in the many countries through which he travelled was owing to his great fame as a soldier.

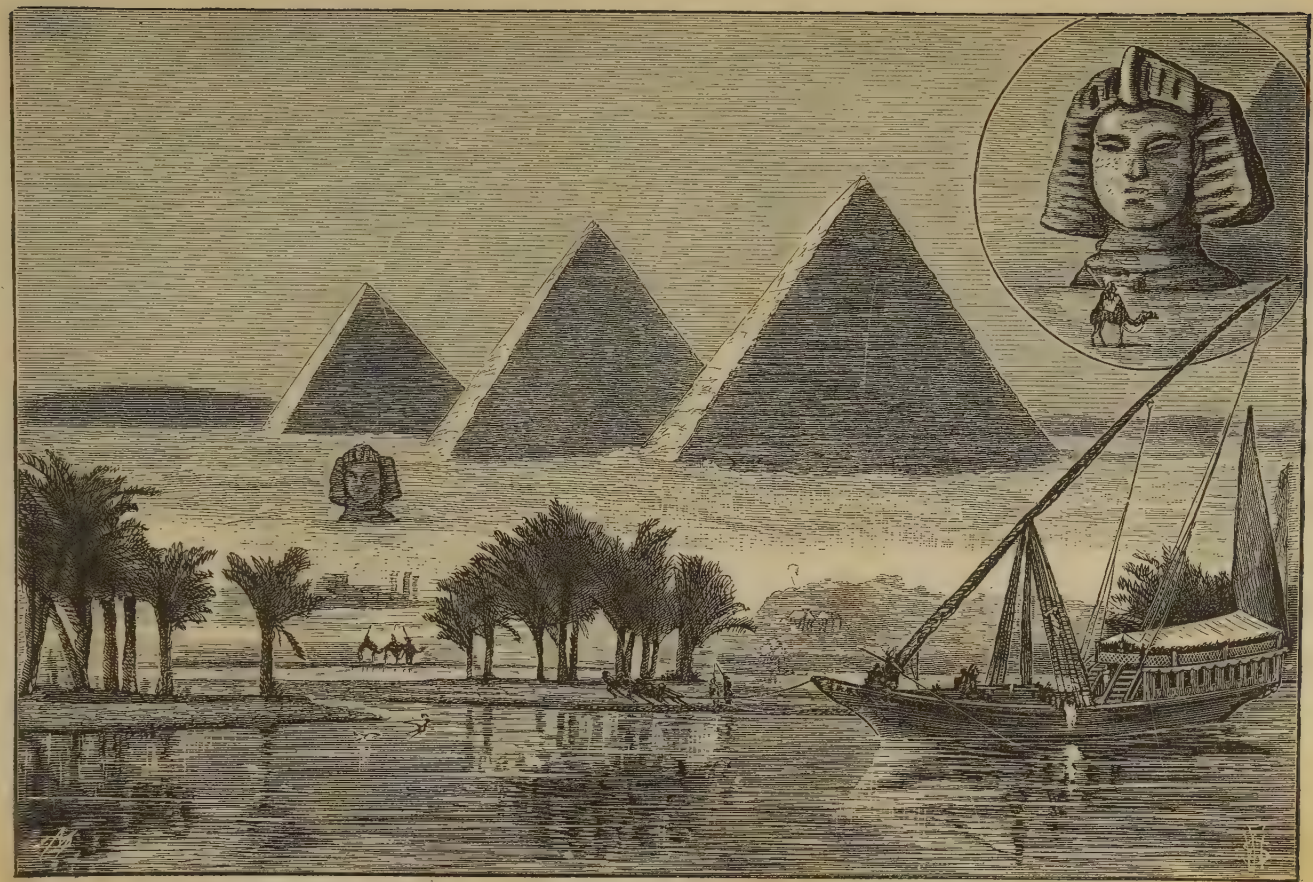
His journey was the most remarkable ever made by any human being. Wherever he went he was received by people and sovereigns with royal honors, and was in all respects the most honored traveller that ever accomplished the journey around the world. The distinguished American ex-President, though travelling as a simple citizen of the United States, has made the most remarkable journey in all recorded history, seeing more, and being more honored and admitted to closer confidence, by the rulers of mankind, than any individual who ever undertook to seek instruction or recreation by extensive travels through foreign lands. The whole journey was like a romance, and the countries through which General Grant travelled exerted

themselves to show him all they have worth seeing. Who of crowned monarchs could have made the circuit of civilization with so many distinguished marks of honor? Who of contemporary military men would have excited so much interest in all quarters of the globe?

During the progress of his journey, the movements of General Grant were reported regularly in the various newspapers of the United States, and were followed closely by his fellow-citizens. So great was this popular interest that one of the leading journals of the country sent its most able correspondent to travel with him, and report the record of his daily life abroad. These reports, however, coming at intervals of greater or less extent, were naturally disconnected, and there is a universal and recognized demand for a connected and continuous narrative of this great journey, which shall give in a more extended form than was possible in newspaper correspondence, an account of General Grant's travels, and such information concerning the places he visited and the persons he met, as may be necessary to a proper understanding of the story. Such a work is offered to the public in the present volume, in which the movements of General Grant are related day by day from the time he left Philadelphia for Liverpool until his arrival at San Francisco.

The author has drawn from every source of information open to him. Being personally familiar with a portion of the route pursued by General Grant, he has drawn upon his own experience and impressions in describing it. He has endeavored to include everything of interest or instruction to the reader in his narrative, while, at the same time, he has sought to avoid what was unnecessary or fatiguing.

The latter part of the work consists mainly of the letters written to *The New York Herald* by Mr. John Russell Young,

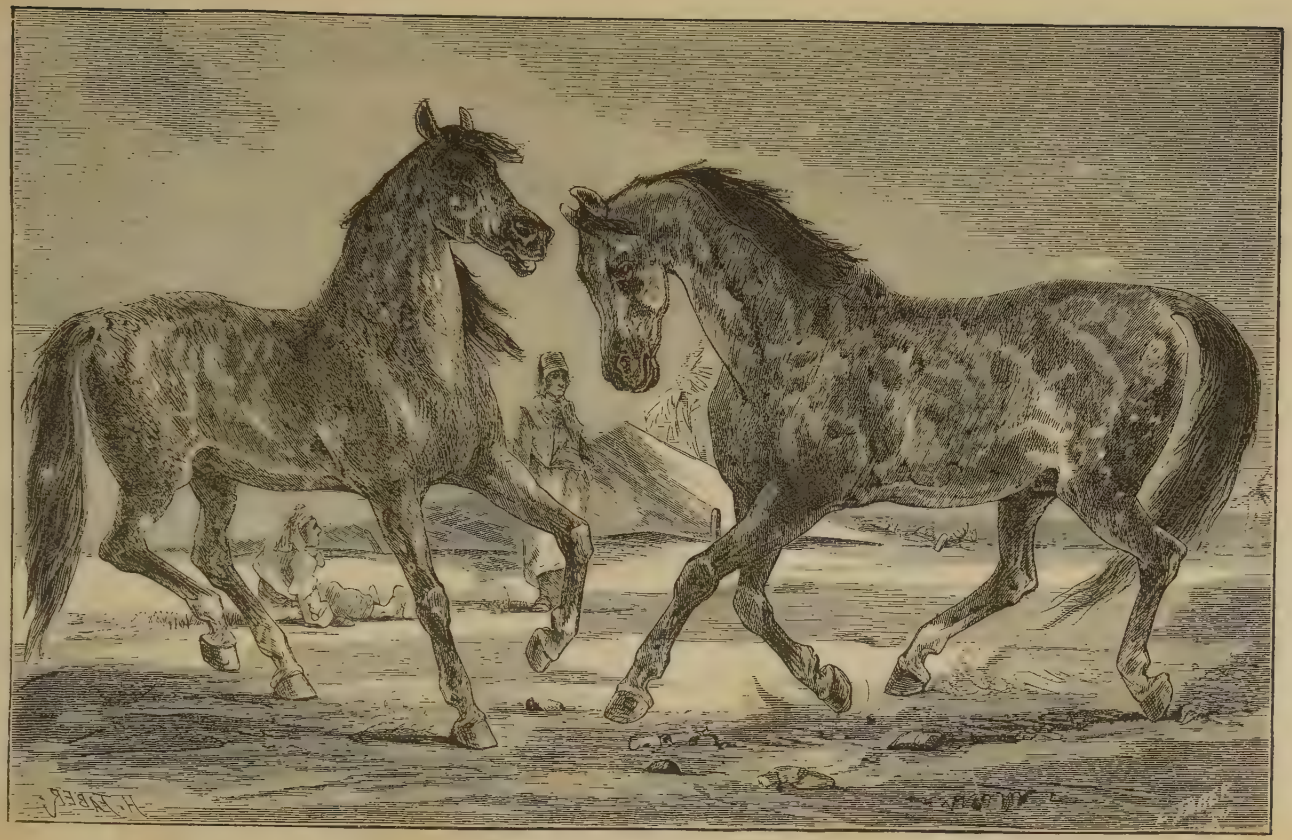


GENERAL GRANT ASCENDING THE NILE IN THE KHEDIVE'S YACHT—LANDING OPPOSITE THE PYRAMIDS.

who accompanied General Grant during portions of his travels, and was his constant companion during the Eastern tour. These letters are given as they appeared in the columns of *The Herald*, with the exception that parts of them have been omitted as possessing no special interest to the general reader. Wherever they are used due credit is given to Mr. Young and *The Herald*.

The book is simply what it professes to be—a narrative of General Grant's travels in foreign lands. It has no political significance. General Grant's journey possesses a deep interest to his countrymen of all parties. It would be singular indeed if his own countrymen failed to appreciate the unprecedented attentions and courtesies which he received in every part of the world to which the light of Christian or Mohammedan or heathen civilization has penetrated. It is in his person and in the honors bestowed upon him that our country and its great destiny have first been adequately recognized by the widely distributed branches of the human family. His own countrymen may feel a justifiable pride in a career which has attracted such universal homage, and the hearty welcome given him by the people of the Pacific coast upon his return to his own land, makes it apparent that the nation does not undervalue the compliment which so many foreign countries have paid to our Republic in the person of one of its most illustrious citizens.

PHILADELPHIA, *November* 12, 1879.



ARABIAN HORSES PRESENTED TO GENERAL GRANT BY THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

Drawn from life, by H. Faber, while on Exhibition at the Pennsylvania State Fair, September, 1879.

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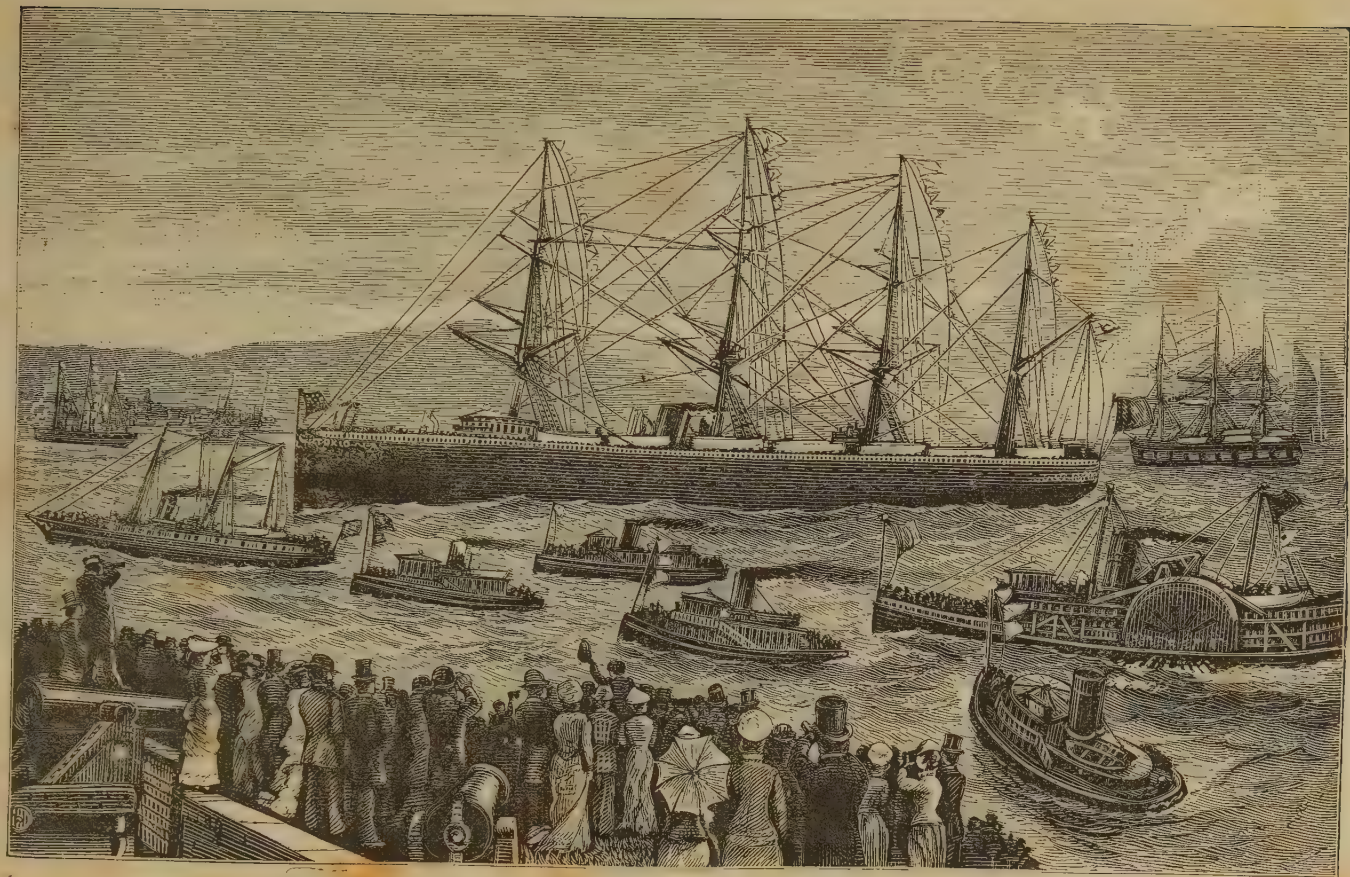
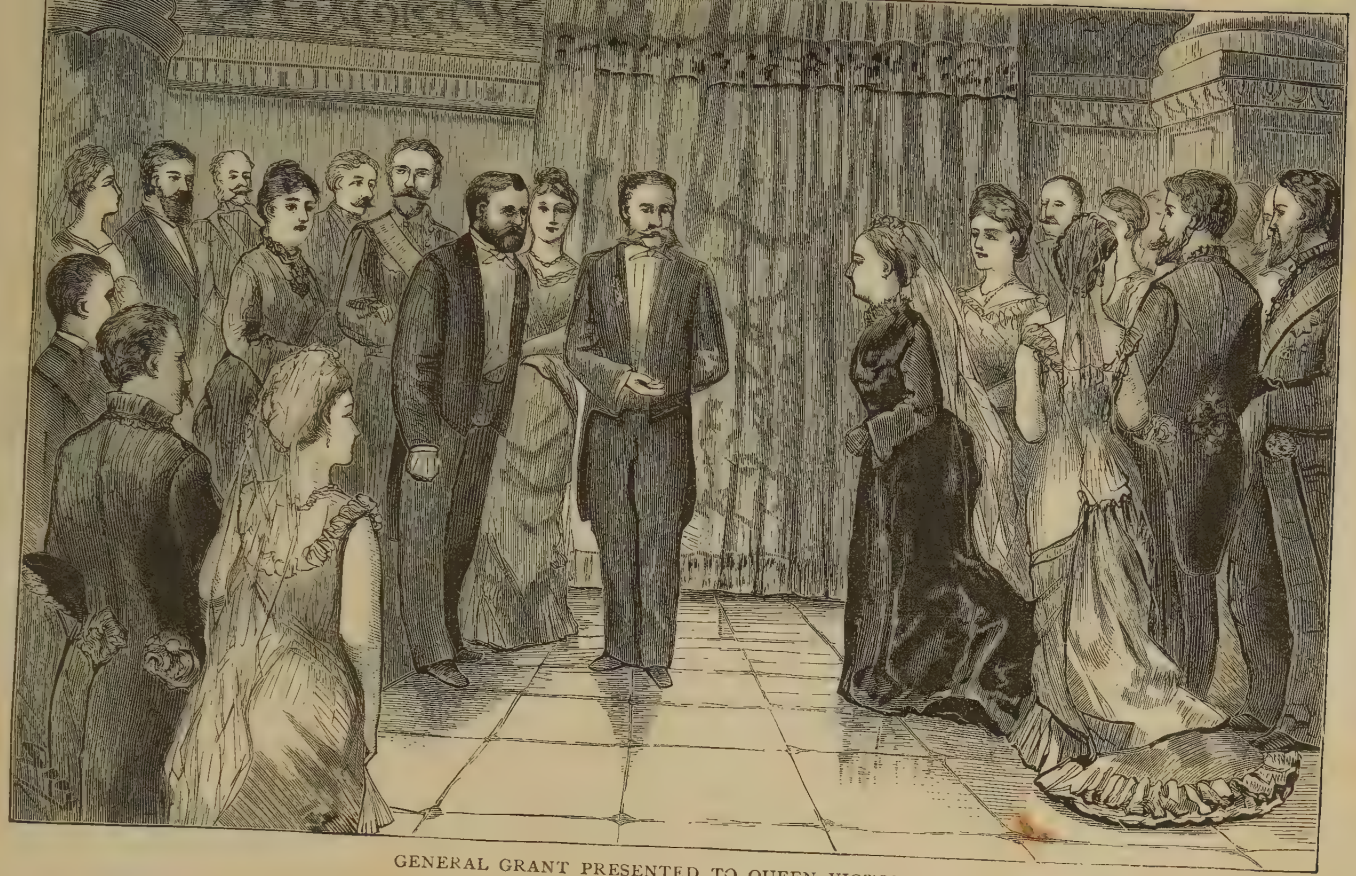


ARRIVAL OF GENERAL GRANT AT SAN FRANCISCO.

ABDUL HAMID, SULTAN OF TURKEY



GENERAL GRANT PRESENTED TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

A TOUR AROUND THE WORLD BY GENERAL GRANT.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.

Determination of General Grant to visit Europe—Preparations for the Journey—Arrival in Philadelphia—Reception there—The American Steamship Line—The "Indiana"—Departure from Philadelphia—Trip down the Delaware—The Parting—Going to Sea—The Outward Voyage—Arrival at Queenstown—Reception at Liverpool—Speech of the Mayor—Description of Liverpool—General Grant visits the Docks—Lunch at the Town Hall—Visit to Manchester—An English Welcome—Reception at the Royal Exchange—The Address—Reception at Leicester and Bedford—Arrival in London.

ON the 4th of March, 1877, General Ulysses S. Grant retired from the Presidency of the United States, his second term of office expiring on that day.

It had for some time been General Grant's intention to seek in foreign travel the rest and recreation he had been so long denied by his constant official duties. For the first time since the spring of 1861—a period of sixteen eventful and busy years to him—he was a private citizen, and free to direct his movements according to his own pleasure. He had successfully closed one of the greatest wars in history, had devoted eight years to a troubled and exciting administration of the Chief Magistracy of the United States, and was sorely in need of rest. This, as has been said, he resolved to seek in travel in foreign lands.

He devoted the few weeks following his withdrawal from office to arranging his private affairs, and engaged passage for himself, Mrs. Grant, and his son Jesse, on the steamer "Indiana," one of the American Line, sailing between Philadelphia and Liverpool—the only Transatlantic line flying the American flag.

On the 9th of May, 1877, General Grant reached Philadelphia. It was his intention to pass the last week of his stay in his own country with his friends in that city, who were very numerous and devotedly attached to him. During his stay in Philadelphia he was the guest of Mr. George W. Childs, the owner of the *Public Ledger*, and was the recipient of many honors at the hands of the citizens.

On the 10th of May, the day after his arrival, he visited the Permanent Exhibition—the successor of the Centennial Exhibition—on the occasion of its opening. Just one year before this General Grant, in his official capacity as President of the United States, had formally opened the great World's Fair on the same spot. The 11th, 12th, and 13th, he passed in social intercourse with his friends in the city, and on the 14th held a reception at the Union League Club, after which he reviewed the First Regiment of Infantry of the National Guard of Pennsylvania. On the 16th he received the Soldiers' Orphans from the State School. The little fellows marched by the steps of Mr. Childs' residence, upon which stood Generals Grant and Sherman, and were greeted with smiles and kind words as they passed by. Later in the day he received in Independence Hall the veteran soldiers and sailors of the city, to the number of twelve hundred. He then repaired to the residence of Mr. Childs, where he lunched with Governor Hartranft. In the evening he was serenaded, the mansion being brilliantly illuminated.

The "Indiana" sailed on the morning of the 17th of May, and the day was opened by a farewell breakfast to the General at Mr. Childs' house. Among the guests present were the Hon. Hamilton Fish, who had been Secretary of State under General Grant, Governor Hartranft, General Sherman, and Hon. Simon Cameron. After breakfast the party drove to the Delaware river, and embarked on board the steamer "Magenta."

DOCKS OF THE AMERICAN STEAMSHIP LINE ON THE DAY OF THE SAILING OF GENERAL GRANT.

A brief visit was paid to the Russian corvette "Cravasser," and then the "Magenta" proceeded down the Delaware to overtake the "Indiana" which was already on her way down the stream. The party on board the "Magenta" consisted of General Grant, General Sherman, Hon. Hamilton Fish, Mayor William S. Stokley, of Philadelphia, Lieut.-Col. Fred. D. Grant, Hon. Zach. Chandler, Ex-Secretaries George M. Robeson and A. E. Borie, Hon. Simon Cameron, Senator J. Don Cameron, Governor John F. Hartranft, George W. Childs, Henry C. Carey, General Stewart Van Vleet, Major Alexander Thorpe, Hon. Isaac H. Bailey, U. S. Grant, Jr., General Horace Porter, and many other distinguished persons. The United States Revenue Cutter "Hamilton" accompanied the "Magenta." It bore Mrs. Grant, Admiral Turner, Mrs. George W. Childs, Mrs. Borie, A. J. Drexel, Mrs. Drexel, Mrs. Sharp, a sister of Mrs. Grant, Hon. Morton McMichael, Hon. J. W. Forney, A. Bierstadt, and others.

Both steamers were gayly decorated with flags, and sped on their way merrily. The wharves of the city were crowded with people, who greeted the steamers with hearty cheers, and the shipping was a mass of gay-colored bunting.

At Girard Point a brief stoppage was made, and the following telegraphic despatch was delivered to General Grant:

NEW YORK, *May 17th*, 1877.

GENERAL GRANT, PHILADELPHIA:

Mrs. Hayes joins me in heartiest wishes, that you and Mrs. Grant may have a prosperous voyage, and, after a happy visit abroad, a safe return to your friends and country. R. B. HAYES.

General Grant at once returned the following reply:

STEAMER MAGENTA,
DELAWARE RIVER, *May 17th*, 11 o'clock A. M.

President Hayes, Executive Mansion, Washington:

DEAR SIR: Mrs. Grant joins me in thanks to you and Mrs. Hayes for your kind wishes and your message received on board this boat just as we are pushing out from the wharf. We unite in returning our cordial greetings, and in expressing our best wishes for your health, happiness, and success in your most responsible position. Hoping to return to my country to find it prosperous in business, and with cordial feelings renewed between all sections,

I am, dear sir, truly yours, U. S. GRANT.

A handsome luncheon was served on the "Magenta," General Grant taking the head of the table. The health of the "parting guest" was drunk, and speeches were made by General Sherman and Ex-Secretaries Fish and Robeson, and others. At last Mayor Stokley rose and said:

"GENERAL GRANT: As I now feel that it is necessary to draw these festivities to a close, I must speak for the city of Philadelphia. I am sure that I express the feelings of Philadelphia as I extend to you my hand, that I give to you the hands and hearts of all Philadelphians, and as we part with you now, it is the hope of Philadelphia that God will bless you with a safe voyage and a happy return; and with these few words I say God bless you, and God direct and care for you in your voyage across the ocean."

General Grant was much affected by these hearty words, and rising, replied as follows, in a quiet, earnest manner which showed how deeply he felt the honors paid to him:

"MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN: I feel much overcome with what I have heard. When the first toast was offered I supposed the last words here for me had been spoken, and I feel overcome by the sentiments to which I have listened, and which I feel I am altogether inadequate to respond to. I don't think that the compliments ought all to be paid to me or any one man in either of the positions which I was called upon to fill.

"That which I accomplished—which I was able to accomplish—I owe to the assistance of able lieutenants. I was so fortunate as to be called to the first position in the army of the nation, and I had the good fortune to select lieutenants who could have filled—had it been necessary I believe some of these lieutenants could have filled—my place, may be better than I did. I do not, therefore, regard myself as entitled to all the praise.

"I believe that my friend Sherman could have taken my place as a soldier as well as I could, and the same will apply to Sheridan. And I believe, finally, that if our country ever comes into trial again, young men will spring up equal to the occasion, and if one fails, there will be another to take his place, just as there was if I had failed. I thank you again and again, gentlemen,

for the hearty and generous reception I have had in your great city."

The "Indiana" was reached off Newcastle, Delaware, thirty-five miles below Philadelphia, at twenty minutes to three o'clock in the afternoon. Mrs. Grant and her son Jesse, who was to accompany his parents, were now transferred to the steamship from the "Hamilton," and then General Grant and a few friends left the "Magenta" and climbed up the sides of the "Indiana." Then came the final leave-takings, after which the friends returned to the "Magenta." A salute of twenty-one guns now thundered from the sides of the "Hamilton," and the whistles and bells of the steamers screamed and rang a parting. Then the "Indiana" steamed slowly ahead, increasing her speed as she left the fleet behind, and amid the wavings of handkerchiefs and hats sped rapidly on her course to the sea.

Being desirous of rendering General Grant's stay abroad as pleasant as possible, President Hayes caused the Secretary of State to forward the following official note to all the diplomatic representatives of this government abroad:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, *May 23d*, 1877.

To the Diplomatic and Consular Officers of the United States:

GENTLEMEN: General Ulysses S. Grant, the late President of the United States, sailed from Philadelphia on the 17th inst., for Liverpool.

The route and extent of his travels, as well as the duration of his sojourn abroad, were alike undetermined at the time of his departure, the object of his journey being to secure a few months of rest and recreation after sixteen years of unremitting and devoted labor in the military and civil service of his country.

The enthusiastic manifestations of popular regard and esteem for General Grant shown by the people in all parts of the country that he has visited since his retirement from official life, and attending his every appearance in public from the day of that retirement up to the moment of his departure for Europe, indicate beyond question the high place he holds in the grateful affections of his countrymen.

Sharing in the largest measure this general public sentiment, and at the same time expressing the wishes of the President, I desire to invite the aid of the Diplomatic and Consular Officers of the Government to make his journey a pleasant one should he visit their posts. I feel already assured that you will

find patriotic pleasure in anticipating the wishes of the Department by showing him that attention and consideration which is due from every officer of the Government to a citizen of the Republic so signally distinguished both in official service and personal renown.

I am, Gentlemen, Your obedient servant,

WM. M. EVARTS.

The "Indiana" is a first-class steamer, and is commanded by Captain Sargeant, an accomplished navigator and an amiable gentleman. She is regarded as one of the most comfortable vessels in the fleet of the American line, and is a first-rate sailer. Both the company and the officers of the ship exerted themselves to render the voyage of General and Mrs. Grant a pleasant one, and in this they succeeded admirably.

The "Indiana" passed the Capes on the afternoon of the 17th of May, and by sunset was fairly out at sea. The voyage was unusually rough, but the General and Jesse proved themselves good sailors. Mrs. Grant suffered somewhat from sea-sickness, but, on the whole, enjoyed the voyage. With the exception of the rough weather, there was nothing worthy of notice connected with the run across the Atlantic, except the death and burial of a child of one of the steerage passengers. The General and Jesse never missed a meal, and the former smoked constantly—an excellent test of his sea-going qualities.

Once on board the "Indiana," General Grant seemed a changed man. He dropped the silence and reserve that had been for so many years among his chief characteristics, and conversed freely and with animation; entered heartily into the various amusements that were gotten up to beguile the tedium of the voyage, and was by common consent regarded as the most agreeable person on the ship. Said Captain Sargeant, in speaking of the General's hearty good nature during the voyage: "There is no one who can make himself more entertaining or agreeable in his conversation—when nobody has an axe to grind." Indeed the Captain declared that he had found the General the most interesting and entertaining talker he had ever met.

The voyage was of great benefit to General Grant, and on the first day out he told the Captain that he felt better than he had for sixteen years, since the beginning of the war, and that he

keenly relished the consciousness that he had no letters to read and no telegraphic despatches to attend to, but was free to do nothing but enjoy the voyage.

On the morning of the 27th of May the "Indiana" arrived off the coast of Ireland. Off Fastnet Light she was compelled to lie to for eight hours in a dense fog. It finally lifted, however, and the passengers had a fine view of the coast of Ireland. Queenstown harbor was reached about seven o'clock, and the weather being rough the "Indiana" ran into the harbor to discharge her mails and such passengers as wished to land at Queenstown. A steam tug came alongside, bearing Mr. John Russel Young, the European Correspondent of the *New York Herald*, and a number of prominent citizens of Queenstown, who came on board the steamer and heartily welcomed General Grant to Ireland. They also cordially invited him to stay with them a while, as their guest. General Grant was very much gratified by this reception, and returned his thanks for it, but stated that arrangements already made would compel him to decline the invitation, though he hoped to visit them at some future time. Letters and despatches, which had been accumulating for some days at Queenstown, were now delivered to the General. Among these were numerous invitations from leading public men in England, tendering the General a series of entertainments during his stay in that country. The "Indiana," having discharged her mails, now put about and steamed out to sea, followed by the hearty cheers of the party on the tender, which returned to Queenstown.

On the afternoon of the 28th of May the "Indiana" reached Liverpool. It was a bright and balmy day, and was a partial compensation for the wretched weather that had attended the voyage. The shipping in the port was decorated with the flags of all nations, among which the Stars and Stripes were conspicuous. The passengers were conveyed in a tender to the landing stage, where General Grant was met by Mr. A. R. Walker, the Mayor of Liverpool, who welcomed him to England's great seaport, and offered him the hospitalities of the city, in the following well-chosen words:

"GENERAL GRANT: I am proud that it has fallen to my lot, as

Chief Magistrate of Liverpool, to welcome to the shores of England so distinguished a citizen of the United States. You have, sir, stamped your name on the history of the world by your brilliant career as a soldier, and still more as a statesman in the interests of peace. In the name of Liverpool, whose interests are so closely allied with your great country, I bid you heartily welcome, and I hope Mrs. Grant and yourself will enjoy your visit to old England."

General Grant expressed his thanks to the Mayor for his kind reception, and was then introduced to a number of prominent citizens of Liverpool, after which the whole party drove to the Adelphi Hotel, where General Grant was to stay during his sojourn in the city.

Liverpool is the second city in Great Britain. It is situated on the northeast side of the river Mersey, along which it stretches for nearly five miles. It contains a population of over half a million inhabitants, and is one of the greatest commercial cities in the world. Yet, as a recent writer has well said, "it does not come up to the anticipations of the stranger in all those stirring, bustling scenes of activity which an American will look for as inseparable from the transactions of so vast a business. On approaching the city from the sea, the whole front presents a series of blank granite walls, tall warehouses, and yawning entrances to dock-basins, over the top of which, and apparently in close contact with the chimneys of the houses, the topmasts of vessels can be discerned spread for many miles around."

The first impression made upon the traveller landing in Liverpool, is the strength and heaviness of the buildings. They seem to be erected with a view to durability and utility only. The business section has an air of gloom, which is heightened by the dinginess imparted to the fronts of the buildings by the smoke of the soft coal burned. The private residence quarters are very extensive, and though lighter and more cheerful than the business section, have still an air of solidity. The houses are generally large, and the streets are wide, well paved, and very clean. Several handsome parks adorn this portion of the city.

Liverpool contains a number of handsome public buildings,

which are richly worth visiting. The Town Hall is a fine Palladian building, surmounted by a dome supporting a statue of Britannia. Its interior contains statues of Roscoe and Canning, by Chautrey, and a number of portraits of public men. The interior is laid off in suites of handsome rooms, elegantly fitted up. The Assize Courts and Custom-House are notable edifices, as is also the Exchange, in the square of which is a statue by Westmacott, in honor of Lord Nelson, representing the great sailor receiving at the moment of death a naval crown of Victory. The Brown Library and Art Gallery, presented to the city by Sir William Brown, consist of several beautiful buildings filled with the choicest treasures of literature and art, and are free to the public. The pride and glory of Liverpool, however, is St. George's Hall, which is regarded as second only to the Houses of Parliament, at London, in size, beauty of design, and splendor of finish. It occupies an elevated position in the heart of the city, and presents a noble appearance from any point of view. It has four fronts, and is built in the Corinthian style of architecture. The eastern façade is four hundred and twenty feet long, and has a columnar projecting centre, with depressed wings. It contains a number of magnificent halls, the largest of which is one hundred and sixty-seven feet long, eighty-seven feet wide, and eighty-two feet high. It contains the grand organ, one of the largest instruments in the world, which was built at a cost of sixty thousand dollars. Concerts are given on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, the admission being only sixpence.

Liverpool contains a number of important educational institutions, which are provided with handsome buildings. It supports six theatres, and several other places of amusement.

Being the chief seaport of Great Britain, the population is made up of representatives of every country. In the sections adjoining the docks, it is lawless and vicious, and requires strict measures by the police to keep it in order.

On the morning of the 29th, General Grant and party, accompanied by the Mayor of Liverpool and a deputation of citizens, embarked on the tender "Vigilant," and proceeded to the extreme end of the river wall, where they inspected the new docks in process of construction.

The docks of Liverpool are its pride and glory. "The shipping and transshipping of goods being carried on mostly within the walls of the dockyards, the casual visitor sees nothing but a forest of masts as indicating the commercial greatness of Liverpool. Commerce does not show itself here, as in our American cities, but is confined within prescribed limits and bounds. The cargo of a vessel arriving will often be taken to load another ready to depart, and not hauled and stored and rehauled, as in New York. The docks are all supplied with immense sheds, and many of them with large warehouses, in which goods are temporarily piled away under the control of the custom-house authorities. The immense products of the manufactories of Manchester, only about thirty miles distant, are brought by rail direct to the docks, and immediately placed in the holds of the ships for which they are designed, the American merchants buying direct from the factories, and naming the dock, vessel, and time at which they are to be delivered in Liverpool for transportation to America. Liverpool is thus rather a great mercantile depot than such a magnificent commercial city as an American would expect to find it.

"The docks of Liverpool are undoubtedly fine specimens of engineering. Their immense solidity is, however, a matter of necessity, as the rushing tide of the Mersey, even in its calmest moods, would quickly sweep away a structure of less massive character. Each dock has a large basin in front, into which the gates of the dock open, for the entrance or departure of vessels. These gates can only be opened at high tide, and are closed as soon as the water commences to fall, keeping one depth of water always inside the docks, whilst that in the basin fluctuates twenty feet with the tide of the river. The great weight of water, from twenty to thirty feet deep, thus retained inside the docks, as will readily be understood, requires the most massive masonry to retain it within bounds.

"The number of docks along the five miles of the city front is thirty-three, and yet the line is steadily being extended by the erection of others, still longer and more massive in their construction. These arrangements for commercial convenience originated with Liverpool, and have since been adopted at most

of the tidal ports of Europe. Without them it would be necessary to load and unload vessels by lighters, and the whole river Mersey could scarcely afford anchorage for the shipping that is now floated within these granite walls at high tide, and moored in deep water whilst unloading and receiving cargo for a new voyage. The area of the docks varies from twenty thousand to sixty thousand square yards, their massive gates being mostly opened and closed by steam-power. Each is supplied with a graving-dock, just large enough to hold one first-class ship, into which a ship requiring repair is floated, after which the gate of this inner dock is closed and the water pumped out, thus forming a perfect dry-dock."

After returning from the docks General Grant and his party drove to the Town Hall, where they were entertained at luncheon by the Mayor. Numerous prominent citizens were present. Afterward, with the Mayor, the party visited the Newsroom and Exchange. The General's reception on 'Change by the crowd, which entirely filled the room, was very cordial. He made a brief speech of thanks from the balcony, which was received with reiterated cheering. The Mayor, in the name of the city, tendered to General Grant and his party a public banquet, to take place at some future time.

On the morning of Wednesday, May 30th, General Grant and his party left Liverpool for Manchester. He went to the railway station in the Mayor's carriage. The building was gayly decorated with flags, and the train departed amid the cheers of a large crowd that had assembled to witness the departure. Upon arriving at Manchester he was heartily greeted by an immense crowd assembled at the station, and was officially welcomed by a deputation of the City Council, and was conducted by them to the Town Hall, where he was received by the Mayor. After this the party took carriages, and visited the principal points of interest in the city.

Manchester is situated on the river Irwell, a tributary of the Mersey, and has a population (including that of Salford, its suburb) of 366,836 inhabitants. It is the great centre of the cotton manufacture of Great Britain, and its immense mills send

out every year 125,000,000 of pounds of cotton manufactured goods. It also contains extensive brass and iron founderies, and is largely engaged in other manufactures. It is thirty miles from Liverpool, from which point its products are exported to all parts of the world. The city is connected with Salford by six bridges, of which the Victoria is the handsomest. It contains many handsome buildings. The most interesting of these to the visitor are the Cathedral Church of St. Mary, an ancient Gothic edifice, which contains several pretty chapels and numerous monuments. The Exchange, Town Hall, Museum of Natural History, Commercial Rooms, and the New Bailey Prison are the most conspicuous of the public edifices.

After the reception at the Town Hall, General Grant and party were taken to see the most famous manufactories of Manchester, where the process of preparing the different goods was explained to them. They then visited the great warehouse of Sir James Watts, the Assize Courts, and the Royal Exchange. They were greeted at the Exchange by a large and enthusiastic assemblage of the merchants of the city, the party being received and conducted into the hall by Mr. Birley and Mr. Jacob Bright, the Members of Parliament for Manchester, and the Dean of Manchester. An address was presented by the Mayor, in his official capacity, and was read by the town clerk. General Grant replied in appropriate terms, and was followed by Mr. Jacob Bright, who cordially welcomed him to England, and complimented him upon the magnanimous way in which he had used his great successes. At the close of the reception a deputation of the American merchants residing in Manchester waited upon the General, and welcomed him to the city.

On Thursday, May 31st, General Grant lunched with the Mayor and Corporation of Salford.

On the 1st of June General Grant and his party left Manchester for London, by the Midland Railway, accompanied by General Badeau, United States Consul-General at London, Mr. Elis, the Chairman of the Midland Railway, and Mr. Allport, the General Manager.

At Leicester, a city of 68,056 inhabitants, and one of the oldest

and most interesting places in England, an address was presented in behalf of the Mayor, Magistrates, Aldermen, and Council of the Borough, warmly welcoming General Grant, and tendering the hospitalities of the place. He returned his thanks in fitting terms, and the train proceeded onward towards the metropolis. At Bedford, on the Ouse, another very ancient place, in the county jail of which John Bunyan wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*, a halt was made, and the General was presented by the Mayor with an address, welcoming him, and styling him the Hannibal of the American armies. The General returned his thanks in a few words, and regretted that his eloquence was not equal to that of his British friends.

London was reached early in the evening. Leaving the train, the General and his party drove to the quarters that were to be their home during their stay in London.

General Grant's reception in England had surprised him. It was far more cordial than he had expected, and its heartiness touched him very deeply. He drew from it the hope that his visit might be a means of strengthening the friendly ties between the American Republic and the Mother Land.

CHAPTER II.

GENERAL GRANT IN LONDON.

Hospitalities Tendered General Grant by Distinguished Englishmen—Attends the Epsom Races—Meets the Prince of Wales—Dines with the Duke of Wellington—Attends Church at Westminster Abbey—The Noted Places of London—Size and Population of the Metropolis—The City—Modern London—A Run Through the City—Westminster Abbey—Dinner at the American Embassy—Letter of General Grant to Mr. George W. Childs—His Impressions of his Reception—Presented at Court—Visit to Bath—Return to London—Seeing the Sights—The Thames Embankment—Cleopatra's Needle—The Tower of London—The Houses of Parliament—Opening Parliament—St. Paul's—The Bank of England—The Royal Exchange—The Post-Office—The British Museum—The Mansion House—The Lord Mayor—The National Gallery—The Docks—The Underground Railway—Hyde Park—Kensington Gardens—St. James's Park—Buckingham Palace—St. James's Palace—General Grant visits Southampton—Visit to the Isle of Wight—Return to London—Guildhall—General Grant presented with the Freedom of the City—Dinner at the Crystal Palace—Dinner with the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise—Breakfast with Mr. Smalley—Dinner with the Prince of Wales—Marlborough House—Visit to the Opera—Dinner at Trinity House—General Grant visits Earl Russell—Invited to visit the Queen—Arrival at Windsor Castle—The State Dinner—Visit to Liverpool—The Press Dinner at London—Address from the Workingmen—The Fourth of July Celebration.

UPON reaching London, General Grant found that the American Minister, the Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, had accepted for him a round of invitations that would occupy his time far into the month of June.

On the morning after his arrival in London he went to the Oaks at Epsom to witness the Derby Races, that sport so dear to the English heart. The Prince of Wales, learning that the General was on the grounds, expressed a desire to meet him, and General Grant was accordingly presented to the Prince, who cordially welcomed him to England. On the evening of the same day, the General dined with the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House. The Duke, in tendering the invitation, had said that it seemed to him a fit thing that General Grant's first dinner in London should be at Apsley House—thus delicately intimating that he would feel honored in receiving within the home of the

great conqueror of Napoleon the great soldier who had brought the American struggle to a successful close.

The next day, Sunday, June 3d, the General, accompanied by Mrs. Grant and his son, and by Mr. and Mrs. Pierrepont, attended divine service at Westminster Abbey. The sermon that day was preached by Dean Stanley, and was an appeal in behalf of St. Margaret's, the little parish church, that lies under the shadow of the huge Abbey of St. Peter. The Dean, during the course of his sermon, alluded eloquently to the presence of General Grant, and to his great services to his country. He also paid an eloquent tribute to the late John Lathrop Motley, the historian, who had recently died in London, and who was buried at Kensal Green the next day.

General Grant and his party were invited into the Deanery after service—a considerate attention without which they might have had some difficulty in extricating themselves from the crowd. The fact that it was Sunday, and in a church, could not restrain the curiosity of the thousands of people present. They swarmed about General Grant with flattering but inconvenient eagerness, and it was long before the choir and nave were emptied. A few friends were present in the Deanery, among them Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hughes, Mr. J. R. Green, the historian, and Prof. Farrar. The Dean's guests were shown the Jerusalem chamber with its tapestry wrought by the hands of the wife of William the Conqueror, and taken up into the library, which is, in its way, one of the most delightful rooms in London.

We shall attempt here no description of London, as every reader is familiar with the leading features of the English Metropolis. A few facts concerning it may be of interest. It is situated on both sides of the river Thames, lying principally on the north bank in the county of Middlesex. The portion south of the Thames is in the county of Surrey. The distance from London to the mouth of the Thames is about forty-five miles. The city is fourteen miles long and ten broad, thus covering an area of one hundred and forty square miles, or more ground than the District of Columbia. It had a population of 2,362,000 in 1851. At present the population is about 4,000,000. The

present increase is about 44,000 per annum, or a birth every twelve minutes. It contains 360,000 houses, and the cost of food used each day is said to be $800,000. It is one of the healthiest capitals of Europe, the annual death-rate being twenty-four in every thousand; while that of Berlin is twenty-six, that of Paris twenty-eight, that of St. Petersburg forty-one, and that of Vienna forty-nine.

The portion of London called *The City*, and which was the original settlement, was formerly surrounded by walls. It is situated on the Middlesex side, and lies between the tower and Temple Bar. The other official divisions of the Metropolis are Westminster, Marylebone, Finsbury, Lambeth, Tower Hamlets, Chelsea, and Southwark. Of late years two social divisions have sprung up, viz., Belgravia, and Tyburnia. Belgravia lies south of Hyde Park, and west of Westminster. It is the creation of the last fifty years, and is the home of the English aristocracy. Tyburnia lies north of Hyde Park, and west of Marylebone. It is the home of prosperous city merchants and professional men, who hope some day to be numbered among the aristocracy.

London was a town before the Roman conquest, its real origin being lost in the gloom of antiquity. The Romans surrounded it with walls, and under them it grew and prospered. It contains many venerable monuments of the past, the most interesting of which are those which are connected with the history of England.

The modern city of London is massively built, and is in many respects the most splendid city in the world. It is the commercial capital of the globe, and consequently the wealthiest city of modern times. Its police regulations are excellent, and it is in all respects one of the best governed cities of the world.

During his stay in London General Grant and his party visited the principal sights of the great city, devoting to them more or less time according to circumstances. As we shall not be able to refer to these visits in their exact order, we give in the words of Mr. Fetridge, the author of Harper's admirable "Handbook for Travellers in Europe," the following description of a run through the city such as was taken by the General and his party:

"To see and properly appreciate London in an architectural

point of view, the traveller should denote one or two days to viewing its exterior. . . . Starting from Charing Cross, the architectural and fine art centre of the West End, the towers of Westminster Palace and the houses of Parliament on your right, the National Gallery on your left, the beautiful Club-Houses of Pall Mall in your rear, with Nelson, in bronze, looking down upon you from a height of one hundred and sixty feet, you proceed along the Strand, passing Marlborough and Somerset Houses on your right; through Temple Bar, which marks the city's limits on the west; through Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, emerging into St. Paul's Churchyard, with the Cathedral of Sir Christopher Wren's masterpiece on your right, and the Post-office on your left; through Cheapside, notice Bow Church, another of Wren's best works; through Poultry to the great financial centre, the Exchange, in front of which stands an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, the Mansion House, the residence of the Lord Mayor, Bank, etc.; down King William Street to London Bridge, passing in view of the beautiful monument erected to commemorate the great fire; then King William's statue. London Bridge, from 9 to 11 A. M., is one of the greatest sights of the capital. In the immediate vicinity hundreds of steamers are landing their living freight of merchants, clerks, and others for the city, amid a fearful din of ringing bells, steam-whistles, shouting carmen and omnibus conductors, while the bridge itself is one mass of moving passengers and vehicles. On your left is Billingsgate (who has not heard of that famous fish-market?); next the Custom-House, then the Tower of London, below which are St. Catharine's Docks, then the celebrated London Docks, the vaults of which are capable of holding 60,000 pipes of wine, and water-room for three hundred sail of vessels. The Pool commences just below the bridge: this is where the colliers discharge their cargoes of coal. The city of London derives its principal revenues from a tax of thirteen pence per ton levied on all coal landed. On the left, or upper side of the bridge, notice the famous Fishmongers' Hall, belonging to one of the richest London corporations. Cross the bridge, and continue to the Elephant and Castle, *via* Wellington and High

Streets, passing Barclay and Perkins's famous brewery, Queen's Bench, Surrey Jail, etc., *via* Great Surrey Street, across Blackfriars Bridge, along the Thames Embankment to the new houses of Parliament. Here you see not only the finest edifices in an architectural point of view, but in a military, naval, legal, and ecclesiastical point. England's great, alive and dead, are here congregated; the Horse Guards, whence the commander-in-chief of the English army issues his orders; the Admiralty; Westminster Hall, the Law Courts of England; Westminster Abbey, where England's kings and queens have been crowned, from Edward the Confessor to the present time, and where many of them lie buried. Here, in Whitehall Street, opposite the Horse Guards, is the old Banqueting-house of the palace of Whitehall, in front of which Charles I. was beheaded; through Parliament Street to Waterloo Place, to Pall Mall, the great club and social centre of London; St. James's Street, past St. James's Palace and Marlborough House to Buckingham Palace, to Hyde Park Corner, to Cumberland Gate or Marble Arch. Private carriages only can enter the Park: cabs and hackney coaches are not permitted entrance. Oxford Street to Regent Street, and down Regent (the fashionable shopping street) to the starting-point, Charing Cross.

"Next drive to the Southwestern Railway Station, and take the train for Richmond or Hampton Court, returning by the Thames in a boat to Greenwich. This will be a most interesting excursion, especially if you find a comparatively intelligent boatman to explain the different sights on the banks of the winding river."

During their stay in London, General Grant and his party repeated their visit to Westminster Abbey, enjoying during such visits the rare privilege of the guidance of the gifted Dean Stanley.

Westminster Abbey is, with the exception of the Tower of London, the most famous of all the buildings of England. The name was used to distinguish the Abbey from the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, which was formerly called the Eastminster. The site was originally occupied by a church, which it is believed was built by Sebart, King of the East Saxons. In 1055, Edward

the Confessor began the erection on the site of an abbey church in honor of the Apostle Peter. Very little now remains of the Confessor's work, with the exception of the Pyx House, which lies to the south of the present Abbey, adjoining the Chapter House, and that part of the cloister which is now used by the boys of the Westminster School as a gymnasium. Henry III., when he came to the throne, found the old Abbey in great need of repair, and resolved to pull it down and replace it with a new and more splendid edifice. He pulled down the greater part of the Confessor's work, and erected the principal portion of the present edifice. Henry VII. rebuilt a large part of the Abbey, and added to it the beautiful chapel which bears his name, and which stands behind the head of the cross, in the form of which the Abbey is built. Sir Christopher Wren completed parts of the towers at the western entrance, but the Abbey as a whole is very much as Henry VII. left it. It is a massive and venerable pile, the beauty and grandeur of which are beyond the power of words to describe.

The interior is lofty, the roof resting upon massive pillars gray with age. The effect is somewhat marred by the screen which divides the choir from the rest of the church. Daily services are held in this part of the building, which is provided with pews. A dim, religious light pervades the interior, and is in harmony with the sacred character of the holy house.

Behind the present altar screen is the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, near which, in old times, devout persons used to sit in order to be cured of certain ailments. It contains the shrine of the Confessor, before which Henry IV. was seized with his last illness, while confessing. Here also are the tombs of Richard II. and his queen, Anne, Henry III., Henry V. and Edward III. and his queen, Philippa, and Queen Eleanor. The chapel also contains the two chairs used in the coronation of the monarchs of Great Britain. One of these has a stone seat, known in old times in Scotland as Jacob's Pillow. It was brought from that country to England by Edward I. The other chair was made for the coronation of Mary, the wife of William III. Round the Confessor's Chapel are a number of smaller chapels filled with tombs.

Back of the tomb of Henry V. is the Chapel of Henry VII., a beautiful specimen of florid Gothic architecture. The gates leading into it are of brass, and are skilfully wrought, but are now so dingy with time that they resemble iron. The Knights of the Bath are installed in this chapel. Here are the tombs of Henry VII., Edward VI., Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, and some others of less note.

The Poets' Corner occupies the southern portion of the arm of the cross. It is filled with the graves and memorials of those who have made the literature of England. Here lie Charles Dickens, Cumberland, the dramatist, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Thomas Campbell, Handel, the composer, David Garrick, Samuel Johnson, Joseph Addison, Beaumont, Spenser, Nicholas Rowe, James Thomson, author of "The Seasons," John Gay, and others. Tablets, statues, busts, and memorials are placed here in honor of those whose mortal remains rest elsewhere in English soil, included among whom are Shakespeare, Milton, Southey, Cowley, Chaucer, Dryden, Butler, Ben Jonson, Prior, Drayton, and others. All parts of the Abbey are filled with memorials of England's honored dead, some of which are very beautiful works of art.

Many of the stained glass windows are very beautiful. The large west window was painted in 1735; the remainder were made during the present century. A movement is now in progress to replace all the windows with paintings of this character.

At the south of the Abbey are the Cloisters, one of the most interesting portions of the venerable edifice. They are so old that the stone in many places crumbles at a touch of the hand. They contain many graves, some of which are the oldest in England. Adjoining the Cloisters is the Chapter House, an octagonal edifice, with a central pillar rising some thirty-five feet. It was built by Henry III. in 1250. In old times the Chapter House was used as a Council chamber for the abbot and the monks, and it is said that the monks guilty of grave offences were flogged at the central pillar. The House of Commons subsequently met here until after the days of Henry VIII., when the place became a storehouse for public records.

On the evening of June 5th, General Grant was given a reception by Mr. Pierrepont, the American Minister, at his residence in Cavendish Square. The house occupied by the American Embassy is a large, roomy structure, with a solemn and forbidding front. Next door to it is the residence of the Duke of Portland, an equally grim and forbidding-looking structure, but of a more elaborate character. Mr. Pierrepont's house was tastefully ornamented, and the reception was in all respects a success. No members of the royal family were present, as the Court was in mourning for the Queen of Holland, who had recently died; but among the guests were representatives of both political parties, and many of England's most famous men, including the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Leeds, the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Marquis of Hertford, Earl Derby, Earl Shaftesbury, the Marquis of Ripon, the Marquis of Lorne, Lord Houghton, Mr. Gladstone, and John Bright.

On the 6th the General dined with Lord Carnarvon, and on the same day wrote the following letter to Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, summing up his experiences to this date:

LONDON, ENGLAND, *June* 6, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. CHILDS: After an unusually stormy passage for any season of the year, and continuous sea-sickness generally among the passengers after the second day out, we reached Liverpool Monday afternoon, the 28th of May. Jesse and I proved to be among the few good sailors. Neither of us felt a moment's uneasiness during the voyage. I had proposed to leave Liverpool immediately on arrival and proceed to London, where I knew our Minister had made arrangements for a formal reception, and had accepted for me a few invitations of courtesy. But what was my surprise to find nearly all the shipping in port, at Liverpool, decorated with the flags of all nations, and from the mainmast of each the flag of the Union was most conspicuous. The docks were lined with as many of the population as could find standing-room, and the streets to the hotel, where it was understood my party would stop, were packed. The demonstration was to all appearances as hearty and as enthusiastic as in Philadelphia on our departure. The Mayor was present, with his State carriage, to convey us to the hotel, and after that to his beautiful country residence, some six miles out, where we were entertained at dinner with a small party of gentlemen, and remained over night. The following day a large lunch party was given at the official residence of the Mayor, in the city, at which there were some one hundred and fifty of the distinguished citizens and officials of the corporation present. Pressing invitations were sent from most

of the cities in the kingdom to have me visit them. I accepted for a day at Manchester, and stopped a few moments at Leicester and at one other place. The same hearty welcome was shown at each place, as you have no doubt seen. The press of the country has been exceedingly kind and courteous. So far I have not been permitted to travel in a regular train, much less in a common car. The Midland road, which penetrates a great portion of the island, including Wales and Scotland, have extended to me the courtesy of their road, and a Pullman car to take me wherever I wish to go during the whole of my stay in England. We arrived in London Friday evening, the 1st of June, when I found our Minister had accepted engagements for me up to the 27th of June, leaving but few spare days in the interval. On Saturday last we dined with the Duke of Wellington, and last night the formal reception at Judge Pierrepont's was held. It was a great success—most brilliant in numbers, rank and attire of the audience—and was graced by the presence of every American in the city who had called on the Minister or left a card for me. I doubt whether London has ever seen a private house so elaborately or so tastefully decorated as was our American Minister's last night. I am deeply indebted to him for the pains he has taken to make my stay pleasant, and the attentions extended to our country. I appreciate the fact, and am proud of it, that the attentions which I am receiving are intended more for our country than for me personally. I love to see our country honored and respected abroad, and I am proud to believe that it is by most all nations, and by some even loved. It has always been my desire to see all jealousy between England and the United States abated and every sore healed. Together they are more powerful for the spread of commerce and civilization than all others combined, and can do more to remove causes of wars by creating mutual interests that would be so much disturbed by war. I have written very hastily and a good deal at length, but I trust this will not bore you. Had I written for publication, I should have taken some pains.

On the 7th of June General Grant was presented at Court, and was cordially received by the Queen.

On the 8th he made a flying visit to Bath, where an address was presented to him by the Mayor. The beautiful and ancient city of Bath is 107 miles from London, and contains a population of 52,533 inhabitants. It has been famous from the earliest times for its medicinal springs, the Romans having erected baths there as early as A. D. 43. There are four hot springs in the place, of which the Hot Bath has a temperature of 117° Fah., and yields 128 gallons a minute. Bath is one of the most fashionable watering-places in England. It lies on the banks of the Avon, about ten miles above Bristol, in the midst of charming scenery. General Grant returned to London on the same day,

and in the evening dined with the Duke of Devonshire, and attended a reception at the residence of General Badeau, the American Consul-General. On the 9th he dined with Lord Granville; and on the 10th with Sir Charles Dilke.

The days were given to sight-seeing, making purchases, and enjoying the wonders of the English Metropolis. Pleasant excursions were made up and down the Thames, on the busy little steamers engaged in the river traffic. No one can form a correct idea of the immensity of London who does not make these excursions. Starting from Lambeth Bridge, the voyager sees the splendid Houses of Parliament, Lambeth Palace, the Thames Embankment, Whitehall and Westminster Abbey, Charing Cross Station and bridge, Somerset House, King's College, the Temple, Cannon Street Station, London Bridge, Billingsgate Market, the Custom House and Commercial Exchange, the Tower, the Docks, and further on the magnificent buildings of Greenwich Hospital and the Arsenal at Woolwich. Busy streets lead off from the shore, and the stream is filled with vessels of all kinds from every land under heaven.

One of the most notable structures on the banks of the river is the Thames Embankment. It consists of a wall of hewn granite, protecting a massive quay reclaimed from the river. This is planted with trees, and forms a handsome promenade, 100 feet wide, extending from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars. On the upper portion of the embankment stands the famous obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle, presented by the Khedive of Egypt to the city of London, and recently erected upon its present site. It was one of the two obelisks that stood upon the sea-shore at Alexandria, Egypt. Its companion has been presented to the city of New York, and will soon be conveyed to that city.

Among the places visited in London by General Grant were the Houses of Parliament, the Tower, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, the British Museum, the Mansion House, and the Docks.

The Tower of London is supposed to have been begun by Julius Cæsar. Shakespeare makes the following allusion to this in Richard III. (Act III., Scene 1):

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT—LONDON.

Prince Edward.—I do not like the Tower, of any place:
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?
Gloster.—He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
Which since, succeeding ages have re-edified.
Prince Edward.—Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively from age to age he built it?
Buckingham.—Upon record, my gracious liege.

It is very certain that William the Conqueror founded the present Tower upon the site of the old Roman work, and he is generally credited with its construction. It was used in old times as both a fortress and a royal residence, and also as a state prison, and in these characters has played an important part in the history of England. It is situated in the eastern part of London, and is cut off from the densely populated part of the city by what is known as Tower Hill. It covers an area of twelve acres, and is surrounded by a moat. Since 1848 this moat has been used as a garden. On the side next the river is an archway, communicating with the river, called Traitor's Gate, through which State prisoners were formerly conveyed into the Tower by boats. Within the walls are a number of buildings. These are the White Tower, built by the Conqueror, the Barracks, Armory, Jewel House, the Bloody Tower, in which Richard III. murdered his little nephews, the Bowyer Tower, in which the Duke of Clarence was drowned, according to the tradition, in a butt of Malmsey wine, the Beauchamp Tower, in which Anne Boleyn was imprisoned, and the Brick Tower, which was the prison of Lady Jane Grey. There are also numerous other buildings of less importance. There is scarcely a foot of ground or a building within the walls that is not rich in historical interest. Famous sovereigns have dwelt within its towers, and many dark and terrible tragedies stain the pages of its story. It is now one of the principal arsenals of Great Britain, and contains vast quantities of improved arms, ready for instant shipment to any point where they may be needed. But few of the buildings are open to visitors.

The *White Tower* was built by William the Conqueror, and is an admirable specimen of Norman architecture. The building is now used as an armory. It contains St. John's Chapel, a beau-

tiful specimen of the pure Norman style. The White Tower contains Queen Elizabeth's Armory, which is filled with arms and relics. Opening from this is the room in which Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned. He was sent to the Tower three times, and one of his children was born here. In the armory are the block and axe by which he suffered death. Immediately in front of the Tower is an enclosure about twenty feet square, in which the scaffold was set up on which Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey and a number of other female prisoners were beheaded.

The Horse Armory, built in 1826, is a large gallery containing a valuable collection representing all the various kinds of armor and weapons used in the English service from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century. Here are numerous suits of armor worn by distinguished persons during life, among which are the suits of Henry VIII., Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, John of Gaunt, Charles Brandon, Duke of Surry, and the Prince of Wales, the son of James I.

The Jewel House is devoted to the safe-keeping of the crown jewels and royal regalia. These are kept in an iron cage, about twelve feet square, in the principal room of the second story of the building, which is reached by a narrow stone stairway. Prominent among these is the crown made for the coronation of Queen Victoria at a cost of about $600,000. It contains the famous Koh-i-noor diamond, now one of the crown jewels of England, but formerly the property of Runjeet Singh, the Sultan of Lahore.

The Houses of Parliament, or, as they are sometimes termed, the new Palace of Westminster, consist of a superb Gothic edifice on the north side of the Thames. The building covers eight acres of ground, and stands on the site of the old houses of Parliament which were destroyed by fire in 1834. It fronts upon the river for 900 feet, and cost about $15,000,000. It contains the halls of the House of Lords and House of Commons, the various rooms needed for the use of the two Houses, the Libraries, the residence of the speaker, the apartments used by the Queen in her State visits, the Clock Tower, and the beautiful Victoria Tower. The House of Lords is a beautiful room, elaborately

gilded and adorned with frescoes, representing scenes in the history of England. It is one hundred feet long, forty-five feet wide, and forty-five feet high. In the niches between the windows are statues of eighteen barons who signed Magna Charta. At the head of the hall is a magnificently gilded and canopied throne, on which the Queen sits when she opens Parliament. In the centre is the Woolsack—the seat of the Lord Chancellor—a bag of wool covered with red cloth. It has neither back nor arms, and must be a most uncomfortable seat. The House of Com-

OLD WESTMINSTER HALL.

mons is about the same length and width as the Chamber of the Peers, but is not so high. It is splendidly decorated. It is provided with several galleries, one of which, over the speaker's chair, is used by the reporters for the press. The lobby connecting the two legislative chambers contains a number of beautiful paintings of scenes in the history of England.

The crypt of the palace is very interesting. It is massively arched, and contains a number of objects well worth seeing.

Adjoining the palace is Westminster Hall, the only part of the old palace which remains intact. It was built by William Rufus,

and was for ages the scene of coronations, banquets, and notable assemblages. It was here that the Earl of Strafford and his master, Charles I., were tried and condemned to death; and here also took place the famous trial of Warren Hastings. The hall is at present used as an entrance to the Houses of Parliament, and is adorned with a number of statues of England's most famous men.

When the Queen opens Parliament in person, she enters the palace through the Victoria Tower. We quote the following account of a recent opening of Parliament, as an example of this ceremony:

"The peeresses and other ladies for whom places had been reserved in the House of Lords began to arrive early, and by one o'clock the House presented a spectacle with which surely no other in the world could vie. The cross-benches, between the bar of the House and the table, had been arranged for the occasion longitudinally, and a space had been railed off on the ministerial side, at the end nearest the throne, for the accommodation of the diplomatic body. The cross-benches, the judges' benches between the table and the woolsack, and the front bench on either side of the House, were left at the disposal of the peers, but the back benches on both sides of the gallery were occupied by peeresses and other ladies of distinction. The peers, who walked about greeting their friends, or who occupied the front or cross benches, added little but color to the general effect, for their robes formed an effectual disguise to grace of figure or dignity of carriage, and in some cases served also to disguise even tolerably familiar lineaments. While the House was as yet comparatively thin, a few of the arrivals attracted notice, and among these were Lords Houghton, Cairns, and Lucon, the Archbishop of York, and the Bishops of St. Davids, Winchester, Gloucester, and Peterborough. The bishops mostly gathered upon the bench in front of the diplomatic body, and fourteen of the judges took their seats on the benches allotted to them. The members of the diplomatic body vied with the ladies in their contribution of gold and color to the assembly.

"As two o'clock approached, the Duke of Cambridge entered

the House, wearing his robes over his field-marshal's uniform, and by that time rather more than a hundred peers were present. In a few moments all rose at the entrance of their royal highnesses the Princess of Teck and the Princess Christian, who took places towards the ends of the woolsack, facing the throne. The Prince and Princess of Wales were the next arrivals, and the Prince, after speaking to the Princess and some of the peers, took the chair on the right of the throne, while the Princess of Wales occupied the centre of the woolsack.

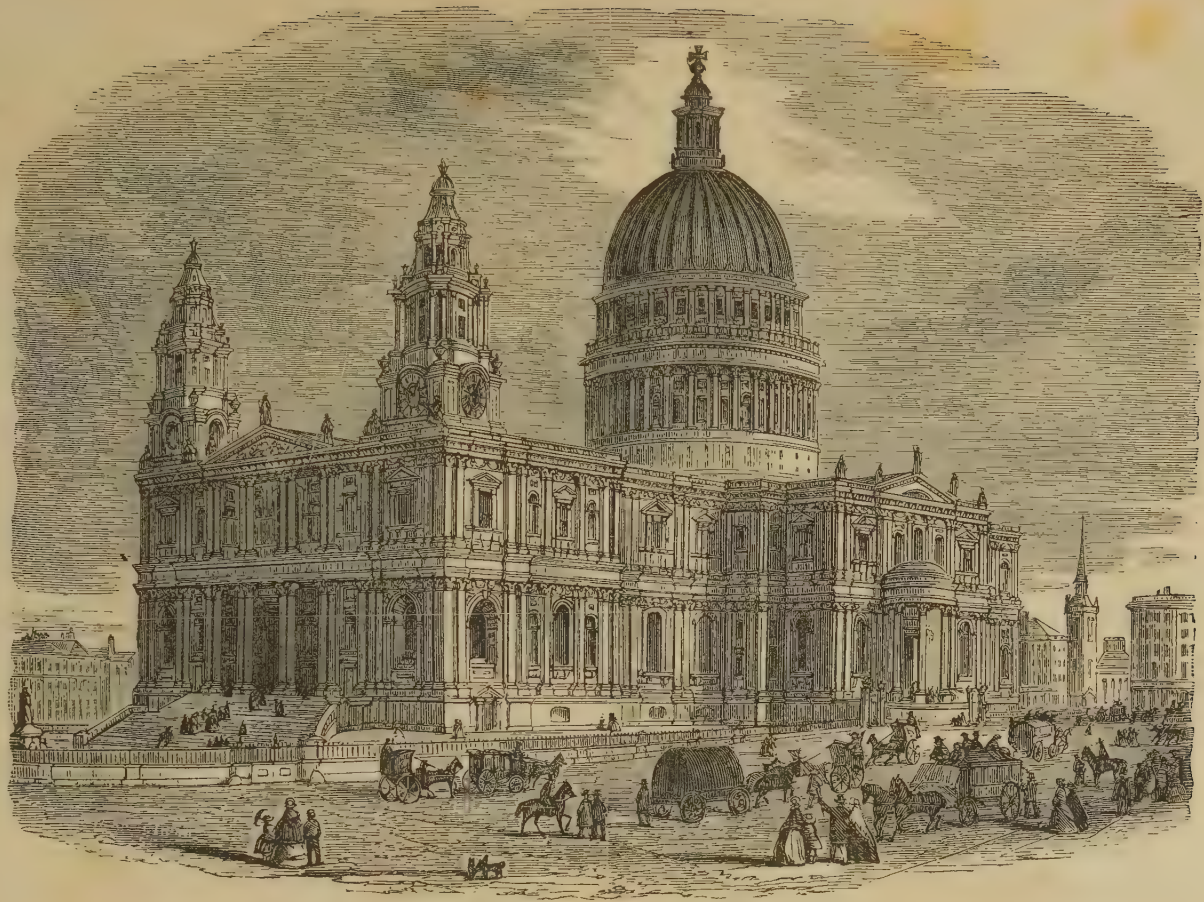
"At twelve minutes past two the door on the right of the throne was thrown open for the entrance of her majesty, who was preceded by Lord Granville carrying the sword of state, by the Marquis of Winchester with the cap of maintenance, and by Lord Bessborough with the crown. Her majesty wore black velvet bordered with ermine, a white cap surmounted by a small crown, a necklace of diamonds, and the Order of the Garter; and was followed by their royal highnesses the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, and by Prince Arthur, who wore a dark green rifle uniform. The robe of state had previously been placed on the throne, and when the Queen seated herself the Princess Louise arranged its folds around her majesty. The princesses then remained standing on the steps to the left of the throne, in front of the vacant chair of the royal consort. Lord Granville stood immediately on the left, Lords Bessborough and Winchester on the right of the throne, and Prince Arthur to the right of the Prince of Wales.

"A messenger was then despatched to summon the House of Commons to the presence of the Queen, and a few minutes of absolute stillness and silence followed—a striking contrast to the rustle of silks and the murmur of voices that had prevailed but a short time before. Then there came a sound of quickly trampling feet, constantly increasing in intensity, until Mr. Speaker made his appearance at the bar of the House, followed by the usual and often described rush of the more swift and active of the members. In the front rank of these was the prime minister, looking as if his rest during the vacation had been of no small service to him. As soon as the noise of the arrival had been

hushed, the lord chancellor advanced to the foot of the throne, and said that he was commanded by her majesty to read the speech, and that he would do so in her majesty's own words. At this statement there was probably some general sense of disappointment. As the chancellor proceeded, the Queen sat with eyes cast down, and almost absolutely still, a single slight movement of the fan being all that was at any time perceptible."

St. Paul's Cathedral was another of the prominent sights of London visited by General Grant. This is not only the most conspicuous edifice in London, but it is also the largest Protestant church in the world. It is asserted by tradition that a Christian church was erected on the site in the second century, was destroyed by the Emperor Diocletian, was rebuilt at a later period, and was desecrated by the pagon Saxons, who held their orgies within its walls. "William the Conqueror gave a charter which conferred the property in perpetuity upon the cathedral, and solemnly cursed all persons who should attempt to diminish the property. In 1083, and again in 1137, St. Paul's suffered from fire, and in the Great Fire the cathedral was totally destroyed. In 1673 Sir Christopher Wren was employed to build a new edifice, and years later the present St. Paul's was completed. Looked at from the outside the cathedral is truly imposing. The upper portion is of a composite order of architecture; the lower one Corinthian. Built in the form of a cross, an immense dome rises on eight arches over the centre. Over the dome is a gallery, and above the gallery is the ball and the gilded cross, the top of which is 404 feet from the pavement beneath. The most attractive view of the cathedral is obtained from the west front, in Ludgate-hill, whence admission is to be gained after ascending a flight of stone steps. The west front opens at once into the nave. Immediately on the right is a recess, not unlike the private chapels in Westminster Abbey, containing a monument to the great Duke of Wellington. A figure representing Arthur Wellesley lies under a canopy of bronze, and the names of his many victories are sculptured below. On the other side of the nave, to the left, is a military memorial; the colors of the Fifty-eighth Regiment hang over it,

and a marble bas relief in commemoration of the members of the Cavalry Brigade who fell in the Crimea. A little farther on are two brass tablets, one on each side of the black doors, which are sacred to the memory of the two Viscounts Melbourne. These tablets bear the details of the loss of H. M. S. "Captain," September 7, 1870. An illustration of the ship is engraved on the brass, and the names of the officers and men who perished with her. Although there is no dearth of 'storied urn and animated bust' in St. Paul's, it must be confessed that the general impression produced by the inside of the cathedral is a gloomy one. The interior is almost conspicuous in its dearth of stained glass, and the few frescoes which decorate the supporting arches of the dome only serve to illustrate the poverty of the cathedral in artistic effort. It is impossible, too, to forget that St. Paul's is a show, despite the notices displayed everywhere which beseech the visitor to remember the sacred character of the edifice. Nothing of any passing interest is to be seen in the nave, but the active visitor may, after paying a fee of 6*d.*, ascend a winding staircase to the whispering gallery, which runs round the base of the dome. As this is perfectly circular, a whisper may be heard round the wall from one side to the other, and an intelligent attendant will explain certain experiences of his own anent this curiosity in architecture. On a level with the whispering gallery will be found the clock and the canon's library. Above is a stone gallery, whence, if the day be clear, a fair view of London and the Thames may be obtained; but if the visitor be still more ambitious, he may ascend more winding stairs, and reach the golden gallery far away above the dome. Thence upwards he may climb more steps, until he reach the ball, an expedition which may be undertaken once in youth, but hardly ever again. The ball is hollow, is large enough to hold several people, and a visit to it entails the payment of another fee. As fine a view, however, as is necessary for ordinary people may be obtained from the golden gallery, which is, by the way, no inconsiderable journey from the nave. Another fee of sixpence will admit the visitor to the crypt, which lies underneath the nave and chapel. Behind an iron railing, which, however, may be entered, stands



CATHEDRAL OF ST. PAUL—LONDON.

a porphyry sarcophagus, in which are the mortal remains of the Duke of Wellington. Farther on is the sarcophagus containing the body of Nelson, and this lies exactly under the dome. To the left of Nelson is Collingwood, and to the right is Cornwallis. At the end of the crypt is the funeral car on which Wellington's coffin was carried to its last resting-place. The car is made of the cannon taken by the Duke from the French, and cost some £13,000 to construct. Just outside the railing is a granite tomb, under which is buried Picton, who fell at Waterloo, and on the south side of the altar is the painters' corner. Here are buried Dance, West, Wren, Sir T. Lawrence, Turner, James Barry, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Opie, J. Dawe, Fuseli, Rennie, Cockerell, and Sir Edwin Landseer. Services are held daily in the cathedral, to which the public are admitted; but during these hours no one is allowed to visit the sights."

The Bank of England is the most important and extensive banking institution in the world. It stands in Threadneedle Street, and faces the Royal Exchange. It consists of a series of low, and rather peculiar-looking buildings, and, together with its courts, covers an area of about eight acres. It employs about one thousand clerks, whose salaries range from $250 to $6,000. It is managed by a Governor and twenty-four directors. Many of the offices are open to visitors, but the bullion-room, the most interesting department in the building, the office in which the notes of the bank are printed, the weighing office, and the treasury, can be visited only upon an order from a director.

The Royal Exchange is situated in Cheapside, opposite the front of the Bank of England. It stands on the site of two former Exchanges, both of which were destroyed by fire. It was erected at a cost of $900,000, and was opened by Queen Victoria on the 28th of October, 1848. It is almost oblong, and encloses a court open to the sky, which contains statues of Queen Victoria, Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the first Exchange, and Sir Hugh Myddleton. The apartments above the courtyard are occupied for the most part by the large insurance companies, prominent among which is "Lloyds." In the rear of the Exchange is a statue of George Peabody, the American banker, by

Story, one of the most gifted of American sculptors. During business hours the merchants of the city assemble in the courtyard to make sales or purchases, and to discuss the news of the day. It is a busy place at such times, and is well worth visiting.

The General Post-Office is situated in the street known as St. Martins le Grand. It is a spacious and handsome edifice in the Ionic style of architecture, with a striking central portico. Its business is immense. In London alone, the deliveries are as follows: Letters, 150,000,000; newspapers, 74,000,000; book parcels, 8,000,000.

The British Museum is situated in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, and was begun in 1828 and completed in 1854. The buildings are in the Grecian style of architecture, and are massive in size. The institution is the noblest of its kind in the world, and consists of extensive collections in literature, science, and art. It is open free to the public every day except the first week in February, May, and October, when it is closed for the purpose of cleaning the rooms. We quote from Dickens' "Dictionary of London" the following description of the Museum:

"The Museum may be roughly described as a square formed of four wings, the central space being covered by a separate building—the Reading-room. It is an imposing fabric of the Grecian Ionic order, designed by Sir Robert Smirke. Passing into the hall from the stately portico, you have on the right hand books and manuscripts: *The Greenville Library* (rarest editions and finest examples of typography, with block books, valued at $270,000); the *Manuscript Department* (50,000 volumes, 45,000 charters and rolls, 7,000 seals, and 100 ancient papyri, including the Cotton, Harley, Lansdowne, Egerton, and additional collections); the *Manuscript Saloon* (autograph letters of eminent persons, illuminated manuscripts, rich bindings, and great seals); the *King's Library* (65,000 volumes, presented by George IV., remarkable productions of the printing-presses of Europe and Asia.) In the same library an *Exhibition of Drawings* by Turner, Cox, Girtin, Cozens, Müller, and Canaletto, Henderson bequest, 1878; of engraved Portraits, historical Prints, and Playing-cards; and of the choicest Medals in the national cabinet,

with electrotypes of the finest ancient Coins. On the left you have the *Roman Gallery* (Busts of Emperors, Roman antiquities found in England); three *Græco-Roman Galleries* (sculptures of the Greek school, found chiefly in Italy, including the Townley, $100,000, Payne-Knight, valued with other antiquities at $300,000, bequeathed, Farnese, Cyrene, and Priene marbles, including the Venus from Ostia, the Discobolos, Giustiniani Apollo, Clytiè, Muses, Mercury, Satyrs; and in the basement, mosaics, tessellated pavements); the *Archaic Greek Room* (Harpy Tomb from Xanthus, seated figures from Branchidæ, Etruscan sepulchral monument); the *Mausoleum Room* (one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world, the colossal chariot-tomb erected to Mausolos by his sister-wife Artemisia, discovered by C. T. Newton); the *Elgin Room* (grandest remains of Greek sculpture, the Parthenon marbles and procession-frieze, works of Pheidias, greatest of Greek sculptors; purchased in 1816 of Lord Elgin for $175,000, now priceless; also colossal Lion from Cnidus; figured columns of the Temple of Diana of Ephesus, recovered by J. Turtle Wood, 1863–75); the *Hellenic Room* (frieze, etc., of Temple of Apollo, erected at Phigalia by Iktinos, excavated by C. R. Cockerell, purchased for $95,000; the Diadumenos, athlete). *Assyrian Galleries:* Sculptured slaps from Nineveh, now Kouyunjik, and Babylon, acquired during the Layard, Loftus, George Smith, *Daily Telegraph*, and Rassam explorations, illustrating most completely the daily life, religion, warfare, art, literature, and customs of the Assyrians and Babylonians, and bearing strong testimony to the accuracy of portions of Biblical history. The clusters of Assyrian ivories, bronzes, seals, and glass are unrivalled, and the cuneiform tablets are a library in themselves; the Creation, Fall of Man, and Deluge Tablets, Seals of Ilgi, B. C. 2050, Sennacherib, Darius, Assyrian accounts of Sennacherib's expedition against Hezekiah, the Siege of Lachish. In Basement: Lion hunts by Assurbanipal III., Sardanapalus, very finely wrought, also processions, dogs, etc.

"*Egyptian Galleries:* Colossal statues of divinities and Pharaohs, 'the Vocal Memnon,' sarcophagi, graveyard tablets, obelisks, fresco paintings, hieroglyphics, the Rosetta stone, key to

Egyptian language; from Memphis, Abydos, Thebes, Karnak, Luxor; dating from the time of Abraham to the Ptolemies, in beautiful state of preservation. On Staircase: Papyri, the pictured Ritual of the Dead. Most of the larger sculptures were surrendered to the English on the capitulation of Alexandria in 1801. Antiquities from Cyprus: small statues, busts, and miscellaneous ornaments. Before you in the hall is the new *Lycian Room:* Sculptures from Lycia, obtained by Sir C. Fellows, lofty tombs, friezes, statues of Nereids, graceful and expressive of motion. On the floor above are the galleries containing the smaller objects of antiquity: Egyptian mummies, embalmed animals, coffins, sepulchral ornaments, representations of divinities in gold, silver, and porcelain; furniture, ivories, bronzes, vases, dresses, weapons, and tools. The *Glass Collections:* Slade and Temple cabinets; Egyptian, Phœnician, Roman, Anglo-Saxon, Venetian, French, German, Dutch, and Spanish examples; 'Christian glass.' *Witt Collection:* illustrating the bath of the ancients; Roman ware; Cyprus pottery. *Vase Rooms:* Painted fictile vases, Hamilton, Canino, Payne-Knight, and other collections, from tombs, principally Etruscan and Greek; illustrating by paintings the divine and heroic legends of the Greeks; mural paintings, terra-cotta statuettes, drinking-cups, toys, etc. '*Bronze Room:* Greek, Etruscan, and Roman bronzes, deities, heroes, mirrors, candelabra, lamps, vases; head of Artemis (finest period of Greek art), Venus, Bacchus, Apollo, Hercules, seated philosopher, Meleager, Mercury. *British and Mediæval Room:* British antiquities anterior to the Roman invasion, Roman antiquities found in Britain; Anglo-Saxon objects, flint implements, pottery, cave-remains, weapons; early Christian lamps, crosses, mediæval carvings in ivory, bells, clockwork, enamels, pottery and majolica. The Franks' Collection, descriptive of the Keramic art of the far East, presented to the nation by Mr. A. W. Franks, and valued at $30,000, will be removed from the Bethnal Green Museum to this department when the natural history collections shall have been transferred to South Kensington. *Ethnographical Room:* Idols, fetishes, dresses, ornaments, implements, and weapons of the savage races of the world, including the articles gathered by

Captain Cook in the South Sea Islands. *Prehistoric Room:* The Christy Collection, bequeathed in 1866, will be shortly brought from 103 Victoria Street; the room is now occupied by the Meyrick armor, carvings in ivory and wook, enamels, etc., presented in 1878; and the Henderson Collection, bequeathed in the same year, comprising oriental arms, metal work, Persian, Rhodian, and Damascus pottery, majolica, and glass. *Ornament and Gem Room:* Payne-Knight, Strozzi (Blacas) (purchased in 1866 with other antiquities for $200,000), Castellani, and other collections; the Portland Vase; ancient gold, silver, and amber ornaments; fine illustrations of the goldsmith's art among the Etruscans, Greeks, and Romans; intaglios and cameos unsurpassed for delicacy and beauty; Byzantine, Teutonic; Anglo-Saxon and later ornaments; Keltic gold breastplate and rings. Beyond the new Lycian room is the *Reading-room:* Tickets to view are given by the messenger in the hall; circular structure; original suggestion of Thomas Watts, improved by A. (Sir A.) Panizzi, carried out by Mr. Sidney Smirke; dome 140 feet in diameter, height 106 feet; 60,000 books in the three tiers inside; space for 1,500,000 inside and out; here in the basement are also the Map and Chart Departments, newspaper and music libraries. There are 1,300,000 volumes in the department of printed books at the present date. The Reading-room is open daily from nine, November to February till four, March, September, and October till five, rest of year till six. Beyond, in the north wing, is the old library, in a part of which, once the reading-room, T. Carlyle and Lord Macaulay worked; it is now the cataloguing department of the assistants and copyists.

"It may be noted here that, under the new regulations, tickets for the reading-room are not renewed; once on the register always a reader, and there is no need to show the ticket if the reader is known to the doorkeeper. Persons under twenty-one are not admitted, except in very special cases indeed. The Department of *Prints and Drawings:* Entrance on staircase at the top of the Egyptian gallery; the richest assemblage of etchings and engravings in Europe; open to students every day in the week at ten; closes at four all the year round except from the

beginning of April to the end of July, when it is shut at five. Contains the collections of Sloane (including the Albrecht Dürer drawings), Payne-Knight, Cracherode, Cunningham, early Italian and German prints; Lawrence drawings; Hamilton, Townley, Moll, Sheepshanks, Rembrandt etchings, Harding, Morghen, Gell, Craven, Ed. Hawkins (caricatures), Slade and Henderson. The Department of *Coins and Medals* has the choicest and most extensive numismatic cabinets in the world, scientifically arranged; and includes the Roberts, Payne-Knight, Marsden, Temple, De Salis, Wigan, Blacas, Woodhouse, and Bank of England cabinets. Lastly are the Natural History collections, which will be shortly placed in the elegant terra-cotta building in the Cromwell road, near the South Kensington Museum, designed by Mr. Alfred Waterhouse. It will be sufficient to say that they occupy the remainder of the upper floor of the British Museum; that the *Zoological Collections* comprise, in large part, the specimens brought together by Sir Hans Sloane, mammals, etc.; Colonel Montagu, ornithology; Hardwicke, Indian animals; Hodgson, mammals and birds; Yarrell, fishes; Ross and Belcher, antarctic specimens; Stephens, entomology, 88,000 specimens; Bowring, entomology; Reeves, vertebrate animals from China; Clark, coleoptera; Hugh Cuming, shells, the largest collection ever formed, acquired in 1866; A. R. Wallace, birds; Dr. Bowerbank, sponges; and the specimens collected during the Transit of Venus expedition (1875), and the recent Arctic exploration. The *Geological Department* comprises fossil plants, fishes, reptiles (South African, etc.), saurians, wingless birds, gigantic eggs, sponges, corals, shells, insects, the mammoth, megatherium, pigmy elephant, human remains, principally formed from the collections of Dr. Solander, Hawkins, Mantell, Dr. Croizet, Bain, etc., and extensive purchases. The *Mineral Department* includes a splendid collection of meteorites, aerolites, siderolites, portions of other planets, and aerial formations; the Melbourne meteorite, three and a half tons; the collections of Greville, Greg, Kokscharoff, etc.; a well-arranged series of minerals, including diamonds, gold nuggets, crystals, and gems of every variety and degree of purity and splendor. In the *Botanical Department* are

flowerless plants, fungi, sea-weeds, lichens, mosses, ferns, flowering plants, grasses and sedges, palms, cycads, conifers, parasitical plants, fruits and stems, fossil plants, polished sections of woods, cones, etc., from the herbaria of Sir Hans Sloane, 1753, Sir Joseph Banks, 1827, Robert Brown, Rev. R. Blight, and others. Admission to study the herbarium and mounted specimens, daily ten to four, is granted on application to the principal librarian."

The Mansion House is the residence of the Lord Mayor of London, and stands in the very heart of the city. It was built about 120 years ago, on the site of the old Stocks Market. It is adorned with a handsome Corinthian portico of six fluted columns. The general appearance of the building is handsome and imposing. It contains a number of handsome rooms, the principal of which is the Egyptian Hall, which was formed by roofing over the inner courtyard. The Lord Mayor of London is elected from the Board of Aldermen on the 28th of September of each year, and serves for one year only. He is paid a salary of $40,000, but as this does not cover the whole outlay he is obliged to make, it follows that the office can be held only by a man of wealth. London is very jealous of the dignity of its Lord Mayor, and in all *city* celebrations he takes precedence even of the sovereign. He is installed in office on the 9th of November, on which day the famous Lord Mayor's show takes place. This is a procession quite unique in character, consisting of representations of various characters in English history, fabulous personages, knights in armor, military companies, elephants, circus people, etc. It escorts the Lord Mayor elect from Guildhall to Westminster Hall, where he is sworn into office, and then returns with him to Guildhall, passing over a prescribed route. This show is one of the chief amusements of the London poor.

The National Picture Gallery was also one of the places visited by General Grant. It occupies a handsome building on the north side of Trafalgar Square, begun in 1824 and finished in 1828, at a cost of $500,000. It is rich in paintings by English and foreign artists, and owes much of its importance to the bequests of artists and of private gentlemen. It contains about 800 pictures, among which the principal foreign schools are well represented.

The Docks of London were visited by General Grant, and were regarded by him as among the most interesting features of the great city. They might properly be ranked among the wonders of the world, as they constitute the most complete and extensive system of docks ever built. They cover an area of about 600 acres, and extend in an almost unbroken series from the Tower to Galleonsreach, below Woolwich. "The westernmost, St. Katherine's, commence on the farther side of Tower Hill, followed by the London docks, Shadwell-basin, and one or two minor offshoots. Here the north shore line is broken, the Limehouse-basin alone occupying the space between the Shadwell-basin and the West India docks, but the whole of the land on the opposite side of the river is filled up by the enormous range of the Surrey Commercial docks, one of the largest systems in the world. Then, cutting right across the neck of the Isle of Dogs, comes the West India dock system, consisting of three long parallel basins, with entrances to the eastward into Blackwall, and to the westward into Limehouse-reach. To the south of these are the new Millwall docks, with an opening at present into Limehouse-reach only, and constructed with a special view to the coal trade. Beyond, at Blackwall, are the East India docks, considerably smaller than the West India; and finally, beyond these, stretching from close by the entrance of the East India docks to Galleonsreach, comes the magnificent range of the East India docks." This splendid system of docks enables the port of London to receive, load and discharge the thousands of vessels that annually enter and leave it, and which could not possibly be held by the Thames.

In his journeys to and fro in London, General Grant constantly used the trains of the Underground Railways. These constitute the most complete system of city travel known to the world. "Fourteen miles are now in running order. The enterprise proposes, when completed, to finish an inner circle and an outer circle, through which the cars will continue to run round and round all day, stopping at the numerous stations on the route to take in and discharge passengers. Most of the stations are open to the daylight, but there are some entirely underground and lit with

gas. The number of passengers carried over this road last year was forty millions, and there has been a large increase this year. The cars are driven by steam, the locomotives being of a peculiar construction, which enables them to consume their own smoke. They carry six to eight cars, with first, second, and third-class compartments, and move along at the rate of about fifteen miles per hour, including stoppages at the stations. Almost any point in the city can be reached in thirty minutes, even to a distance that would require a couple of hours to go in a cab or an omnibus. These cars are well lighted with gas, and there is not the least inconvenience to passengers from smoke, dust, or gas. Nothing escapes from the locomotive but a small amount of steam. There are numerous openings or vestibules along the route, besides the large and spacious stations, which are fitted up with every convenience for the accommodation of passengers waiting for the trains, one of which passes every few minutes, some of them passing off into branch tunnels leading to widely different stations. The old Thames Tunnel has been utilized by the underground roads, and now trains are constantly flying through it to stations on either side of the river. After being so many years a mere engineering curiosity, it has at last been made serviceable in relieving the streets and bridges of the metropolis from the great rush of travel. This road passes under streets, sewers, gas and water pipes, and houses, without incommoding any one or making the slightest noise above ground. Indeed, a stranger in London would scarcely know of its existence were he not to follow the throng of people who are constantly passing in and out of the stations. It is a great relief to the streets, which are still thronged with omnibuses, carriages and pedestrians. The street railways are also being extended in some parts of the city above ground, but still meet with much opposition, organized by the powerful omnibus companies."

One of the most famous places in London is Hyde Park. It contains 338 acres, and anciently belonged to the monks of Westminster Abbey. It is a handsome, well laid out pleasure-ground, and is the favorite resort of the aristocracy of the English Metropolis. The "Season" begins in April, and ends in July.

During this period, between the hours of five and half-past six in the afternoon, the Park is crowded with handsome carriages, equestrians, and persons on foot. A portion of the grounds, called Rotten Row, is set apart for equestrians exclusively. No wheel-vehicle is allowed to enter it, and pedestrians are rigidly confined to the paths along the sides. "Troops are sometimes reviewed on the level portion of the Park, and near the western side stands a magazine well stored. The scenery of Hyde Park is greatly enriched by a lake called the *Serpentine*, where the bathing is good in summer and skating in winter; there are regulations for morning and evening bathing posted at various places. A very pretty little Italian garden, containing statuary, fountains, etc., has been formed at the head of the Serpentine, rendering it much more attractive; along its bank on the north is the *Ladies' Mile*, a celebrated carriage drive.

The Marble Arch, which formerly stood in front of Buckingham Palace, forms the northeast entrance at the end of Oxford street. Another famous entrance is Prince's Gate. The famous Exhibition Building of 1851 stood in Hyde Park, opposite this gate, and was subsequently removed to its present site at Sydenham. Near this gate is the National Monument to Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria. It will cost $600,000, of which $250,000 was appropriated by Parliament. "It is a Gothic structure, 175 feet high, designed by G. G. Scott. The canopy rests upon a structure or base of Irish granite 130 feet square. At the four corners are four marble groups representing Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The granite columns which support the canopy are from the Isle of Mull. Above the groups representing the four quarters of the globe are four other groups representing Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, and Engineering. On the basement are numerous life-size figures representing different notables in Science and Art." A gilt statue of Prince Albert stands under the canopy.

Adjoining Hyde Park are Kensington Gardens, which are usually regarded as a portion of the park. They were originally the gardens of Kensington Palace, the birthplace of Queen Victoria. They contain 356 acres, and are open only to persons on foot.

St. James's Park is a beautiful enclosure of ninety acres, adjoining the Palace of St. James, and extending from the Horse Guards to the gates of Buckingham Palace. It is bordered by the buildings named St. James's Palace, the Admiralty, the Treasury, Marlborough House—the residence of the Prince of Wales—and other handsome edifices.

There are a number of other parks in London, the principal of which, after those named, is *Regent's Park*, covering an area of 472 acres, and adjoining which are the world-renowned *Zoological Gardens*.

Buckingham Palace is the residence of the Queen when in London. It is situated at the west end of St. James's Park, and is a handsome, but gloomy building, the interior being in keeping with the exterior in this respect.

St. James's Palace was the London residence of the sovereigns of England previous to the accession of Victoria. It stands at the northwestern end of St. James's Park, and is a gloomy-looking edifice with a heavy castellated front. It is the oldest of the royal establishments in London. The son of James II., by Mary of Modena, generally known as the Old Pretender, was born here, as was also George IV. Mary I. (Bloody Mary) and Prince Henry, son of James I., died here, and here Charles I. parted with his children. The palace is at present used only for formal levees, and its occupants are persons to whom the Queen is pleased to grant free quarters.

It would be impossible to give within our limits a description of all the places of interest in London, so we must be satisfied with naming only a few.

On the 11th of June General Grant and party went to Southampton to visit Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris, the latter being the General's only daughter. Several days were spent there, a part of the time being devoted to drives along the south coast, one of the most charming portions of England in summer.

Southampton is pleasantly situated on the English Channel, seventy-five miles from London. It contains a population of about 47,000 inhabitants, and is a thriving and busy place. Many of the steamers plying between the Continent of Europe and the

United States call at Southampton regularly to receive or land mails and passengers. The town is in many respects a pleasant one.

General Grant and his party made the usual visit to Netley Abbey, three miles from Southampton, one of the most picturesque ruins in England, and to New Forest, in which famous wood William Rufus was shot by an arrow from the bow of Sir Walter Tyrrell. A stone now marks the spot once occupied by the oak from which Tyrrell's arrow glanced and took its fatal course towards the monarch's breast.

An excursion was also made to the Isle of Wight, by common consent the most beautiful portion of England. This lovely island lies between the English Channel and a smaller channel called the Solent, which separates it from the coast of Hampshire. It is about thirteen miles long from north to south, and about twenty-two and a half miles wide from east to west. The Solent varies from four to six miles in length, and is a famous anchorage of the English fleet in time of war with any of the Continental nations. The island abounds in beautiful scenery, the wildest and most picturesque lying along the southern coast.

Steamers run frequently each day from Southampton to West Cowes, a pretty town on the north shore of the island. It contains a population of about 6,000, is the head-quarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and is one of the most fashionable watering-places in England.

Across the Medina, and opposite Cowes, is Osborne, the seaside residence of the Queen, adjoining which is Norris Castle, formerly the residence of the Duchess of Kent, where Queen Victoria passed a large part of her childhood.

Five miles from Cowes, by railway, is Newport, the capital of the island, a town of about 8,000 inhabitants. Newport was the scene of the unsuccessful negotiations of Charles I. with the Parliamentary Commissioners, and in the vicinity is Carisbrooke Castle, where he was confined before his last journey to London to meet his fate. The castle was built by William Fitz Osborne, a Norman, who was made by the Conqueror the first Lord of the Isles. It is now a picturesque ruin, and is the principal sight on the

island. Ryde, on the north coast, is the principal town as regards population. It contains 10,000 inhabitants, and is a thriving and beautiful place. Its streets are well paved and clean, and it contains a number of handsome villas, and is lighted with gas. The view from any direction is lovely. There are a number of smaller towns on the island, some of which are fashionable watering-places. The whole island seems to the visitor like an enchanted land, and one could pass months there without wearying.

On the 14th of June General Grant returned to London, and on the 15th he was formally presented with the freedom of the city of London. This important ceremony took place at Guildhall. It constitutes the highest distinction the municipality of London can confer upon a person it desires to honor, and has only once before been conferred upon an American—the late George Peabody.

The City of London proper, it must be remembered, forms but a small part of the vast metropolis of England. Originally surrounded by a wall with seven gates it is still an independent municipality, and is ruled by its own government, founded upon the votes of its freemen, while the rest of the metropolis, including the enormous majority of its inhabitants and the greater part of its area, is governed by Parliamentary authority. Within the City limits the Lord Mayor takes precedence of all the royal family. On state occasions, when visiting the City, the sovereign must go through the ceremony of asking his lordship's permission to enter those limits, halting at Temple Bar to receive the keys of the gate. Together with his corporation, consisting of twenty-five Aldermen, representing as many wards, and a Common Council composed of 206 members, the Lord Mayor controls everything relating to tolls, dues, markets, the administration of justice, police, lighting, paving, and a variety of other matters.

Guildhall, in which the ceremony we are about to describe took place, is one of the most interesting buildings in London. It dates originally from the time of Henry IV. "The old walls are of so splendid a solidity that they stood triumphant through the Great Fire of 1666, towering amid the flames 'in a bright shining coat, as if it had been a palace of gold or a great building of

burnished brass.' The old crypt, too, of the same date (1411), is a beautiful piece of work, seventy-five feet long by forty-five feet wide, and divided into three aisles by six clusters of circular columns in Purbeck marble, supporting a fine groined roof, partly in stone, partly in chalk and bricks; the principal intersections being covered with carved bosses of heads, shields, and flowers. The vaulting, with four-centred arches, is considered to be one of the earliest as well as one of the finest examples of its kind in England. At the eastern end is a fine arched entrance of Early English, and in the southeastern angle an octagonal recess about thirteen feet in height. The length of the great hall is one hundred and fifty feet, its height fifty-five feet, and its breadth fifty feet. The side walls, which are five feet in thickness, are divided by clustered columns and mouldings into eight spaces, and at each end of the hall is a splendid Gothic window, occupying the whole width, and nearly perfect in all architectural details. Only the upper portions, however, are filled with stained glass, and that chiefly of modern date. In corners, on lofty octagonal pedestals, are the statues of the two famous giants, Gog and Magog, which were formerly carried in procession in the Lord Mayor's show.

"The great State banquets are held here; the hall being capable of containing between 6,000 and 7,000 persons. It was here that Whittington, entertaining in his capacity of Lord Mayor Henry V. and his queen, paid the king after dinner the delicate compliment of burning, on a fire of sandal-wood, his majesty's bonds for £60,000; and it was here also that a successor of equal loyalty, but perhaps hardly equal felicity in its demonstration, seized Charles II. by the arm, as that merry monarch was endeavoring to beat at least a partially sober retreat, and peremptorily insisted upon his brother potentate remaining for 't'other bottle.' Even in these moderate times the Lord Mayor's feast is a Gargantuan institution, involving the services of twenty cooks, the slaughter of forty turtles, and the consumption of somewhere about fourteen tons of coal. Around the Guildhall are a cluster of courts, duplicating those at Westminster, and there are also numerous other apartments, such as the Common

Council Chamber, the Court of Aldermen, the Chamberlain's Office, the Chamberlain's Parlor, the Library (one of the finest in the kingdom), etc., with a court called the Lord Mayor's court, nominally for the recovery of small debts incurred in the City.

The parchment containing the resolutions conferring upon General Grant the freedom of the City was contained in a beautifully ornamented casket of gold.

The obverse centre panel contains a view of the Capitol at Washington, and on the right and left are the ex-President's monogram and the arms of the Lord Mayor. On the reverse side of the casket is a view of the entrance to the Guildhall and an appropriate inscription. At the ends are two figures, also in gold, finely modelled and chased, representing the city of London and the United States of America, bearing their respective shields, the latter executed in rich enamel. At the corners are double columns, laurel-wreathed with corn and cotton, and on the cover a cornucopia, emblematical of the fertility and prosperity of the United States. The rose, shamrock, and thistle are also introduced. The cover is surmounted by the arms of the city of London. The casket is supported by American eagles, modelled and chased in gold, the whole standing on a velvet plinth, decorated with the Stars and Stripes.

About eight hundred ladies and gentlemen, including several members of the Government, American consuls, merchants and the principal representatives of the trade and commerce of London, were invited to meet the General at luncheon, subsequent to the civic ceremony. Among the guests were Sir Stafford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and many members of Parliament. The entrance to the hall and the corridors of the Guildhall were laid with crimson cloth. The walls were decorated with mirrors and exotics. The guests began to arrive about half-past eleven o'clock, and from that time until half-past twelve a steady stream of carriages poured into the Guildhall yard. General Grant arrived about one o'clock.

The General was accompanied by Mrs. Grant, and Minister and Mrs. Pierrepont. He was received at the entrance of the Guildhall by a deputation consisting of four Aldermen with their

chairman, six members of the City Land Committee, including the mover and seconder of the resolution for presenting the freedom of the city to the General, and was by them conducted to the library, where he was received by the Lord Mayor, and took a seat on the dais, on the left hand of his Lordship, who occupied the chair as President of a Special Court of the Common Council, at which were assembled most of the members of the Corporation, the Aldermen wearing their scarlet robes and the Common Councilmen their mazarin gowns.

The resolution of the Court was read by the Town Clerk, and General Grant, after an address made by the Chamberlain, Mr. B. Scott, was admitted to the freedom of the city, the Chamberlain making the official announcement to him in these words:

"The unprecedented facilities of modern travel, and the running to and fro of all classes in our day, have brought to our shores unwonted visitors from Asia, as well as from Europe—rulers of empires both ancient and of recent creation; but amongst them all we have not as yet received a President of the United States of America—a power great, flourishing and free, but so youthful that it celebrated only last year its first centennial. A visit of the ruling President of those States is scarcely to be looked for, so highly valued are his services at home during his limited term of office; you must bear with us, therefore, General, if we make much of an Ex-President of the great republic of the New World visiting the old home of his fathers. It is true that those first fathers—Pilgrim Fathers we now call them—chafed under the straitness of the parental rule, and sought in distant climes the liberty then denied them at home; it is true, likewise, that their children subsequently resented the interference, well intended if unwise, of their venerated parent, and manifested a spirit of independence of parental restraint not unbecoming in grown-up sons of the Anglo-Saxon stock. Yet, for all this, there is furnished from time to time, abundant evidence that both children and parent have forgotten old differences and forgiven old wrongs; that the children continue to revere the mother country, while she is not wanting in maternal pride at witnessing so numerous, so thriving, and so freedom-

loving a race of descendants. If other indications were wanting of mutual feelings of regard, we should find them, on the one hand, in the very hospitable and enthusiastic reception accorded to the Heir Apparent to the British throne, and subsequently to H. R. H. Prince Arthur, when, during your presidency, he visited your country; and on the other hand, in the cordial reception which, we are gratified to observe, you have received from the hour when you set foot on the shores of Old England. In this spirit, and with these convictions, the Corporation of London receives you to-day with all kindliness of welcome, desiring to compliment you and your country in your person by conferring upon you the honorary freedom of their ancient city—a freedom which had existence more than eight centuries before your first ancestors set foot on Plymouth Rock; a freedom confirmed to the citizens, but not originated, by the Norman conqueror, which has not yet lost its significance or its value, although the liberty which it symbolizes has been extended to other British subjects, and has become the inheritance of the great Anglo-American family across the Atlantic. But we not only recognize in you a citizen of the United States, but one who has made a distinguished mark in American history—a soldier whose military capabilities brought him to the front in the hour of his country's sorest trial, and enabled him to strike the blow which terminated fratricidal war and reunited his distracted country; who also manifested magnanimity in the hour of triumph, and amidst the national indignation created by the assassination of the great and good Abraham Lincoln, by obtaining for vanquished adversaries the rights of capitulated brethren in arms, when some would have treated them as traitors to their country. We further recognize in you a President upon whom was laid the honor, and with it the responsibility, during two terms of office, of a greater and more difficult task than that which devolved upon you as a general in the field—that of binding up the bleeding frame of society which had been rent asunder when the demon of slavery was cast out. That the constitution of the country over which you were thus called to preside survived so fearful a shock, that we saw it proud and progressive, celebrating its centennial during

the last year of your official rule, evinces that the task which your countrymen had committed to you did not miscarry in your hands.

"That such results have been possible must, in fairness, be attributed in no inconsiderable degree to the firm but conciliatory policy of your administration at home and abroad, which is affirmed of you by the resolution of this honorable Court whose exponent and mouthpiece I am this day. May you greatly enjoy your visit to our country at this favored season of the year, and may your life be long spared to witness in your country and in our own—the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family—a career of increasing amity, mutual respect, and honest, if spirited rivalry —rivalry in trade, commerce, agriculture, and manufacture; in the arts, science, and literature; rivalry in the highest of all arts, how best to promote the well-being and to develop the industry of nations, how to govern them for the largest good to the greatest number, and for the advancement of peace, liberty, morality, and the consequent happiness of mankind. Nothing now remains, General, but that I should present to you an illuminated copy of the resolutions of this honorable Court, for the reception of which an appropriate casket is in course of preparation; and, in conclusion, offer you, in the name of this honorable Court, the right hand of fellowship as a citizen of London."

When the cheers which followed this speech had subsided, General Grant replied as follows:

"It is a matter of some regret to me that I have never cultivated that art of public speaking which might have enabled me to express in suitable terms my gratitude for the compliment which has been paid to my countrymen and myself on this occasion. Were I in the habit of speaking in public, I should claim the right to express my opinion, and what I believe will be the opinion of my countrymen when the proceedings of this day shall have been telegraphed to them. For myself, I have been very much surprised at my reception at all places since the day I landed at Liverpool up to my appearance in this the greatest city in the world. It was entirely unexpected, and it is particularly gratifying to me. I believe that this honor is intended quite

as much for the country which I have had the opportunity of serving in different capacities, as for myself, and I am glad that this is so, because I want to see the happiest relations existing, not only between the United States and Great Britain, but also between the United States and all other nations. Although a soldier by education and profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and I have never advocated it except as a means of peace. I hope that we shall always settle our differences in all future negotiations as amicably as we did in a recent instance. I believe that settlement has had a happy effect on both countries, and that from month to month, and year to year, the tie of common civilization and common blood is getting stronger between the two countries. My Lord Mayor, ladies, and gentlemen, I again thank you for the honor you have done me and my country to-day."

This reply was received with loud cheers, after which General Grant signed his name to the roll of honorary freemen of the city of London.

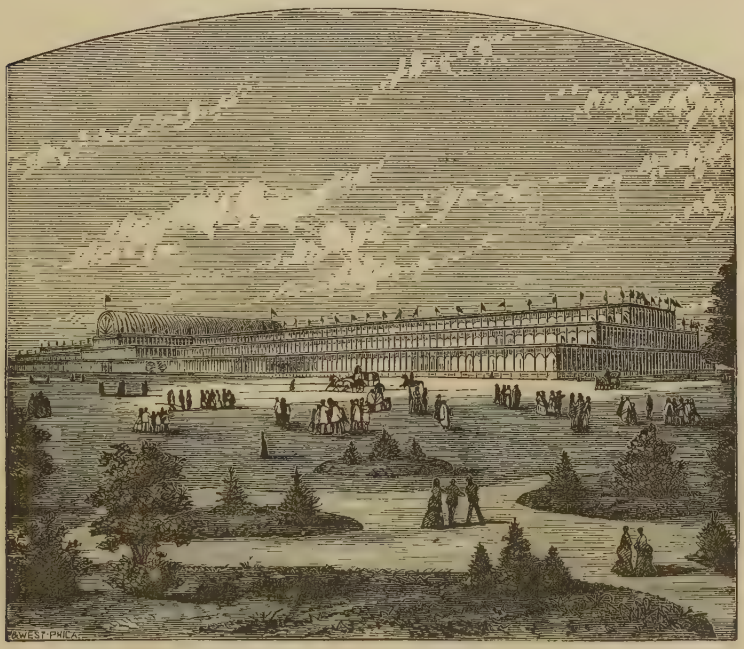
The Lord Mayor now conducted General Grant to the great hall, where a luncheon was served upon twenty tables. After the health of the Queen was drunk, the Lord Mayor in a cordial and tasteful speech proposed the health of General Grant, which was drunk with applause. General Grant, in reply, said:

"My Lord Mayor, Ladies, and Gentlemen: Habits formed in early life and early education press upon us as we grow older. I was brought up a soldier—not to talking. I am not aware that I ever fought two battles on the same day in the same place, and that I should be called upon to make two speeches on the same day under the same roof is beyond my understanding. What I do understand is, that I am much indebted to all of you for the compliment you have paid me. All I can do is to thank the Lord Mayor for his kind words, and to thank the citizens of Great Britain here present in the name of my country and for myself."

"I never heard," says Mr. Smalley, the correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, who was one of the guests, "a more perfect speech of its kind than that. There is a charm, a felicity in the turn of one or two of its phrases that would do credit to the best

artists in words—to Mr. Kinglake and to Mr. Matthew Arnold themselves."

Later in the day General Grant attended a pleasant and informal dinner given in his honor at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Thomas Hughes, in a graceful and eloquent speech, proposed the health of the General, at the same time stating that as the occasion was not formal their guest was under no obligation



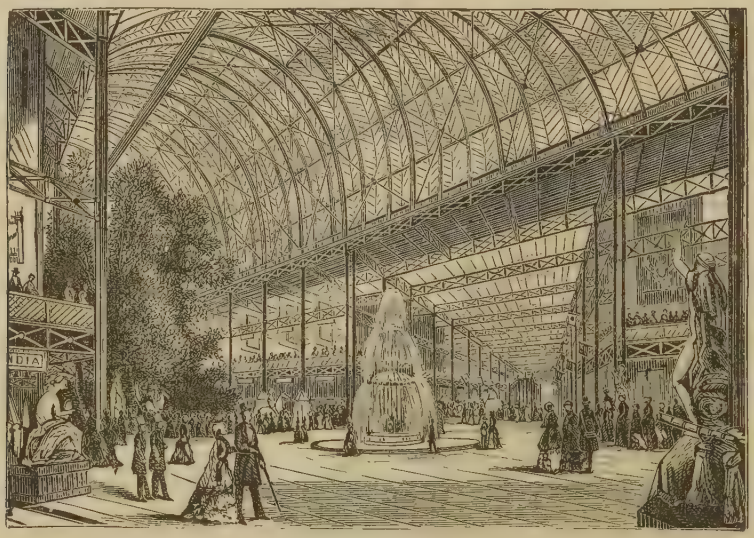
THE CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM.

to reply. General Grant rose slowly, when the toast had been honored, and said simply:

"Mr. Hughes, I must none the less tell you what gratification it gives me to hear my health proposed in such hearty words by Tom Brown of Rugby."

At night there was a handsome display of fireworks in the grounds of the palace. One of the principal pieces was a portrait of General Grant, and another a representation of the Capitol at Washington. "General Grant sat silent while his own portrait—a capital likeness—was drawn in lines of changing flame against

the dark background of Beckenham Hills. Not a muscle moved; there was not a sign of pleasure at the splendid compliment paid him; not a movement of recognition for the cheers with which the great crowd below hailed the portrait. But when this had burnt out, and the next piece—a sketch of the building which crowns the heights above the Potomac—was blazing, a slight smile parted the General's lips as he remarked to Lady Ripon, who sat next to him: 'They have burnt me in effigy, and now they are burning the Capitol!'"



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE TRANSEPT OF CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Crystal Palace, at which the entertainment referred to was given, is situated at Sydenham, about seven miles from London. It stands in the midst of large and beautiful grounds, and commands one of the loveliest views in England. It was erected at a cost of about $7,500,000. Its grounds cover two hundred acres. The building originally stood in Hyde Park, in London, and was erected there for the Exhibition of 1851. It was removed to its present site a few years later. It is built of iron and glass, and though so immense, has an air of lightness and grace that add greatly to its rare beauty. It contains one of the

most superb collections of objects of art, beauty and utility in the world. A portion of the building is appropriated to tropical trees and plants, and other portions are laid off in courts of Egyptian, Greek and Roman sculpture, and to courts of Assyria, the Alhambra, Germany, and Italy. These are filled with copies of the works of the great masters in sculpture. Entertainments of various kinds are frequently given at the Crystal Palace, and are attended by vast audiences.

On the 16th of June General Grant and his family dined at Kensington Palace, with the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. The next day they dined with Mr. Morgan, an American banker residing in London.

On the 18th the General took breakfast with Mr. George W. Smalley, the Correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, at his residence in Hyde Park Square. A distinguished company came together upon this occasion. There were present Robert Browning, Professor Huxley, A. W. Kinglake, Matthew Arnold, Anthony Trollope, Thomas Hughes, F. H. Hill, editor of the *Daily News*, and others. In the evening the General attended a dinner given in his honor at the Reform Club, upon which occasion Earl Granville presided, wearing his ribbon and star of the Order of the Garter. This was a brilliant affair, and the speeches made were among the most memorable of any drawn out during the General's visit to London.

On the 19th of June General Grant dined with the Prince of Wales, at Marlborough House, to meet the Emperor of Brazil. Marlborough House is the London residence of the Prince of Wales, and stands in Pall Mall, St. James's. It was built by the great Duke of Marlborough, but was purchased by the Crown in 1817, for the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold, the latter of whom afterwards became the first King of Belgium. Queen Adelaide, the widow of William IV., also lived here for a number of years. After dinner the General visited the office of the London *Times*, and was shown over the establishment by Mr. J. C. Macdonald, the manager of the paper. On the 20th the General dined with Lord Ripon, and on the 21st with Minister Pierrepont, to meet the Prince of Wales. On the 21st he attended a recep-

tion given by Mrs. Hicks, an American lady residing in London. In the evening, in company with Mrs. Grant and General Badeau, he attended a performance of "Martha," at the Covent Garden Theatre. He wore his uniform on this occasion, and as he entered the curtain rose, showing the stage decorated with American flags, and occupied by the full company. Madame Albani, the prima donna of the evening, sang the "Star Spangled Banner" (the company joining in the chorus), accompanied by the orchestra. During the singing the General and the entire audience remained standing.

On the evening of the 22d General Grant attended a banquet given by Trinity Board, at their handsome hall on Tower Hill. This Board has charge of the pilotage, lighthouses, etc., of the United Kingdom. The Prince of Wales presided at this banquet. Prince Leopold, Prince Christian, the Prince of Leiningen, the Prince of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Carnarvon, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Cross and Chief-Justice Sir Alexander Cockburn were among the distinguished company present.

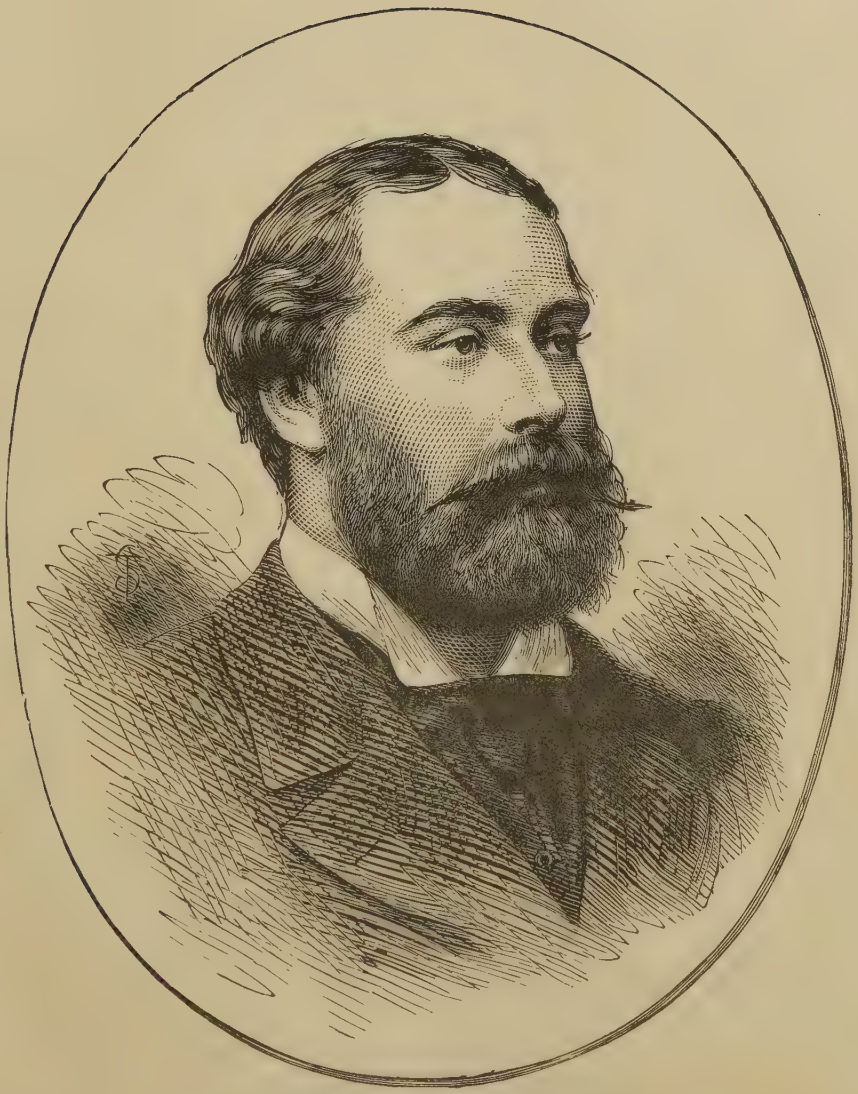
The Prince of Wales, referring to General Grant, in the course of his speech, said:

"On the present occasion it is a matter of peculiar gratification to us as Englishmen to receive as our guest General Grant. (Cheers.) I can assure him for myself, and for all loyal subjects of the Queen, that it has given us the greatest pleasure to see him as a guest in this country." (Cheers.)

Earl Carnarvon proposed the health of the visitors, and coupled with it General Grant's name. He said:

"Strangers of all classes, men of letters, arts, science, state, and all that has been most worthy and great, have, as it were, come to this centre of old civilization. I venture, without disparagement to any of those illustrious guests, to say that never has there been one to whom we willingly accord a freer, fuller, heartier welcome than we do to General Grant.

"On this occasion, not merely because we believe he has performed the part of a distinguished general, nor because he has twice filled the highest office which the citizens of his great coun-



ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

try can fill, but because we look upon him as representing that good will and affection which ought to subsist between us and the United States. It has been my duty to be connected with the great Dominion of Canada, stretching several thousand miles along the frontier of the United States, and during the last three or four years I can truthfully say that nothing impressed me more than the interchange of friendly and good offices which took place between the two countries under the auspices of President Grant."

General Grant replied that he felt more impressed than he had possibly ever felt before on any occasion. He came here under the impression that this was Trinity House, and that trinity consisted of the army, navy and peace. He thought it was a place of quietude, where there would be no talk or toasts. He had been therefore naturally surprised at hearing both. He had heard some remarks from His Royal Highness which compelled him to say a word in response. He begged to thank His Highness for these remarks. There had been other things said during the evening highly gratifying to him.

Not the least gratifying was to hear that there were occasionally in this country party fights as well as in America. He had seen before now a war between three departments of the State, the executive, the judicial, and the legislative. He had not seen the political parties of England go so far as that. He would imitate their chaplain, who had set a good example of oratory—that was shortness—and say no more than simply thank His Royal Highness and the company on behalf of the visitors.

On the morning of the 23d General Grant paid a visit to the veteran statesman, Earl Russell, who was living in retirement at his home at Pembroke Lodge in Richmond Park, a special gift to him from the Queen. His visit was a pleasant one, and the venerable English leader expressed himself as much gratified by the attention shown him by the General.

On the 25th General Grant attended an entertainment at the house of Mr. McHenry, the celebrated financier, and in the evening took dinner with Lord Derby at his house in St. James's Square.

General Grant received an invitation from the Queen of England to visit her at Windsor Castle with his family. Windsor Castle has been for centuries the favorite residence of the sovereigns of England, and is one of the noblest architectural works in the world. The Castle comprises a number of buildings, which cover, including the various courts, an area of twelve acres, and are surrounded on three sides by a terrace 2,500 feet wide. The Castle stands in the midst of "Little Park," which is about four miles in circumference. A broad avenue south of the Castle connects these grounds with Great Park, the circuit of which is about eighteen miles. Windsor was from the earliest times a favorite residence of the Saxon kings. The present Castle was founded by William the Conqueror, and was rebuilt by Edward III., under the direction of William de Wykeham, and again in 1824–28, under Sir Jeffrey Wyattville. It consists of the private apartments of the sovereign, known as "The Quadrangle," the Round Tower, St. George's Chapel, and a number of other edifices. St. George's Chapel is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture, and is the peculiar chapel of the Order of the Garter. The knights of that order are installed here, and their banners hang over their stalls in the choir. Here also the Prince of Wales was married to his lovely bride, the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. The Royal Vault is attached to the Chapel, and is deeply interesting. It contains the remains of many of England's sovereigns, including Henry VIII., Queen Jane Seymour, George III. and his Queen, William IV. and his Queen, Charles I., and the Princess Charlotte. The Round Tower is the citadel or keep of the Castle, and is a massive structure from the battlements of which floats the Royal standard. It was in this tower that James I. of Scotland was confined. The principal halls of the Castle are in the Quadrangle. The State apartments are very large and beautiful, and are adorned with rare works of art, embracing paintings, statuary, frescoes, and bronzes. These halls lie on the north side of the Quadrangle, the Queen's private apartments and those of her household occupying the southern and eastern sides. The scenery around Windsor is very beautiful. From the top of the Round Tower the visitor looks down upon Runneymede, the scene of the granting by King John of Magna Charta.

On the afternoon of the 27th of June, General and Mrs. Grant, accompanied by Jesse Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Pierrepont, and General Badeau, to whom invitations had also been extended, left London for Windsor. The trip was a short one, the train reaching the latter place in forty-five minutes from London. At half-past eight in the evening, the Queen, surrounded by her Court, received her guests in the beautiful corridor extending around the south and east sides of the Quadrangle, and leading to her private apartments. Dinner was announced, and was served in the Oak Room. It was attended by a noble and brilliant company, among whom were Prince Leopold, Prince Christian, Princess Beatrice, Lord Derby, Lady Derby, the Duchess of Wellington, and others. As the Court was in mourning for the late Queen of Holland, the ladies wore black dresses with white trimmings. As the party were assembling for dinner the following despatch was received and delivered by the Queen to General Grant:

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

From GENERAL HARTRANFT, *Commander in Chief, to* GENERAL U. S. GRANT, *Care of* HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Your comrades in national encampment assembled, in Rhode Island, send heartiest greeting to their old commander, and desire, through England's Queen, to thank England for Grant's reception.

General Grant having communicated the contents of this despatch to Her Majesty, who expressed her gratification at the hearty greeting, returned the following reply:

Grateful for telegram. Conveyed message to the Queen. Thank my old comrades.

The dinner passed off pleasantly, and during its progress the band of the Grenadier Guards, stationed in the Quadrangle, discoursed sweet music. After the repast was over the Queen conversed for a while with her guests, and at ten o'clock withdrew, followed by her attendants. The remainder of the evening, until half-past eleven, was spent in conversation and playing whist with the members of the Royal household. The next morning General Grant and party returned to London.

Later in the day the General in company with his son Jesse and General Badeau went to Liverpool, where the General was a guest at a dinner given in his honor by the Mayor and Corporation of that city. He thus fulfilled an engagement made at the time of his landing at Liverpool. Two hundred and fifty persons sat down to table, and the dinner was in all respects a marked success. The Mayor proposed the health of General Grant, and the General responded in one of his happiest speeches. The next morning the party returned to London.

On the evening of the 29th, Mr. John Russell Young, of the *New York Herald*, entertained General Grant at dinner at the Grosvenor Hotel, and invited a number of the most prominent journalists of London to meet the General on that occasion. Mr. George W. Smalley, who was present, thus describes this memorable entertainment:

"General Grant himself—who must by this time rank as an expert in such matters—pronounces his dinner with Mr. John Russell Young of the *New York Herald*, at the Grosvenor Hotel on Friday, one of the most enjoyable among the many given him in London. It has been said that General Grant cherished no great affection for journalists as journalists, yet the exceptional feature of Mr. Young's dinner was the fact that most of the guests were journalists. Perhaps it is only American journalists whom General Grant does not like. Nearly all the newspaper men present on Friday were, naturally enough, Englishmen. You will hardly find their names mentioned in any English paper, so close is the veil which English journalism delights to throw around the individuals who make it their profession. I hope no great harm will be done if I lift a corner of the veil, and give you a glimpse of some of the men who help to govern Great Britain.

"I could not begin with a name less known or more worthy of being known than that of Thomas Walker, some time editor of *The Daily News*. Possibly he is better known in America than here. If fame depended on solid service done, his fame ought to be a wide one in America. He it was who put that powerful journal on our side in 1861, and kept it there through

the long period of disaster and discouragement which saw almost every other London paper steadily defending the cause of Rebellion. This act Mr. Walker did against influences which would have overborne the judgment of most men—against even the remonstrances of the owners of *The Daily News*, who feared peril to their property from the policy it supported. We can't afford to forget a man who risked and endured so much for us. General Grant did not forget it, I am glad to say, but when Mr. Walker was presented to him, greeted him with a warmth he does not always display. For similar reasons something of the General's usual reserve disappeared when he shook hands with Mr. Frank Hill, the present editor of the same paper, who has kept it true to its old traditions of friendship with America. I have had to mention Mr. Frank Hill now and then—once as the author of that volume of 'Political Portraits' which is one of the most brilliant of modern contributions to political literature. His is the no less brilliant and solid paper in the last *Fortnightly* on the Duc de Broglie. Not far off sat Mr. Robinson, the manager of the same paper, to whose energy and genius for news-gathering so much of its recent commercial success is due. Other contributors to this great journal were present: Mr. Fraser Rae, who you know in America as an excellent writer, and who has published books in other departments; Mr. Pigott, once a leader-writer, now Censor of Plays in the Lord Chamberlain's Office; Mr. Lucy, who does its Parliamentary summary every night, who wrote the famous 'Under the Clock' series for *The World* (London), and who is now the editor of a weekly paper set up as a rival to that, and known as *Mayfair*—a very readable collection of chat, and of things better than chat.

"*The Times* was represented by Mr. MacDonald, its business manager for twenty years, and news manager also since the death of Mr. Mowbray Morris. To say that a man has held such a position as that on the leading journal of the world for such a length of time is eulogy enough—not that I mean to occupy myself with eulogy-making on him or anybody else. His colleague, Mr. Stebbing, is a younger man, whose work lies in the editorial wing of the paper—if so much may be said without seeking to

penetrate the profound mystery which envelopes the whole of that part of the establishment. Later in the evening came Mr. Macdonell, a *Times* leader-writer, known in newspaper circles for the finish and accuracy of his work. Opposite Mr. Frank Hill, the editor of *The Daily News*, sat Mr. Frederick Greenwood, the editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, opposed in almost every sense and on almost every question of public policy. Of Mr. Greenwood, too, I have rather lately been writing with as much freedom as I ought, or more; and of him, too, it may be said that his success in making *The Pall Mall Gazette* what it is, is one of the conspicuous facts in modern journalism. Mr. Traill, of the same paper, is a man of letters, a student of other literatures beside English, whose recent article on Paul Louis Courier I hope every American journalist read. *The Daily Telegraph* is present in the person of Mr. Sala, its most versatile and popular correspondent, and the writer of its social and many other articles. Mr. Edward Dicey was once, and perhaps still is, a contributor to that journal, but is now editor in his own right of *The Observer*, the one Sunday paper which ranks by its ability and enterprise with the dailies of London, an old paper to which Mr. Dicey has brought fresh power and talent enough to give it of late years a more important position than it ever had before. He, too, is known in America by his own services, and by the fact of having married one of the most beautiful and accomplished of American women. Mr. Edmund Yates you know, also novelist and journalist, now editor of *The World*, which was the first and is still the most widely circulated, and one of the most readable of what I have taken the liberty to call Boulevard weeklies.

"My catalogue is already a long one, but I dare say I have omitted some names, and I must at any rate include three American journalists who were present: Mr. Conway, of whom we are all proud; Mr. William Winter, your graceful dramatic critic, and Mr. Chamberlain, the promising son of the veteran writer who was so long Mr. Greeley's personal friend and political opponent. Among the guests who do not belong to the profession were the Minister of the United States, and next to him Monsignor Capel, a dark-faced man whom, being a born Puritan, I set down as

having the face of a Jesuit (which I believe he is), but a genial and cultivated man, renowned in London as a capital talker. Mr. Roscoe Conkling attracts general attention, his personal gifts and bearing being at least as conspicuous in an English as in an American assembly.

"Next General Grant, who sits on Mr. Young's right, came Sir Joseph Fayrer, an Anglo-Indian of twenty-two years experience, who showed perhaps equal courage in the immortal defence of Lucknow and in forbidding the Prince of Wales to go to Madras. He was the Prince's physician. I use the word 'forbidding,' but what happened was this: The Prince was most eager to go; there was cholera, and it was not prudent he should go; there was the certainty that his presence would attract an immense crowd, amidst which the ravages of disease could not but be awful. When the Prince pressed the point, Dr. Fayrer replied: 'Your Royal Highness will of course do as you like; but if you go to Madras, I shall take the first steamer to England.' The Prince did not go to Madras. The Queen wrote Dr. Fayrer an autograph letter of thanks, and he is to-day Sir Joseph Fayrer, K. C. S. I., and F. R. S. also, of which latter title he is perhaps most proud. A square-faced man he is, between whom and General Grant there are points of ready sympathy, and talk goes freely on. General Badeau sits at the other end of the upper table; Mr. Macmillan, the eminent publisher, and his partner, Mr. Craik; Mr. Norman Lockyer, the war-office clerk and astronomer; Mr. Puleston, M. P.; Mr. Payn, Mr. Davis, Mr. J. R. Grant are all there; and that man with the clear-cut face, whom you might pick out as the descendant of a dozen Earls, but who has done his fighting in person instead of through his ancestors, and wears an empty sleeve, is General Fairchild, our Consul in Liverpool, and an excellent Consul he is. These, you will agree, are the materials of good company and good folk, and General Grant's pleasure in the entertainment given him need surprise nobody. I might add a good deal about the dinner itself, and about the decorations of the rooms, and all that contributed to the perfection of the festival. I should even like to report some of the talk, were that a permissible liberty to take.

But one must draw the line somewhere; even a newspaper correspondent has occasional scruples."

On the 3d of July, General Grant, who had become the guest of General Badeau, received at the residence of the latter a deputation of forty members representing the workingmen of London and manufacturing towns of Great Britain. The deputation presented to the General an address from the workingmen of the Kingdom, welcoming him to England, and expressing their admiration for his character and achievements, and their gratitude for the part taken by his administration in securing the representation of labor on the American Commission at the Vienna Exhibition. The address was engrossed upon vellum in handsome style, and was read by Mr. Guile, a member of the Iron Founders' Society.

General Grant replied in the following words:

GENTLEMEN: In the name of my country I thank you for the address you have just presented to me. I feel it a great compliment paid to my Government, to the former Government, and one to me personally. Since my arrival on British soil I have received great attentions, and, as I feel, intended in the same way for my country. I have received attentions and have had ovations, free hand-shakings, and presentations from different classes, and from the Government, and from the controlling authorities of cities, and have been received in the cities by the populace. But there is no reception I am prouder of than this one to-day. I recognize the fact that whatever there is of greatness in the United States, or indeed in any other country, is due to the labor performed. The laborer is the author of all greatness and wealth. Without labor there would be no government, or no leading class, or nothing to preserve. With us labor is regarded as highly respectable. When it is not so regarded it is that man dishonors labor. We recognize that labor dishonors no man; and no matter what a man's occupation is he is eligible to fill any post in the gift of the people. His occupation is not considered in the selection of him, whether as a lawmaker or an executor of the law. Now, gentlemen, in conclusion, all I can do is to renew my thanks to you for the address, and to repeat what I have said before, that I have received nothing from any class since my arrival on this soil which has given me more pleasure."

On the evening of the 3d General Grant dined with a number of officers of the English army and navy at the United Service Club. The Duke of Cambridge presided. The dinner was private and informal, and was highly enjoyed by General Grant, as

it enabled him to meet many of the most distinguished soldiers and sailors of Great Britain.

On the 4th of July Mr. Pierrepont, the American Minister at London, held a reception at which General and Mrs. Grant were present. Mr. Smalley, of the *New York Tribune*, thus describes it:

"The Fourth of July was observed in London at the Legation, and, so far as I know, at the Legation only. The papers announced that the Minister of the United States and Mrs. Pierrepont would receive Americans from four to seven in the afternoon, General Grant and Mrs. Grant to be present. The Americans presented themselves in large numbers. It is the season when a good many of our countrymen are in London, on their way to the Continent, and not a few such birds of passage thronged the rooms of the Legation yesterday afternoon. Of resident Americans there were also many—so many that I won't undertake to repeat their names. And there was a pretty large sidewalk committee outside, attracted by the American flag which floated over the doorway, and by the carriages setting down company—the latter always a favorite sight with the poor devils who spend their days in the streets. Whether because it was the great Saints' Day of America, or of any other equally good reason, a vast deal of what is called good feeling was shown. A degree of cordiality in the greetings between acquaintances greater than might be expected when you consider that these same people live three-fourths of the year or more in the same town and within a few miles of each other, but are seldom on intimate terms. There are no dissensions to speak of among Americans here (though there have been), but neither is there much gregariousness. Patriotism got the upper hand yesterday, however. The lion and the lamb took tea together—nay, dined together later. Pretty girls abounded. The American girl is always pretty, or, at least, always expected by the Briton to be pretty. The Briton was not there yesterday to see how many of them there were. California contributed its quota; Boston and New York were not unrepresented; Baltimore sent a belle or two, and there were ladies no longer to be called girls who might

have disputed with the best of their younger sisters for the palm of beauty. I think I noticed in my fellow-citizens a slight uncertainty as to the sort of costume that ought to be worn on so solemn an occasion. The white tie was prematurely seen—it was only five o'clock in the afternoon, and your true Englishman never wears it before dinner, and dinner is never before eight—and some dress coats covered the manly form. I don't think I saw any ladies without bonnets. General Grant arrived a little late, and till he came nobody went away, so that the crush in Mr. Pierrepont's spacious rooms was for some time considerable. General and Mrs. Grant held a levée whether they would or no; their admiring and eager countrymen and countrywomen swarmed about them. Once more the General might have fancied himself in the White House, judging by the severity of the 'free handshakings' he underwent. Not a man or a woman of those who gathered about him spared him, nor did he flinch; but we dare say he reflected with pleasure that he was going next day to countries where handshaking is much less in fashion than here or at home.

"Last of all the General dined, on the evening of the Fourth, at the Legation of the United States. The occasion was not made a very ceremonious one; with a single exception, only Americans were put on guard that night. The exception was Monsignor Capel. The dinner was so far informal and private that I hardly know whether I am right in saying anything about it. Most of the distinguished Americans known to be passing through London were invited, and were present. The list included Senator Conkling, Gov. Hendricks, Judge Wallace of the United States District Court—the same who lately tried the Emma Mine case—the Rev. Phillips Brooks of Boston, and Chancellor Remsen of New Jersey. Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Pierrepont were the only ladies present. General Badeau was in attendance on General Grant; Mr. J. R. Young and Mr. J. R. Grant were also there. The dinner was at 8 P. M., and the guests did not leave till past twelve. That, I am aware, is a pale imitation of the fashionable style in which such events are announced, but it gives the essential facts. I shall even venture to add that for this occa-

sion the political hatchet was buried. Nobody, let us hope, will accuse Gov. Hendricks of betraying his party, because he sat at the table of a Republican Minister. The zealots who will not 'recognize' President Hayes can hardly think Gov. Hendricks compromised them by putting his legs under Mr. Pierrepont's mahogany on the Fourth of July. Nor will Mr. Roscoe Conkling be supposed to be meditating treason because he chatted with the defeated candidate for the Vice-Presidency. As for Mr. Pierrepont himself, a vigilant patriot might find cause of suspicion in the presence of a distinguished Roman ecclesiastic, were I not in a position to say that they differed as to the terms on which the Government of the United States should be handed over to the Pope."

CHAPTER III.

GENERAL GRANT'S FIRST VISIT TO THE CONTINENT.

Departure from London—Arrival at Ostend—Visit to Ghent—Brussels—Description of the City—King Leopold visits General Grant—Dinner with the King of the Belgians—General Grant at Cologne—Up the Rhine—Coblentz—Weisbaden—Visit to Frankfort—At Homburg—Grant at Heidelberg—Baden and the Black Forest—The Journey to Switzerland—Lucerne—The Lake of the Four Cantons—At Interlaken—Visit to Berne—Reception by the President of the Swiss Republic—Grant at Geneva—Lake Leman—The City of Geneva—General Grant Lays the Corner-Stone of a Church—En Route to Mont Blanc—Chamounix—Mont Blanc—General Grant sets out for Italy—Over the Alps—Martigny—The Simplon Pass—General Grant in Italy—Logo Maggiore—Pallanza—The Lake of Como—Bellagio—Chiavenna—The Splügen Pass—Via Mala—In Switzerland again—Ragatz—The Baths of Pfaffers—The Hot Springs—Zurich—The Lake and City—Visit to Alsace and Lorraine—Strasbourg—The Cathedral—The Astronomical Clock—Metz—General Grant at Antwerp—His Return to England.

WITH the Fourth of July festivities, General Grant's first visit to London came to an end. The season was over, and the people were leaving the city for the seaside and the other summer resorts patronized by the English. Dullness was settling down upon London, and there was but little to induce the General to remain in the Metropolis. He, therefore, resolved to spend the remainder of the summer in a brief run to the Continent of Europe. Accordingly, on the morning of the 6th of July, he left London for Ostend, in Belgium. He was accompanied by Mrs. Grant, Jesse Grant and General Badeau. The route was by way of Dover, from which a steamer conveyed them across the English Channel to the Belgian seaport. Ostend is the finest and most frequented bathing resort on the Continent, and is a city of 18,000 inhabitants. The season begins on the first of June, and continues until the 1st of November, during which time Ostend is one of the gayest places in Europe. The beach is fine, and the bathing superb. The place is only nine hours distant from London, and eight from Paris. Upon reaching Ostend, General

Grant was met by an aide-de-camp of the King of the Belgians, who welcomed him to Belgium in the name of his sovereign, and placed the royal car at his disposal for the journey to Brussels. The General accepted the offer. The civil authorities of Ostend and the officers of the garrison then waited upon the General, and presented him with an address of congratulation.

The General and his party passed the night at Ostend, and the next morning set out by rail for Brussels. At the ancient city of Ghent a halt was made. Accompanied by the American Consul at that place, the General and his party visited the principal points of interest in the city. Ghent is situated at the junction of the rivers Scheldt and Lys, and contains 123,000 inhabitants. It is one of the most interesting cities in the world, and is rich in historical associations. When the Emperor Charles V. came to the throne, Ghent was regarded as the largest city of Western Europe, having at that time a population of over 200,000 inhabitants, and being at the height of its commercial prosperity. It sided with Francis I. in his quarrel with the Emperor, and being compelled to submit to the latter, was stripped of its most valuable privileges, and was subjected to heavy exactions, which effectually destroyed its prosperity. It is surrounded by walls, the circumference of which is between seven and eight miles, and is divided into numerous islands by the Scheldt and Lys, which are nearly all lined by handsome quays. It contains over seventy bridges, many of which are notable structures. Its streets are wide and well laid off, and its houses, though old-fashioned, are handsome. Although it is now a thriving and busy place, it still wears the aspect of the Middle Ages. One of its most famous objects is the turreted gateway, which was formerly a part of the castle in which John of Gaunt, son of Edward III., of England, was born. A rare relic is the Cathedral of St. Bavon, founded in A. D. 941. The exterior is plain, but the interior is rich and beautiful, one of its ornaments being the arms of the Knights of the Golden Fleece, which are placed over the Choir. The last Chapter of this Order held here was in 1559, and was presided over by Philip II., of Spain. The church is rich in valuable paintings. The General

and his party also visited the famous Belfry Tower, which is situated near the Cathedral, and dates from 1183. On its summit is a copper dragon which was captured from the city of Bruges in 1445. It was formerly used as a watch-tower, and its bell was used to warn the citizens of the approach of an enemy and to call the citizens to arms. The lower part is now a prison. Ghent was the birthplace of many famous men, among whom were John of Gaunt, Charles V., and Jacques Van Arteveldt, the "Brewer of Ghent," and his no less famous son, Philip. To the American it is interesting as the city in which the Treaty which closed the second war between the United States and England was signed, in 1815. The city is now extensively engaged, its principal products being linen, woollen, lace and silk goods, leather and beer.

The journey to Brussels was resumed in the afternoon, and at six o'clock on the evening of Friday, July 6th, the Belgian capital was reached.

Brussels is one of the most famous cities of Europe, and is often called the "Little Paris," because of its splendid appearance. It is situated on the river Senne, about fifty miles from the sea, and has about 328,000 inhabitants. It was formerly enclosed with strong fortifications, but these have been demolished, and their site is now occupied by a succession of splendid boulevards, planted with noble linden trees. It is divided into an upper and lower town. The former contains the royal palace, the state buildings, the theatres, hotels, and chief attractions of the city; the latter is plain in appearance, and is the home of the working classes, but still contains many striking edifices, which were once the sumptuous homes of the nobles of Brabant. The Hotel de Ville stands in this quarter.

The appearance of Brussels is brilliant and splendid. Its streets, in the newer sections of the city, are wide, well paved, and brightly lighted. "Four beautiful streets surround the park, or palace garden, any of which is difficult to surpass in any city in Europe, but the *tout ensemble* of the whole is truly charming. The Rue Bellevue, containing the King's palace; the Rue Ducale, in which are the palace of the Prince of Orange (the late King

of Holland), and the grand concert-room; the Rue Brabant, in the centre of which are the Houses of Parliament; and the Rue Royale, on which are situated the finest mansions in Brussels; the general appearance of the whole is similar to the surroundings of Place la Concorde, in Paris, on a small scale; in fact, the whole city, opera house, theatres, squares, restaurants, and cafés, is a miniature Paris.

"One of the principal squares is the *Place des Martyres.* It is planted with linden trees and is surrounded by elegant buildings in the Doric style; it was chosen as the sepulture for those who fell in the revolutionary struggle of 1830; a monument has been erected over their graves; it consists of a marble statue of Liberty, with a genius kneeling at each corner of the pedestal. Geefs was the artist.

"In the *Place de la Monnaie* are situated the Mint, Exchange, and Theatre, with the principal cafés in the city. The principal and most frequented streets, and those in which are situated the most elegant shops, are Rue Montague de la Cour and Rue de la Madelaine. Of the public buildings that surround the Park, the first in order is the Royal Palace, at the southern extremity. Its general aspect is plain and unassuming; its interior is very magnificently furnished in the usual style of European palaces, but contains few pictures of any great value, with the exception of a few by Vandyke and David.

"On the east side of the Park is the Palace, which before the Revolution of 1830 was occupied by the Prince of Orange; it was presented to the Prince by the city of Brussels; it is a beautiful building 240 feet in length, with a central dome and cupola. The paintings it formerly contained were of the highest order, comprising some of the most choice productions of the Flemish and Italian schools; all of them, however, with the magnificent furniture the Palace contained, have been sold. Many were bought by the city, and may be seen in the *museum* in the Old Palace.

"On the north end of the Park the House of Parliament is situated. It is a noble building, ornamented with fluted Doric columns; it was built by Maria Theresa. The two chambers of

Parliament are elegantly fitted up for the reception of the members. Males and females are admitted into both chambers during the debates. It contains several very splendid pictures.

"Near the Place Royale is situated the handsome *Old Palace.* It was formerly the residence of the Spanish and Austrian governors of the Low Countries, or Netherlands, and was at that time one of the richest palaces in Europe. It was built in 1300, and rebuilt in 1746. It now contains museums, public libraries, galleries of painting and sculpture, and lecture-room.

"The Old Court, or Palace of the Fine Arts, is divided into three departments. The first contains the paintings of the great Flemish masters, from Van Eyck to Rubens, and their numerous pupils; the second contains a splendid library of 200,000 volumes and 20,000 manuscripts—many of the latter were collected at a very early period by the Dukes of Burgundy, and are of great value; the third is the museum of natural history, which is in the lower story, and surpasses in extent and value every other in the kingdom."

Brussels is rich in churches, many of which date from the Middle Ages. The principal one is the Cathedral of St. Gudule, which was founded in 1010. Its front is richly ornamented, and is flanked by two large towers, from the top of which Antwerp can be distinctly seen. The stained glass windows of this church are among the most beautiful in the world. The principal window represents "The Last Judgment," and is the work of the Flemish artist Frans Florins.

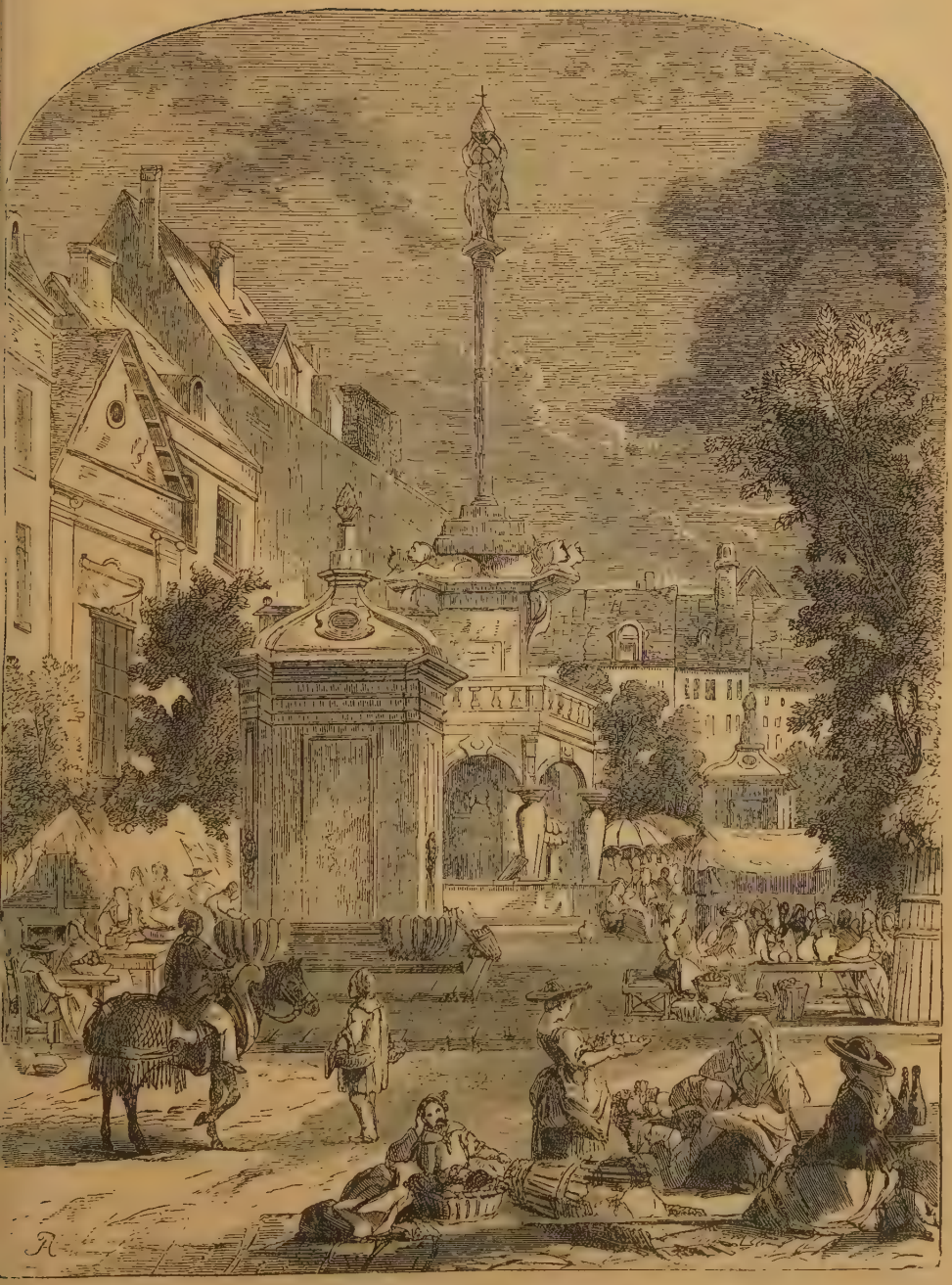
Of the many handsome fountains which ornament the city, the most celebrated is the "Mannikin," which stands near the Hotel de Ville. "The 'Mannikin' is considered the *oldest* citizen of Brussels. It is an exquisite bronze figure, about two feet high, of an urchin boy who discharges a stream of water in a natural manner. Great value and historical interest are attached to this antique little figure by the old citizens of Brussels, who regard it with peculiar solicitude as a kind of municipal palladium. Tradition invests him with an importance which is exhibited on fête days; he is then dressed in uniform, and decorated with the order of St. Louis."

Brussels is rich in historical interest, having been the scene of many of the most memorable events in the history of the Low Countries. It is now extensively engaged in the manufacture of lace, carpets, hosiery, linen, cotton prints, and other goods. The language spoken is French.

One of General Grant's first acts, after arriving at Brussels, was to visit Mr. A. P. Merrill, the American Minister, who was confined to his bed by illness.

On the 7th, the General and his party visited the sights of the city, among them the Hotel de Ville, a beautiful structure, founded in 1400, and celebrated as one of the most perfect specimens of Gothic architecture in the world. It abounds in exquisite and quaint sculptures, and is surmounted by a pyramidal tower 368 feet in height. The General and his companions were received by the municipal authorities, and were shown through the building. Among the objects of interest exhibited was the *Golden Book*, which contains the signatures of famous visitors to the place for generations back. The General, at the request of the authorities, inscribed his name in this volume. On the same day the General received a call at his hotel from King Leopold. They had a long and interesting conversation, and separated mutually pleased with each other. On the 8th General and Mrs. Grant returned the call of the King at the palace. In the evening the King entertained the General at a banquet, at which a brilliant company was present. Besides General and Mrs. Grant and their son, the following Americans were present: the family of Minister Merrill, General Badeau, and General and Mrs. Sandford. During the evening the General and the King conversed freely, and the latter found his royal host well versed in American affairs, and very anxious to promote the establishment of steamship lines between Antwerp and the ports of the United States.

On Monday morning, July 9th, General Grant left Brussels for Cologne, travelling in the royal railway carriage, which the King had placed at his disposal. The distance from Brussels to Cologne is one hundred and forty-one miles, and the route lies through a charming and deeply interesting region. "The



MARKET-PLACE AT LIEGE, BELGIUM.

railway runs almost eastward through the level garden-land of Belgium, and passes several famous places. Every town has its church, many of them large and imposing, with their towers and spires reaching far above the surrounding buildings, and seen from afar as the railway enters and leaves them. Liege, with its coal-mines, iron-mills, and overhanging streams of smoke, looks like a sort of Pittsburgh. But cannon and firearms, cutlery, rails, and metal-work are not the only things to be seen in this fine old city. It has its Cathedral and its historical buildings; and here was the house of William de la Marck, of whom Sir Walter Scott wrote, whilst the principal scenes of his novel of 'Quentin Durward' are laid in Liege. The city is beautifully situated, the almost prairie-like appearance of the country west of Liege suddenly changing to a rolling surface as the city is approached, and giving it, despite the smoke, an attractive look. Crossing the river Meuse, the railway continues eastward through a beautiful country, winding in and out among the hills, rushing through tunnels and over and along pebbly brooks, and among the iron-mills and coal-mines that in scenery and surroundings make this portion of Belgium resemble portions of Westmoreland County in Pennsylvania. Among the bold rocks and precipitous hills there nestled frequent pretty valleys, where little villages and green fields set off the rugged hill-sides. In this sort of a country is located the famous watering-place of Spa, where eight different mineral springs are reputed to be a cure for almost all diseases, and attract crowds of invalids and idlers who want to drink or bathe in the waters, or else make believe they do. Here in former days were famous gambling establishments, carried on by the sanction of the Government and giving it half their profits, but public opinion six years ago forced their suppression. Then we pass Verviers, beyond which the Belgian Railway control ceases, and the German trains take us with their luxurious carriages, and thus as we go along the French gradually dissolves into the German, and the quick, restless speech and movement of the Gaul is changed for the slower and more ceremonious manners of the Teuton. At Herbesthal, on the frontier, the German Custom-House is located, but the revenue officers, in-

stead of compelling everybody to get out of the train with their bags, adopted the more comfortable system of visiting the passengers in the carriages. This formal ceremony over, the train was started by blowing a horn and ringing a bell, and sounding with due deliberation several whistles, on the road to Aix-la-Chapelle, or Aachen.

"Aix-la-Chapelle is, historically, one of the most famous cities in Germany. Here the founder of the Empire, Charlemagne, was born and died, and he gave it, more than a thousand years ago, its first great eminence. Here, his successors, for centuries, on the throne of Germany, were crowned, and took the oaths of office, not, as with us, by swearing upon the Bible, or as in England by sitting upon the old stone of Scone in the high-backed coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, but by swearing upon the famous Charlemagne relics—the lock of the Virgin's hair and a piece of the true cross, which he wore round his neck, the leathern girdle of Christ, the bones of St. Stephen, the cord which bound the rod which smote the Saviour, the fragment of Aaron's rod, and the bone of Charlemagne's arm—all of which are now kept with jealous care in the Cathedral, and exhibited for an adequate 'tip.' Here, also, the Cathedral contains other precious relics, but they are only exhibited once in seven years, and the next period will not come around until 1881, when hundreds of thousands of pious pilgrims will journey thither to see them. These relics were presented to Charlemagne in the days of the Crusades, by the Grand Patriarch of Jerusalem, and they include the swaddling-clothes in which the Saviour was wrapped, the scarf he wore at the Crucifixion, the robe worn by the Virgin at the Nativity, and the cloth on which the head of John the Baptist was laid. These, with some costly gems, are deposited in a silver vase of great value, and are only exposed to view, as I have said, once in seven years, and then with great ceremony. The Cathedral is one of the great churches of Germany, but the fame of its relics almost eclipses the fame of the church. Charlemagne's tomb is under the centre of the dome, a simple slab of marble bearing his name marking the spot. Aix-la-Chapelle, like Spa, is also a watering-place, its springs, which are strongly

impregnated with sulphur, attracting many visitors, but it has not in this respect secured the great fame of its neighbor Spa. The surrounding country is of great beauty, not so rugged as that near Liege, but rich in agricultural wealth, and having here and there a round-topped hill raised up generally with a church or a chateau on top, to vary the attractions of the landscape. The villages, around which so many legends cluster, are now the location of matter-of-fact factories and iron-works, giving evidence of busy industry, some of these establishments being of great size, with small mountains of slag outlying them. Then the country again flattened into an almost treeless prairie, and for miles before reaching Cologne was more like a section of Illinois than anything else it can be compared to. There was not a hedge or a fence to mar the symmetry of the broad expanse of agricultural land which both men and women were busily cultivating. Finally, as the train approached Cologne, the tall Cathedral could be seen for miles away reaching far above the houses; and passing through the massive fortifications and over the drawbridge, the train entered the station."

Cologne contains a population of 129,251 inhabitants, and a garrison of 7,000 men. Its suburb Deutz, which is connected with it by an iron bridge and a bridge of boats, has 11,881 inhabitants, thus making the entire population 148,132. Cologne is the third city of the German Empire, and lies along the Rhine in the shape of a crescent. It is strongly fortified, its outer wall forming a circuit of nearly seven miles. It was founded by Agrippina, daughter of the Roman Emperor Germanicus, about A. D. 50. It was called "Colonia Agrippiensis," from which the modern name Cologne is derived. Constantine the Great began a bridge here, and Clovis, King of the Franks, was crowned here. During the Middle Ages, Cologne was one of the most populous and important cities of Europe. It is now the chief town of the Rhenish province of Prussia, and is busily engaged in manufactures. One of its principal and most famous products is *Eau de Cologne*, which is exported in large quantities.

General Grant was met upon his arrival in the city by the civil and military authorities of the place, and was cordially welcomed

by them to Cologne. He then visited the prominent places of interest in the city, including the Cathedral and the bridge of boats.

The Cathedral is the chief attraction of Cologne to visitors. It is one of the most beautiful specimens of Gothic architecture, and is dedicated to St. Peter. It is next to St. Peter's at Rome, the largest church in the world. It was begun in 1248, and is still unfinished, though the Prussian Government is now taking measures for its early completion. The choir is very rich in statues and frescoes, and the church contains a number of fine paintings and stained glass windows. The chief relic of the church is kept in a chapel behind the high altar, called the Chapel of the Magi, or the three Kings of Cologne. It is a silver vase, which contains, according to the belief of the faithful, the skulls of the three wise men who brought gifts to the Infant Saviour at Bethlehem. The case is richly ornamented with gems, the skulls are crowned with diamonds, and the name of each is traced upon it in rubies.

Another of the famous sights of Cologne is the Church of St. Ursula. This saint is said by the tradition to have been a daughter of the King of Brittany. She started on a pilgrimage to Rome, accompanied by 11,000 virgins. They sailed up the Rhine as far as Basle, from which place they made the rest of the journey on foot. Reaching Rome they were received with great honor by the Pope. On their return the whole party was massacred by the Huns because they refused to break their vows of chastity. Their bones were collected and buried on the site of the present church, which is eight hundred and fifty years old. Subsequently the bones were exhumed and placed around the interior of the church as ornaments. "The church is not very large, and its heavy walls, low ceilings, and ancient style of construction show its antiquity. All around this church are encased the skulls and bones, large stone receptacles being filled with them, with apertures in the sides through which the bones can be seen, and the skulls being put on rows of little shelves divided off like pigeon-holes. All the skulls have the part below the forehead covered with needle-work and embroidery, and some of

them are inlaid with pearls and precious stones. The collection is certainly a remarkable one, there being, besides the collections of bones, eighteen hundred of these skulls arranged in cases around the church, whilst in an apartment known as the Treasury, which is about thirty feet square, there are seven hundred and thirty-two more skulls on the walls, and the entire upper part is covered with bones, which are arranged everywhere, excepting where the windows let in light. Here, under special glass cases, are the skulls of St. Ursula herself, her lover, and several of the principal virgins."

On the morning of the 10th General Grant and his party embarked in one of the little steamers navigating the Rhine, and ascended that river as far as Coblentz. The voyage was delightful, the travellers passing the university town of Bonn, and enjoying fine views of the Siebengeberge and the Drachenfels, the scene of Siegfried's fight with and victory over the dragon, whose blood made him invulnerable. Rolandseck, with its ruined castle and the island of Nonnenworth, with its nunnery, or "kloster," reminding the traveller of the sad legend of Roland and Hildegunde, were passed, and in the afternoon the travellers entered the magnificent region lying below Coblentz.

"The river, sweeping grandly around to the right, discloses on the left hand the towering rock of Ehrenbreitstein, one of the greatest fortresses of Europe. This fort is on a broad-topped and almost isolated rock, four hundred feet high, whose precipitous sides are covered with a maze of batteries and fortifications, towers, drawbridges, and galleries, the prominent feature being a long flight of steps running up the river side of the rock, and a gradually ascending roadway which passes around it and enters the top on the land side. It presents every outward indication of the impregnability for which it is so famous; and, though often besieged, it has only been captured twice, first by stratagem and afterwards by starvation, never by actual force. Over it floats the German flag, in token of the Kaiser's mastery of the Rhine, which skill and Ehrenbreitstein give him. Five thousand men are sufficient to man this great fortress, but it will accommodate one hundred thousand, and can store ten years'

provisions for eight thousand men in its capacious magazines, which at present contain fifty thousand needle-guns. The Rhine and Moselle at this point fairly bristle with fortifications. All the hills near the great work are covered with batteries, whilst the row of hotels on the river-bank, which is what the traveller first sees of Coblentz, is protected by water-batteries and towers, and on back, front, sides, and far away in the inland hills cannon bristle, and the gray stone facings of the earthworks show that the place is to be held with a strong hand."

The balance of the day and the night were passed at Coblentz, which town is situated between the rivers Rhine and Moselle. It is triangular in shape, is defended by powerful fortifications, and is the bulwark of Germany. The town is beautifully situated, and possesses many attractions for visitors. There are two bridges over the Rhine at this point, one of boats, and the other of iron for railways. The population is about 25,000.

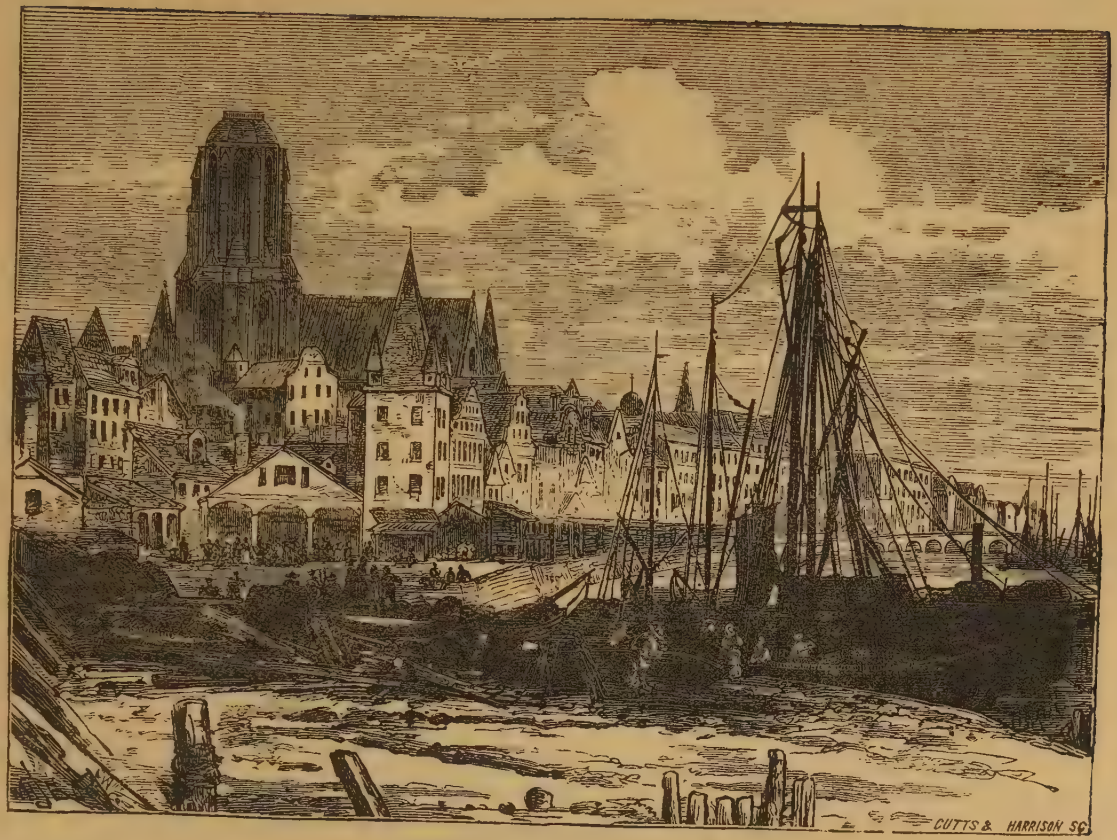
On the 11th General Grant visited Weisbaden, one of the most beautiful and famous watering-places on the Continent; and on the 12th went to Frankfort, where he was met by a committee of ten gentlemen, representing the American citizens of the place, and conducted to the Hotel de Russie. In the evening he was entertained by his fellow-countrymen in Frankfort at dinner in the celebrated *Palmer Garten*, one hundred and fifty gentlemen being present on the occasion. After dinner he strolled through the gardens, which were densely crowded by persons who were anxious to see him.

Frankfort is said to be the richest city of its size in the world. It is intimately connected with the United States by its financial transactions. Its aggregate banking capital is estimated at more than $200,000,000, of which the Rothschilds control more than one-fourth. It boasts one hundred citizens who are worth from four to five million dollars each, and two hundred and fifty who are worth a million and upwárd. Frankfort dates from the time of Charlemagne, and was long the place where the German emperors were chosen. After the fall of Napoleon I. it was one of the four free cities of Germany until 1866, when it was taken by the Prussians. It contains 103,231 inhabitants, and lies on the

right bank of the river Main. It is the birth-place of the founder of the Rothschilds family, and the house in which the great banker was born is one of the sights of the city. It is located in the famous *Judengasse*, or Jews' Street. The city presents a handsome and busy appearance, which is in keeping with its reputation for wealth.

On the 13th the General and his party made an excursion to Homburg, a noted watering-place, where he was received by a committee of Americans, headed by ex-Governor Ward, of New Jersey. This was formerly one of the most noted gambling places in Europe, but in 1872 gaming was suppressed by law. The General and his companions, after seeing the sights of Homburg, drove to Salburg, near which is a celebrated Roman camp, which is carefully preserved by the Prussian Government. The General was received by the officers in charge of it, who caused the grave of a Roman soldier, who had been dead for over eighteen hundred years, to be opened. Returning to Homburg, the General dined with his American friends, and spent the balance of the evening in strolling through the beautiful gardens of the Kursaal, which were brilliantly illuminated in his honor. At eleven o'clock P. M. the party took the cars for Frankfort. On the 14th some of the noted wine-cellars of Frankfort were visited, and there was a dinner in the Zoological Gardens.

On Sunday morning, July 15th, the General and his party proceeded from Frankfort to Heidelberg, the interesting capital of the old Palatinate. Heidelberg is beautifully situated on the right bank of the Neckar, and owes its celebrity to its castle, which was the residence of the Electors Palatine, its University, which is, next to that of Prague, the oldest in Europe, and to the important part it has played in the history of Germany. It has been bombarded five times, laid in ashes twice, and three times sacked by a victorious army. It is now a part of the Grand Duchy of Baden, and contains 20,100 inhabitants. The castle stands on the side of a hill, high over the town, and is one of the most magnificent ruins in the world. It was founded by the Elector Rudolph, who designed it to be a fortress as well as a palace. It was added to by other electors, and its architecture shows the styles



FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN

of several centuries. It suffered greatly during the Thirty Years' War, and still more during the ravaging of the Palatinate. In 1689 it was blown up by the French, in violation of their agreement to respect it, and in 1693 they again attempted its destruction, and also massacred the inhabitants of the town. In 1764 it was struck by lightning and still further demolished, since which time it has been roofless. The portions which remain tell of the former grandeur and strength of the noble edifice. In the cellars of the castle is the famous Heidelberg Tun, an immense cask of oak, constructed in 1751, and capable of holding 300,000 bottles of wine.

From Heidelberg General Grant went to Baden-Baden, one of the most noted as well as the most beautiful of the continental watering-places. A brief and pleasant stay was made here, and the famous Black Forest was visited, after which the party proceeded to Switzerland.

The route travelled by the General and his party lay through Basle, Lucerne, Interlaken and Berne, to Geneva. But a brief halt was made at Basle, which lies on both sides of the Rhine, and in full view of the Black Forest and the Jura. It is one of the principal entrances to Switzerland, and contains 44,834 inhabitants. The population is rapidly increasing. It is a picturesque and deeply interesting town, containing many monuments of the Middle Ages, and a university, which is the oldest of the great Swiss schools.

From Basle the General and his party proceeded direct to Lucerne, travelling by the Central Swiss Railway, which was built by the celebrated English engineer, the late Thomas Brassey. The route runs through a beautiful portion of Switzerland, crossing soon after leaving Basle the famous battle-field of St. Jacob, where, on the 26th of August, 1444, 1,500 Swiss defeated a powerful French army commanded by the Dauphin Louis. As the train speeds onward, distant views of the great chain of the Alps, and of the Bernese Alps, are obtained. After passing Olten the scenery immediately along the route becomes tame, but the distant mountains attain an indescribable grandeur which keeps the traveller constantly on the watch lest he should lose some new

beauty. The battle-field of Sempach, where the Swiss patriot Arnold Von Winkelreid opened a way for his country's triumph, by the sacrifice of his own life, is passed, and soon the Rigi looms up on the left, while on the right the dark, gloomy mass of Pilatus towers overhead. A little later the green and limpid

HEIDELBERG.

stream of the Reuss is reached, and shortly after the train draws up in the station at Lucerne.

Lucerne is the capital of the Canton of the same name, and lies on both banks of the river Reuss, at the point where it rushes out of the Lake of Lucerne. It contains 17,000 inhabitants, and is one of the most delightful cities of Switzerland. "It is still surrounded by its old wall on the land side, and is noted not so

much for its trade and manufactures as for the exquisite beauty and grandeur of the surrounding scenery, the Lake of Lucerne having been from time immemorial acknowledged the most beautiful of all the Swiss lakes." The city is well built, and contains a number of interesting edifices. Its principal sight is the *Lion of Lucerne*, which was designed by the great sculptor Thorwaldsen, nearly sixty years ago. It is colossal in size, being twenty-eight feet long by eighteen feet wide, and is cut out of the solid sandstone in high relief, on the rocky side of a hill. It is designed to commemorate the heroism of the Swiss Guards of Louis XVI., of France, who were slain in the defence of the Tuileries in 1792.

Another interesting building is the Arsenal, now used as a lighthouse. It stands in the middle of the river at the point where it leaves the lake, and contains many trophies won by Swiss valor, as well as the arms for the forces of the Canton. The archives of the town have been deposited here for safe-keeping from time immemorial.

General Grant and his party were received with distinguished honor by the authorities and people of Lucerne, who exerted themselves to make their visit a pleasant one.

A sail upon the lake formed one of the pleasures of the visit. "The Lake of the Four Cantons is celebrated as not only being superior to all others in Switzerland in beautiful scenery, but also in historical attractions, its banks having been the early cradle of the Swiss Republic and the home of Tell. It is bounded by the four famous cantons of Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, and Lucerne, and the mountain peaks surrounding it give it the form of a St. Andrew's cross, from which comes that cross on the Swiss flag. Lucerne stands at the head of the cross, Uri at the foot, and Alpnach and Kussnach at the extremities of the arms. It may be imagined that such a lake formation when made by mountain peaks and ridges would give views of great magnificence, especially as through all the openings there is seen a broad expanse of water and other peaks beyond. The giant guardians of the lake, Pilatus and Rigi, stand, as it were, as the sentinels upon the outposts of the Alps, raising up their massive forms on the northern

verge of the famous range, and looking out upon the comparatively level plain to the northward. As the lake proceeds southward peak after peak surrounds it, and the long L-shaped extension from the foot of the cross is gradually closed in by higher and higher mountains, until it terminates at Fluelen, the beginning of the St. Gothard Pass over the Alps. Steamboat routes run in all directions over this famous lake, for it is the Mecca of most Alpine tourists. Little Swiss cottages are dotted all along its edges, the homes of lovers of the beautiful who can afford to live here. Hundreds of thousands of all nations come here every year and enjoy the fresh air, the fine views, the cloud and storm and sunshine that are all seen to perfection in this elevated region, for the lake is about fifteen hundred feet above the sea, and discuss the problem which the lake and its neighborhood always suggests—did Tell shoot the apple from his son's head? One of the most magnificent scenes in nature is that selected by the Swiss for the building, near the water's edge, on the eastern border of the lake, of Tell's Chapel, erected in 1388, thirty-one years after his death, to commemorate his career. Here Tell leaped on shore from Gesler's boat, when being taken to prison, and escaped up the mountain, and during Easter-time this chapel is the scene of commemoration services by pilgrims from all parts of the country, who come in a picturesque procession of boats. Whether America believes in Tell or not, the Swiss do. He is their Washington, and reverence for him is a national characteristic. At Zurich they have the very cross-bow with which he shot the apple, and they would probably have the apple too, had it not succumbed to the laws of nature. The Swiss tolerate no doubters about Tell and his career. Sixty years ago it was boldly attempted by various skeptics at Berne to circulate a book which argued that the apple tradition was a myth, whereupon the people around this lake invoked the aid of the authorities, and the Four Cantons making formal complaint to the Government, all the copies of the book were collected and publicly burnt. The book perished forever, and no doubters have since dared raise their voices against Tell in Switzerland."

From Lucerne the General and party proceeded to Interlaken.

Embarking on Lake Lucerne, a sail of an hour brought them to Alpnach-Gastad, where the diligence was taken to Brienz. The scenery is very beautiful along this route, but quieter and more peaceful than is usually the case in the Alpine region. Near Lugern the road climbs a steep hill, from which the finest and boldest view is obtained down the valley of Sarnen backed by Pilatus, with the Lugern See in the foreground. Beyond the brow of the hill the valley of Hasli, and the snow-white crests of the Wetterhorn, Eiger, and other Bernese Alps, open on the traveller. Brienz, at head of the lake of the same name, is reached in about nine hours from Lucerne. Here a steamer is taken for Interlaken, the distance being about nine miles. "The Lake of Brienz is regarded by some persons as the most beautiful of the lakes of Switzerland, although its whole length is but seven and a half miles. The width of Lake Brienz is about two and a quarter miles, whilst its depth varies from five hundred to two thousand feet. Its banks are surrounded by lofty wooded mountains and rocks, the outcroppings of which would indicate that they are either white marble or limestone. They tower up so perpendicularly from the lake that there is very little cultivation except close down to the water's edge, where a few small towns are located, which are the termini of various passes through the mountains, and are mostly peopled by those connected with the diligences. There are, however, numerous hotels in the gorges, where tourists who spend the summer here stop for a day or two for change of scene and to explore the mountains. To the southeast in the background is the snow-clad mountain of Sussen, and to the left the Trifterhorn. The view of the magnificent mountain scenery from the steamer is very imposing, there being a solemnity in moving along under the shadow of these towering rocks on the quiet waters of the lake."

Interlaken, as its name would imply, lies between two lakes—those of Brienz and Thun—nestling in the Valley of the Aar. It has few sights apart from its hotels, but these are on a grand scale, and are thronged with representatives of every nation and tongue under heaven. Its chief charm is its beautiful location, on a little plain between the lakes, in full view of the Jungfrau,

whose snowy summit is seen through a gap in the minor chain. Delightful excursions may be made from Interlaken to many of the most noted places in Switzerland.

Travelling leisurely, and enjoying the beauties of the journey, General Grant rested awhile at Interlaken, and on the 24th of July left that place for Berne. The first stage of the journey was made by the steamer on the Lake of Thun. This beautiful sheet of water is eleven miles long, two miles wide, and has a maximum depth of 768 feet. It lies 1,775 feet above the level of the sea. It is subject to sudden and violent storms, which render its navigation to some extent dangerous. A pleasant sail of an hour and three-quarters brought the travellers to the picturesque old town of Thun, at the western end of the lake. Here the cars were once more taken, and in a little more than an hour the General and his party were set down in the station at Berne, from which they proceeded to their hotel.

Berne is the capital of the second in size, and the most populous, of the Swiss Cantons. It is also the permanent seat of the Swiss Government and Diet, and the residence of most of the foreign ministers. It contains about 40,000 inhabitants. "Berne is a quaint old town, being rapidly modernized by its active and energetic population. The city is built upon a peninsula formed by the windings of the beautiful river Aar, which flows rapidly, furnishing an abundance of water-power for various mills, many of which are driven by the mere force of its current. Of all the cities of Switzerland, Berne most closely adheres to its traditions and its ancient peculiarities. Fountains are as numerous here as in Rome, and their adornments are quaint and very singular. The most striking is the Fountain of the Ogre, in the Corn Hall Square, which is surmounted by a grotesque traditional figure in the act of devouring a child, while a dozen others, chubby and jolly-looking urchins, doomed to the same fate, protrude from his pockets and girdle; beneath is a troop of armed bears. The bear is the heraldic emblem of Berne, which signifies bruin in German, and is a constantly-recurring subject. On a neighboring public building bruin appears equipped with shield, banner, and helmet. Two gigantic bears, tolerably executed in granite, keep

guard over the pillars of the upper gate; others support a shield in the pediment of the Corn Hall, and a whole troupe of automatic bears go through a performance at the clock-tower every hour in the day. At three minutes before the close of the hour a wooden cock gives the signal by clapping his wings and crowing; one minute later a half-dozen automatic bears dance around a seated figure with crown and sceptre; the cock then repeats its signal, and when the hour strikes, the seated figure, an old man with a beard, turns an hour-glass and counts the hour by raising his sceptre and opening his mouth, while the bear on his right inclines his head; a grotesque figure strikes the hour on a bell with a hammer, and the cock concludes the performance by flapping his wings and crowing for the third time. All strangers visit the clock-tower, and the people take great pride in it.

"But this peculiarity in regard to bears, although traditional and emblazoned in stone, is still religiously preserved by the people. The ancient Egyptians had not a greater veneration for the ibis, or the modern Venetians for the pigeon, than the Bernese have for the bear. A bears' den, with four venerable animals and their cubs in state, is kept in the city at the public expense, according to immemorial usage, and great is the amusement they afford by their cumbrous gambols. They are under the special protection of the law, which forbids the public from making them any offerings except bread or fruit, so great is the solicitude for their health. On the night of the 3d of March, 1861, an English officer fell into one of the public dens, and was torn to pieces by the male bear, after a long and desperate struggle."

The town has this peculiarity, that almost all the houses rest upon arcades, which form covered walks, and are lined with shops and stalls like "the Rows" in Chester, in England. The lowness of the arches, and the solidity of the buttresses supporting them, render these colonnades gloomy and close.

On the morning of the 25th of July, General Grant was formally received by the President of the Swiss Confederation, who cordially welcomed him to Switzerland, and expressed the good wishes of the nation for his future happiness. General Grant replied in appropriate terms.

On the morning of the 26th, General Grant and party left Berne for Geneva. The most interesting portion of this journey was the sail from Lausanne down the Lake of Geneva to the city of that name. This beautiful inland sea, called by the Romans Lake Leman (Lacus Lemanus), is nearly crescent-shaped, its horns being turned towards the south. It is the largest lake in Switzerland, being about fifty-six miles long and eight miles wide at its broadest part. It lies 1,230 feet above the level of the sea, and is 1,230 feet deep. The waters of Lake Leman differ from those of the other Swiss lakes, inasmuch as they are deep blue in color, while the other lakes are of a greenish hue. The view of Geneva and its surroundings from the lake is very beautiful. Upon either bank are picturesque villas, most of these abodes of wealth and luxury being upon the westerly side, however, as they command a better view. The water is dotted with pleasure-craft, the graceful lateen-sail seen upon the Mediterranean and the Scottish lakes being used here also. The house occupied by Byron is pointed out, and at Pregny is the chateau of Baron Adolf Rothschild. Mont Blanc should have been seen, but persistently kept his lofty brow veiled in clouds. Out on the broader part of the lake, the southern shore presents bolder features, the background being formed by masses of rugged mountains; while on the northern shore, the more graceful slopes are rich in vineyards. At Coppet, a chateau where Necker and his daughter, Madame de Staël, resided, is seen; and near Nyon is a handsome chateau formerly occupied by Bonaparte. The Dole, one of the most conspicuous summits of the Jura Mountains, rises in rear of Nyon. At Rolle, Laharpe, the tutor of Alexander I. of Russia, was born, and a monument to his memory has been erected upon a little island near the shore. At Nyon and Morges some ancient castles are seen.

Geneva, although the capital of the smallest of the Swiss Cantons, is the most populous city of the Republic. It contains 62,312 inhabitants, the greater number of whom are Protestants. It is situated at the western end of the Lake of Geneva, at the point where "the blue waters of the arrowy Rhone" issue out of it. The river divides the town into two parts, the smaller, on

the right bank, being called the Quartier St. Gervais. Geneva, when seen from the lake, presents a very imposing appearance. Several new quarters border the lake, displaying handsome fronts of tall houses, lined with broad quays.

The city commands an unobstructed view of the charming lake, and in the distance Mont Blanc rises in ghostly majesty toward the clouds. "The river Rhone passes from the lake directly through the city. It is about five hundred feet wide, and rushes with such force as to drive the wheel of the water-works, located near one of the bridges, which supplies the fountains of the city with water. It is so clear that the pebbles can be seen at its bottom, whilst the fish are visible as they fly along in the rapid current.

"It would be difficult to find a more beautiful night-scene than the quay and the bridges of Geneva present, with the thousands of lamps that are reflected from the blue waters of the Rhone on both sides of the river. Here all the hotels are located, and here the citizens spend their evenings in promenading and loitering in the cafés to listen to the singing of strolling vocalists. The stores on Rue du Rhône and Rue Centrale, as well as on the quay, on both sides of the river, make a tempting display of their goods."

"Although Geneva emancipated herself politically from France in 1814, she is almost wholly environed by its territory; whilst her language, customs and every aspect are thoroughly French. Her architecture has nothing distinctively Swiss about it, and her workmen wear blue blouses. French cafés and shops are upon the chief thoroughfares, or upon the quays, which, with the charming gardens by the lakeside, and the handsome bridges thrown across the 'arrowy Rhone,' form the principal promenades at evening; and down by the river are the *lavoirs* of the washer-women, just as we find them along the Seine in Paris. Mediæval Geneva is chiefly upon the hill, and is made up of quaint old houses and narrow winding streets; the modern city is mostly upon the borders of the lake.

"Geneva is a Protestant city, and has long been so; here John Calvin found a refuge when he fled from France, and here he

developed his greatest power. Once this 'Babel of Calvinism,' this 'nursing mother of heretical plots,' as St. Francis de Sales was pleased to term it, narrowly escaped being delivered back to Catholic domination. On the night of December 11th, 1602, a detachment from the army of Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, attempted to gain possession of Geneva, and would have scaled the wall of the Corraterie, but for the bravery of some of the citizens. The invaders were carrying all before them, when Jean Mercier, one of the guards of the Porte Neuve, cut the cord of the portcullis at the very moment a Savoyard engineer was applying the petard to the gate. A lucky cannon-shot swept away the scaling-ladders placed against the walls, and the Savoyard party became demoralized. Their leader, Brunalien, was slain, and seventeen of his men were taken prisoners. Meanwhile the main army, under D'Albigny, mistaking the discharge of the cannon for the explosion of the petard, the preconcerted signal for the attack, marched up to the Porte Neuve to find the gate closed and to receive a shower of shot, which threw the Savoyard ranks into utter confusion and retreat. A fountain commemorates this event, and there is annually a fête of the Escalade, which is an extravagant sort of merry-making in the nature of a carnival.

"Jean Jacques Rousseau was born here, and his statue ornaments a little island in the river. Necker, the minister of Louis XVI., and his daughter, Madame de Staël, were also born in Geneva; and so were De Saussure, Charles Bonnet, De Candolle, and other celebrated savants. Voltaire founded the little town of Fernex, near Geneva, and Byron for a time lived on the opposite bank of the lake, in a suburb of Geneva. Calvin lived in Geneva from 1536 until his death, in 1564, and the house he occupied was in the Rue des Chanoines. He was buried in the cemetery of Plainpalais, but precisely where his body now rests is not known, as he expressly forbade that any monument should be erected to him. A chair which belonged to the great reformer is preserved in the cathedral.

"The Cathedral of St. Pierre was completed in 1204, by the Emperor Conrad II., but has been greatly changed in appearance

since that time. It contains some interesting monuments, some handsome stained glass windows, and a fine organ. Near at hand is the Hotel de Ville, an ancient edifice in the Florentine style, chiefly remarkable for an inclined paved-way leading to the upper stories, and up which the Councillors in ancient times were conveyed on horseback or in chairs. The building contains the cantonal and municipal offices, and in one of its rooms the Alabama Claims Commission held its deliberations. This fact is duly set forth upon a wall tablet.

"The University Building is a handsome edifice near the Botanic Garden. It was erected some ten years since by the city and canton, and contains a fine library and a valuable museum of natural history. The library was founded by Bonivard, the famed prisoner of Chillon. Near the University are two art museums, the Musée Rath and the Athénée, both of which were presented by women. The former was founded by the Russian general Rath, a native of Geneva, and given to the city by his sisters; and the Athénée was presented to the Société des Beaux Arts. The Musée Fol is a collection of Greek and Etruscan antiquities.

"Upon one side of the Place Neuve, upon which the Musée Rath, and both the old and new theatres are situated, and near which are also the University and the new Palais Electoral, stands the Conservatoire de Musique, a comparatively small but substantial and conveniently arranged building. The Conservatoire was founded in 1852 through the munificence of a liberal-spirited citizen, M. Francois Bartholony, and the present edifice was erected in 1858.

"The old theatre (erected in 1782, after the Calvinistic opposition to dramatic performances had ceased in a great degree) is soon to be superseded by an elegant new play-house, which is being erected with some of the money left to the city by the late Duke of Brunswick. A costly monument to the Duke is also being erected on the Place des Alpes.

"On the south bank of the Rhone, and near the lake, is a handsome monument commemorating the Union of Geneva with the Swiss Confederation, which occurred in 1814. It is in the

form of a bronze group, by Dorer, representing two female figures, Geneva and Helvetia. Within the Jardin Anglais is a kiosque containing an interesting representation in relief of Mont Blanc and the surrounding region.

"Geneva contains a Russian church, as well as an English place of worship. The interior of the former is elegantly finished in marble.

"The manufacture of watches and music-boxes constitutes the chief industry of Geneva, and the city is also a great market for carved woodwork. The principal shops where watches and jewelry are sold are fitted up with Parisian taste and elegance, and as they are kept open until nine o'clock, and brilliantly lighted, an evening stroll along the quays, where most of them are situated, is one of the delights of a visit to this charming city."

On the 27th of July, General Grant laid with appropriate ceremonies the corner-stone of a New American Episcopal Church in the Rue des Voirons. All the Americans residing or sojourning in Geneva were present, and the ceremonies were witnessed by a vast crowd of the citizens proper. The ceremonies were followed by a breakfast at the Hotel de la Pays, at which Mr. Parkes, the American chaplain, presided.

The 28th and 29th of July were devoted to seeing the sights of Geneva, and on the 30th General Grant and his party left that city for a visit to Mont Blanc and the Italian lakes. Chamounix at the foot of Mont Blanc was reached on the same day, and on the 31st an excursion was made to Montanvert. The journey from Geneva to Chamounix and the ascent of Mont Blanc are two of the most interesting portions of the European trip. The following description of it, by Mr. Joel Cook, of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, given in a letter to that journal, will acquaint the reader with the experience of General Grant and party in this respect:

"We started early this morning from Geneva to pay a visit to that exalted curiosity, the King of the Alps, Mont Blanc, or, in English, the 'White Mountain.' It has heretofore been noticed that the highest mountains of the world are always called the

'White Mountains' or the 'Snow Mountains.' As the highest mountains are always snow-covered, they therefore appear white, and the earliest lookers at them naturally named them according to their color, so that, if we trace out their names in the various languages, they are always found to be, when translated into English, the synonyme for 'white' or for 'snow,' whether those names be given in Savoy, or India, or Thibet, or Africa, or America; whether it be the White Mountains of New England, or Cotapaxi, in the Andes, or the Sierra Nevada, or the Himalayas, or Mont Blanc, or other distinct mountains or ranges. Having thus properly introduced the white-topped monster of Savoy, who has probably been studied and visited the most of all the famous mountains of the world, I will go on to describe the journey we made to see him, in another of those gig-topped carriages, with three horses driven abreast, with which this celebrated but very hilly region abounds.

"We started, drove over the bridge across the Rhone, and passed through the portion of Geneva which rejoices in possessing the three streets—Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. . . . Our driver cracked his whip, and chirruped the horses, and each merrily jingling a long string of sleigh-bells, they briskly trotted along, showering mud on all behind them. . . . Thus we went briskly and noisily along the road to Chamounix, . . . and in a short time we were out of Switzerland, and crossed the frontier of France into Savoy. There was no custom-house examination, this region of the High Alps being exempted, and we had not left Geneva long before we crossed the Menage River on a high bridge, and were at once introduced to picturesque scenery. The road then sought the valley of the swift-flowing Arve, and followed this stream all the way up to the foot of Mont Blanc. It was one of the greatest rides that any one could take, for it passed through scenery that gradually changed from a broad and fertile valley to a mountain gorge, or cañon, where tremendous precipices were far above, and abysses far below, and the rugged mountain-sides poured out their torrents of water, mud, and stones, until they divested the valley of almost all chance of fertility. Yet through all this inhospitable region there was con-

structed one of the best roads in Europe, a wagon-way everywhere at least twenty feet wide, solidly built, with a smooth surface as good as any in Fairmount Park, curbed and thoroughly drained, and with gradients easy enough for a railroad. It was a triumph of engineering, the most of it having been made by Napoleon III., and it was of the costliest description, for miles of it have had to be blasted out of the solid rock or supported on walls sometimes fifty feet high. Its bridges were all solid stone structures, and it followed the river up, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, as the best opportunity for construction was afforded, until it brought us to the Valley of Chamounix. As we progressed the mountains became higher, and their sides more precipitous. Sometimes we passed around bends in the gorge that were like tremendous amphitheatres; sometimes through fissures that looked as if an earthquake had rent them solely to let the torrent stream and the road pass through. Waterfalls frequently shot over the mountain-side, and sent rushing torrents under us and into the Arve. One of these, the cascade of Arpenaz, said to be the highest waterfall in Savoy, comes down a fissure in a mountain nine thousand feet high, shoots over a projecting precipice, and falls so far that it is entirely dissipated into spray; then collects again on rocks a thousand feet below, becomes a tumbling series of little cascades, and finally hurls itself into the Arve. Other falls jump over the rocks, bury themselves in subterranean passages, and finally come out again as bubbling fountains far below. Every torrent is bordered by the vast accumulations of stones and débris which it brings down in spring-time freshets and scatters far and wide. They all have to be given broad beds, for when the snow melts fast in the spring they carry all before them. The Arve was filled with huge boulders, and had along it many snagged trees, the relics of the last freshet, and it, even now in its gentler mood, swept down the valley with a roar like a young Niagara. All the way the road went it gradually mounted an ascent till it passed around a sharp point of rocks, went through a tunnel, and in the midst of snow-covered mountains and glaciers, gradually resolving themselves into torrents, it passed through a

tremendous gorge, and brought us into the Valley of Chamounix, which is elevated eighteen hundred feet above Geneva, and three thousand feet above the sea. Here, with snow-capped mountains all around, and in a place which, before the great road was made, few travellers visited, we alighted after ten hours' brisk riding, with fresh relays of horses, and passed the night.

"Chamounix is the goal of the Alpine traveller. It brings him face to face with Mont Blanc, surrounds him with snow and ice, reduces his temperature, gives him plenty of clouds and dampness, and depletes his purse in fees for guides and mules. The whole world around Chamounix is set on edge, and every visitor is expected to climb over the top of it. The more fatiguing the expedition taken the more he has to pay for it. For sixty to one hundred dollars you can have the privilege of climbing up Mont Blanc at the risk of your life, and after getting tired enough to require a month to rest, have your name spelt wrong in the official list of the '*Ascensionnistes en Mont Blanc*,' one of the most sadly-printed books I ever saw, and the English names in which, judging by the way they are misspelled, seem to have been set up by an Italian in the French language, For a less sum you can take a less risk, and may be less tired. The people at the hotels here talk only of Alpine ascensions; of going up Mont Blanc to get an appetite for breakfast; of tramping over glaciers and scaling rocks; of skipping with light hearts (by the aid of the omnipresent Alpine stick) over little hillocks eight thousand feet high; of riding forty miles a day on a mule; and similar feats. To walk on level ground is undignified; they all prefer going up-hill. And so they jabber away in Anglicized French in the sitting-room as they gather round the fire these cold nights, and tell of what somebody else said he did yesterday, and what they expect themselves to do to-morrow. Chamounix is a town of hotels and boarding-houses, all with grand views, for look where you will, there are snow-capped mountains and glaciers—but it has not yet been reached by the railway, though one could be easily constructed along the magnificent road with the easy gradients that brought us from Geneva, and perhaps will some day, for nowhere else than in this secluded vale, away up in the Alps,

can a better idea be got of snow-covered mountains. Chamounix gets its name from the Latin words '*champs munis*,' or 'fortified grounds,' alluding to its strong mountain defences; but the residents prefer to derive the name from the chamois goat which flourishes on its mountain-sides, and it gets its fame from Mont Blanc, which rises fifteen thousand seven hundred and thirty feet high on its southern edge. One hundred and forty years ago adventurous scientists began to visit and study its glaciers, but it was not until 1786 that Balmat and Dr. Paccard made the first ascension, and 1787 that De Saussure made his ascension with Colonel Baufroy. The first lady—Mlle. Paradis—ascended the mountain in 1809, whilst the first Americans—Messrs. Howard and Rensselaer—ascended in 1819. On the 6th of September, 1870, three persons, two of them Americans, attempted the ascension, with three guides, and all perished. Now the ascensions average fifty a year, and are considered safe to make, though very fatiguing and occupying two or three days. The first day the visitor goes to the huts of the Grand Mulets; the second, he starts at midnight and goes to the summit in time to see the sun rise, and then he descends on the second and third days, unless he is robust enough to compress the fatigue into one day. The view from the Valley of the Chamounix is of most extraordinary description. It is a deep, narrow valley, with a slight curve, bordered by tremendous precipices, snow-covered at the tops, and rising to the height of nine thousand to ten thousand feet on the north side, and much higher on the south. Out of the snowy tops are thrust the bare, jagged, pointed rocks, that are the higher Alpine peaks, generally bare of snow, because they are too steep for it to stay on them, and looking like blunt-pointed needles, which leads the people here to call almost all of them by that name. Great fissures are rent in their sides, down which come glaciers, or the dry beds of spring-time torrents. Below the snow verdure covers them, gradually changing from grass to bushes and trees as the mountain is descended. At the bottom of the valley is a flat fertile surface, which is carefully cultivated, but it forms but a small portion, and is frequently crossed by great stony morains whose torrent beds run into the

Arve. There are a few villages here, of which Chamounix is the chief, but it would be of very little size were it not for the hotels and boarding-houses. In fact, almost the entire subsistence of the people in this nearly-desolate valley is upon the stranger. Visitors come to see the sights, and the people earn a subsistence by serving them as guides, chair-carriers, muleteers, coach-drivers, and hotel-servants. Mont Blanc and the glaciers, and the snow-capped hundreds of mountain-tops around, bring Chamounix its wealth; yet the people, like many elsewhere, are unsatisfied with this, and are endeavoring to get for their valley a reputation because it contains mineral springs. How strange some people are! This valley is unknown abroad excepting as a mountain vale, yet its people want to make it a bathing-place for invalids, and cover the hotel rooms with placards that describe it, in very queerly-worded English, as a prospective Baden or Saratoga. A great bath it can never be, but the chief resort for getting glorious mountain views it will probably remain as long as human beings love sight-seeing.

"On the morning of Thursday, September 26th, 1878, there was seen solemnly marching out of Chamounix a procession of seven donkeys, in single file. It might have been doubted which were the donkeys, the quadrupeds who did the marching, or the bipeds who rode them, but, judging from the remarks of some of the bipeds, *they* had no doubt on the subject. There were three ladies, two little children, and two men, with four guides leading the animals, a necessary precaution because the latter understood only French, and all the American 'get-ups' and 'whoas' that were uttered, no matter how vigorously pronounced, were entirely lost upon these long-eared beasts, that had only been educated in the polite and diplomatic language of the Court of Versailles. It was a picturesque party, with heads muffled in shawls, stockings drawn over shoes, and wearing ancient clothing, and those who had never been on mule-back before carried it by a large majority. The procession started amid clouds and unpromising weather, and slowly wound around among the little fields and stunted bushes of the valley, until it reached a zigzag path up the mountain-side. Then up the narrow, stony, crooked bridle-path

of mounted to scale the Alps. Gradually, as each angle in the Mont was turned, the procession was raised above the valley towards the clouds that obscured the mountain-tops, and before very long it entered the clouds whilst still toiling up the ascent. Then nothing could be seen, though far below the roar of the rushing Arve could be heard, and also the twanging of at least one thousand cow-bells, for those useful animals were feeding all down the mountain-side and in the valley, each with a boy or girl watching it, as no cow pastures in this mountain region are uncared for. Everything was dripping with moisture, and everybody was very cold, but they nobly toiled up the ascent in search of the unseen heights above. Yawning precipices opened alongside the narrow path down which a misstep would have thrown us to destruction, but the beasts, whilst not pretty to look at, were sure-footed, and if they did try once in a while to rub off their awkward riders against a stone, or stopped short, whenever they felt like it, regardless of the torrent of orders given them in the strongest American language, the offence was pardoned for the safety they insured. The guides would beat them, and cry 'Vit!' and 'Allée!' which is horse-talk in French, but the beasts knew they were masters of the situation and went along as it suited them, finally bringing the procession up to the region of snow. Then the clouds thinned above us, and we knew we were getting above them, and, finally, the sun burst out in all his radiance, for two hours' zigzag ascent of the mountain had raised us above the clouds, and there thrusting out their jagged heads in all directions around us were the peaks of the Alps, snow-covered where the rocks were not too steep to hold it, whilst all below was encompassed in clouds. Still we toiled up the ascent, and the view became grander and grander, until having reached the top with the sun pouring his hottest rays upon us, we saw a sight which it was worth travelling four thousand miles from America to see. In every direction were thrust up the rocky peaks, pointed and needle-like, which mark the highest Alps Snow lay in every fissure. There was no sign of vegetation. In scores of places glaciers flowed down, making those amazing rivers of ice which look like a sea in a storm suddenly stilled and

frozen, and snow then powdered over it to smooth the rough edges. There was nothing in view but peaks and snow above and around us, and clouds below. But the sun's rays finally prevailed over the clouds, and, dissipating them, gave a view of all that was below; of the mountain-side that we had ascended, rocky and snowy at the top, gradually changing to trees and verdure below; of the great glaciers coming down enormous fissures in the mountain, and then uniting into the grand Sea of Ice, which flows slowly down the inclined plane between two mountains, cracking, groaning, and melting, until it resolves itself into the seething torrent that courses down to the valley far below to swell the Arve. The valley could be traced, its stream like a silver streak, its villages like spots amid the green, its course curving grandly around far away on either hand, amid two magnificent rows of snow-capped mountains, with Mont Blanc guarding it on the south and sending many a silvery glacier into it. The snow, which had fallen copiously during the early morning, was melting, so that it was damp underfoot and everything seemed to be resolving itself into running water. But we cared little for that. We had mounted many thousand feet until we had gone far above the clouds and the snow-line, and there amid peaks twelve thousand to over fifteen thousand feet high, we were enjoying what all travellers agree is the greatest mountain view the world affords.

"But we could not stay there forever, and, as the day waned, we must come down again, and here we learned additional experience. Going up-hill on a strange mule is one thing, going down is another. A few hours of zig-zag winding down the mountain side, all the time in full view of and almost over the town, ultimately brought us to it."

On the 2d of August, General Grant and his party set out from Chamounix for Italy, by way of the Simplon Pass. The first part of the journey, from Chamounix to Martigny, was performed in carriages. The road is tolerably good for the region, but is still a rough, and, in some places, a dangerous one. It winds through the valley of the Arve, crossing and recrossing that swift rushing stream in many places, and affords a splendid view

of the Mer de Glace. It crosses the mountain at the pass of Montets, at an elevation of 5,000 feet, and continues through one of the wildest and dreariest regions of Savoy. Then striking the savage-looking valley of Bérard, it descends rapidly, following the course of the Eau Noire, or Blackwater river, and winds around the mountain towards the pass of the Tête Noire. Valorsine, the chief village of the valley, is reached, and the road descends more rapidly, enters the forest at the base of the mountain *Les Poussettes*, and soon reaches the little inn of Barberine—half way between Chamounix and Martigny—close by which is a beautiful cascade. About a mile further on are an old barrier-gate and a redoubt, which mark the boundary between France and Switzerland. The valley now contracts to a rugged defile, which is richly clothed with forest trees, and overhung by rocky heights. Here the road crosses the Eau Noire, and climbs the steep sides of the Black Mountain, affording magnificent views at every step. In a short while the small inn known as the Hotel de la Tête Noire is reached, and then the road, leaving the Eau Noire, turns abruptly into the gorge through which rushes the river Trient. It ascends abruptly for some time, through a dark, dense forest, and then, emerging into the open valley, crosses the stream to the hamlet of Trient. The defile referred to is known as the Pass of the Tête Noire, or the Mauvais Pas, and is wild and rugged beyond description. From Trient a fine view is had of the glacier of the same name, the ice of which is free from dirt or stones, and is largely exported. Half an hour beyond Trient the road reaches the Pass of Forclaz, 4,997 feet above the sea. The road here winds zig-zag up the almost perpendicular side of the mountain, and a little beyond Forclaz the traveller enjoys a glorious view of the whole valley of the Rhone. Almost at his feet, but distant still, lies Martigny, the object of his journey. Passing now through forests, meadows, and orchards, the road rapidly descends the mountain, and in two hours reaches Martigny, a town of 1,300 inhabitants, lying within the Swiss territory.

"Martigny is not a very attractive town in itself, but it stands in a magnificent position. Snow is all around; also high moun-

tains and the most terrific-looking rocks and gorges, yet the valley in which it stands, like most of the Swiss valleys, has a level, fertile surface, bordering the swift-flowing, muddy Rhone, and is highly cultivated. Up on the hill-side, several hundred feet above the town, stands the ancient castle of La Batiaz, built six hundred years ago by Peter of Savoy, and its dark-gray, round tower, over which floats the red cross of Switzerland, commands a view of the three deep, narrow valleys that diverge from Martigny, that from La Forclaz, down which we had come over the mountain from Chamounix; that along which the Rhone flows from the Simplon; and, turning a right angle, that by which the Rhone flows on to Lake Leman. In the centre of the town there is a little grove of trees, in which is set up a modest graystone monument where two roads diverge. This little monument marks the point where two roads of world-wide fame start to cross the Alps. On one side it bears the word 'Simplon,' and on the other 'St. Bernard.' The famous Pass of the Simplon, constructed by Napoleon as a military road, begins at this little monument, and starting at right angles from it is the road over the other famous pass, the Great St. Bernard. Both are fine roads, toiling up the Alps by devious ways, and across their top in the lowest available places, and down again on the other side into Italy. Martigny's chief business seemed to be to furnish guides and carriages for these passes, and for that to Chamounix. It is a sad-looking, sprawling village, scattered in bits about the valley, with generally poor houses, and with a great number of cases of goitre visible among the inhabitants, this disease being prevalent in Switzerland, and particularly so at Martigny, owing to the swampy land near there. The Rhone tumbles through the town in a bed about eighty feet wide, and comes from the great glacier away up near the Pass of the Simplon, for it drains all the Alps in that direction, and receives many a little torrent on its way down, and then it courses on through the valley to the lake. Martigny's only events are the occasional arrival and departure of railway trains and wagons; it subsists on the passing traveller; its mornings are sonorous with out-going and its evenings with in-coming cow-bells; and

so it will probably continue till the Alps engulf it, or till the end of time."

From Martigny General Grant and his party proceeded by railway to Sierre, distant twenty-seven miles, from which place the road over the Simplon begins. The route is about sixty-eight English miles in length, and the road one of the finest mountain highways in the world.

"The construction of a route over the Simplon was decided upon by Napoleon immediately after the battle of Marengo, while the recollection of his own difficult passage of the Alps by the Great St. Bernard (at that time one of the easiest Alpine passes) was fresh in his memory. The plans and surveys by which the direction of the road was determined were made by M. Céard, and a large portion of the works was executed under the superintendence of that able engineer. It was commenced on the Italian side in 1800, and on the Swiss in 1801. It took six years to complete, though it was barely passable in 1805, and more than 30,000 men were employed on it at one time. To give a notion of the colossal nature of the undertaking, it may be mentioned that the number of bridges, great and small, constructed for the passage of the road between Brieg and Sesto, amounts to 613, in addition to the far more vast and costly constructions, such as terraces of massive masonry miles in length; of ten galleries, either cut out of the living rock or built of solid stone; and of twenty houses of refuge to shelter travellers, and lodge the laborers employed in taking care of the road. Its breadth is throughout at least twenty-five feet, in some places thirty feet, and the slope nowhere exceeds one in thirteen.

"Excepting the Cenis, this was the first carriage-road carried across any of the higher passes of the Alps. Its cost averaged $25,000 a mile. In England the average cost of turnpike-roads is $5,000 per mile. It was the wonder of its day; but the triumphs of modern engineering are greater. The object of Napoleon in its formation is well marked by the question which, on two different occasions, he first asked of the engineer sent to him to report progress—'Le canon quand pourra-t-il passer au Simplon?' ('When can cannon pass the Simplon?')

"The ascent of the Simplon begins at Brieg. About half a mile above the town the road leaves, on the right, the lofty covered bridge over the Saltine, now little used, since most vehicles make the détour by Brieg instead of going direct to or from Gliss. The road then makes a wide sweep, turning away from the Glisshorn, the mountain which bounds the valley on the right, towards the Klenenhorn, on the opposite side, approaching a little hill dotted with white chapels and crowned by a calvary. It then again approaches the gorge of the Saltine, skirting the verge of a precipice, at the bottom of which the torrent is seen at a vast depth, forcing its way among black and bristling slate-rocks. At the upper end of the ravine, high above his head, the traveller may discern the glaciers under which the road is carried. Looking back, he has a view of the valley of the Rhone, as far as Turtman, spread out at his feet; Brieg and Naters remain long in sight. It is a constant pull against the collar from Brieg to the Second Refuge. Here the road, carried for some distance nearly on a level, is compelled to bend round the valley of the Ganter until it can cross the torrent by another lofty bridge, called Pont du Ganter. The upper end of this wild ravine is swept by avalanches almost every winter, the snow of which nearly fills it up. This bridge is left uncovered, from the fear that the terrific gusts which accompany these falls might blow the arch away, were they met by the resistance of flat timber-work. After crossing the bridge the road ascends by a zigzag to the Third Refuge, called Berisal, or Persal, a post station with a good mountain inn.

"The first gallery which the road traverses is that of Schalbet, ninety-five feet long—3,920 feet above Gliss. Near this, and hence to the summit, should the sky be clear, the traveller's attention will be riveted by the glorious view of the Bernese Alps, which bound the Valais and form the right-hand wall of the valley of the Rhone. The glittering white peaks of the Aletschhorn and Nesthorn, and the great Aletsch glacier, are magnificent objects in the landscape.

"Fifth Refuge, called Schalbet.—'Here a picture of desolation surrounds the traveller. The pine has no longer the scanty pit-

tance of soil which it requires for nourishment; the hardy but beautiful Alpine flower ceases to embellish the sterile solitude; and the eye wanders over snow and glacier, fractured rock and roaring cataract, relieved only by that stupendous monument of human labor, the road itself, winding along the edges of precipices, penetrating the primeval granite, striding over the furious torrent, and burrowing through dark and dripping grottoes beneath accumulated masses of ice and snow.'

"The portion of the road between the Fifth Refuge and the summit is the most dangerous of all, at the season when avalanches fall and tourmentes arise, on which account it is provided with six places of shelter, viz., three galleries, two refuges, and a hospice, within a distance of not more than one and three-quarter miles. The head of the gorge of Schalbet, a wild recess in the flanks of the Monte Leone, is filled with the Kaltwasser glacier, beneath which, along the edge of a yawning abyss, the road is necessarily conducted. This field of ice in the heat of summer feeds five or six furious torrents, the sources of the Saltine, and in winter discharges avalanches into the gulf below. To protect this portion of the road three galleries, called, from their vicinity to the glacier, Glacier Galleries, partly excavated, partly built of masonry strongly arched, have been constructed. By an ingenious contrivance of the engineer, they serve in places as bridges and aqueducts at the same time, the torrents being conducted over and beneath them; and the traveller is surprised to find his carriage suddenly driven in perfect safety underneath a considerable waterfall. These galleries have been extended far beyond their original length, for greater security. In the spring the avalanches slide over their roofs.

"A simple cross of wood, a few yards above the Sixth Refuge, marks the highest point of the road, 6,628 feet above the sea. About half a mile beyond it stands the New Hospice, founded by Napoleon, but left unfinished until 1825, when it was purchased and completed by the monks of the Great St. Bernard. It is a plain, solid edifice, containing several neat bed-rooms, a drawing-room, a piano, a refectory, a chapel, and about thirty beds for travellers of the common sort. It is occupied by three or four

brothers of the community of the Great St. Bernard. Some of the celebrated dogs are kept here, but they are rarely employed on active service.

"A large open valley of considerable extent, bounded by the snow-clad heights of the Fletschhorn and Monte Leone, and having the appearance of a drained lake, occupies the summit of the Simplon. It is a wild, barren scene. Below the road, on the right, stands a small tower which was the original hospice. A gradual descent of about three miles leads to the village of Simplon, above which towers the Fletschhorn, consisting of two peaks, the northern, called the Rossbodenhorn, 13,084 feet high, and the southern the Laquinhorn, 13,176 feet high, the two being separated by a deep gulf.

"From Simplon the traveller, turning to the left, descends into the deep valley which leads to Italy, and after a time reaches the Gallerie d'Algaby, about nine leagues from Brieg and five from Domo d'Ossola, on the banks of the torrent Diveria. The road dives into this Gallery, and then, by a more gradual slope, enters the Gorge of Gondo, one of the grandest and most savage in the Alps.

"The Diveria is now crossed by the wooden bridge of Ponte Alto, an approach to which has been formed by scarping the rock with gunpowder. Some way farther a projecting buttress seems to bar all further passage. It is perforated by a tunnel called Gallery of Gondo, 596 feet in length, the longest cut through solid rock in the whole line of the Simplon; it was also the most difficult and costly to make, on account of the extreme hardness of the rock. The miners were suspended by ropes until a lodgment was effected, to commence the side openings, which now serve to light the interior. Opposite one of them is seen the inscription '*Ære Italo*, MDCCCV. *Napoleon Imp.*'

"Close to the very mouth of this remarkable gallery the roaring waterfall of the Frassinone leaps close to the road, which is carried over it on a beautiful bridge. Mr. Brockedon, an artist of skill, as well as a traveller of experience, remarks, in his 'Excursions among the Alps,' that the scenery of this portion of the Val Diveria, bursting suddenly upon the traveller as he issues

from the gallery, 'offers perhaps the finest assemblage of objects to excite an emotion of the sublime, that is to be found in the Alps.' The traveller should pause and look back after proceeding about forty yards. The cliffs rise on both sides as straight as walls. A number of zigzags now lead to a bridge which was carried away by an avalanche during the dreadful storm which ruined a great part of the Simplon road, on the 24th of August, 1834. The road is still in places very narrow and in bad order.

"Gondo (Gunz), the last village in the Valais, consists of a few miserable huts, grouped round a singular, tall building, seven stories high, erected, like the tower at Simplon, by the old Brieg family Stockalper, in ancient days, for the refuge of travellers.

"An hour's drive by the side of the torrent, which falls in a cascade down the right-hand wall of the valley, leads to the gold-mine of Zürichbergen, which, though it barely produces a few particles of the precious metal, is still worked in the hope of gain. The traveller enters Italy a short while before reaching the Piedmontese village of Isella, one of the most beautiful points of the Pass, where the custom-house is situated, and the traveller has to pay a heavy duty for his tobacco.

"Hereabouts a change comes over the valley, from nakedness or a mantle of shrubs to the rich green of the chestnut, and the dark foliage of the fir. The last gallery is traversed near Crevola, where the Diveria is crossed for the last time by a lofty bridge of two arches, nearly ninety feet high, previous to its flowing into the Toccia or Tosa, which here issues out of the Val Formazza, and where the Val Vedro terminates in the Val d'Ossola.

"It is now that the traveller really finds himself in a different region and another climate; the balmy air, the trellised vines, the rich juicy stalks of the maize, the almost deafening chirp of the grasshoppers or tree-crickets, and, at night, the equally loud croakings of the frogs—the white villages, with their tall, square bell-towers, also white, not only scattered thickly along the valley, but perched on every little jutting platform on the hillsides—all these proclaim the entrance to Italy."

A little further on is Domo d'Ossola, the Italian end of the

Simplon Pass, an unimportant town, possessing little interest, save that it was the first town of Italy entered by General Grant.

From Domo d'Ossola, a drive of a few hours through one of the loveliest portions of Italy brought the travellers to Pallanza, on the shore of the beautiful Lago Maggiore, where they arrived on the 5th of August.

The Lago Maggiore is about forty miles long and about three miles wide, except at its greatest breadth, where it reaches a width of six miles. It is 646 feet above the sea, and is 2,500 feet deep. A small portion of its northern extremity belongs to Switzerland. The voyage along the lake is very delightful, and the scenery exquisite. The sides are so precipitous that there is scarcely a path along them. Villages and churches are, however, perched on the heights, and wherever a deposit has been formed in the lake by a torrent, a village will be found.

From Pallanza, General Grant and his companions proceeded to the Lake of Como, halting at Varese on the 7th of August, and arriving at Bellagio on the 8th. A brief stay was made here, and the General was honored with a fête, a display of fireworks, and a reception by the authorities of the town.

Bellagio occupies a bold headland at the junction of the Lakes of Como and Lecco, and commands extensive views of both. Apart from its beautiful scenery, the town is unimportant.

The Lake of Como, the most famous and beautiful of the Italian lakes, is about thirty-one miles long, and from one to two and a half miles broad, and is 1,900 feet deep. It lies 700 feet above the sea, and is shut in by lofty mountains on every side. "The scene from the deck of the steamer on Lake Como is sublime. The lake is so closely shut in by the surrounding mountains that it is difficult to discover the outlet. On turning the quay of Como, and passing the first promontory, the great beauty of the lake is brought to view, and during the whole trip to Colico, requiring some four hours, the scene is one of almost unbroken beauty and grandeur. Those who speak of the scenery of Lake George or the Hudson as equally picturesque as Lake Como, have certainly never seen the latter, especially at this season of the year, when its mountain-sides are clothed with verdure,

and many of their tops, seven thousand feet high in the air, are glistening with perpetual snow.

"For the first ten or fifteen miles after leaving Como, numerous bright and gay villas of the Milanese aristocracy, surrounded by luxuriant gardens and vineyards, are scattered along the hill-sides of the lake, and there are also many hamlets and villages far up the mountain-sides. In the forests beyond, the brilliant green of the chestnut and walnut contrasts strongly with the grayish tints of the olive, which to the unaccustomed eye bears a strong resemblance to the willow. The mountain-peaks rise mostly to the height of over seven thousand feet above the surface of the lake, the depth of which, at some points, is over two thousand feet, the water being as clear and beautifully blue as the Bay of Naples. The lake winds and turns among the mountains, and at no time can one see more than half a mile ahead of the boat. Along the lake-shores are a large number of palaces of the royal and aristocratic families of Italy, and various hotels for summer resorts, at which a large number of passengers stop to spend a few days, to escape from the heat of Milan.

"The mountain-sides for the whole distance of thirty miles, from Como to Colico, are largely inhabited, and every spot of land is under cultivation. The mountain-sides are terraced, and mostly planted with grapes up to the elevation of over a thousand feet. To the eye, the houses and even villages high up on the precipitous sides of these mountains look as if they would topple over into the lake. The churches and monasteries on the sides of the mountains are very numerous, and can always be recognized by their steeples and belfries. At one point nine could be counted, and not more than two or three hundred cottages within two miles of them. When about half-way up the lake the atmosphere rapidly changed as the snow-clad mountains loomed in the distance.

"Lake Como cannot be so described as to do justice to its varied attractions. The private villas on its shores are painted in bright colors, gleaming amid gardens of lemon, orange, and citron trees. Every establishment of any pretension has its fountain, and all have solid granite walls, built up out of the water, with water-gates supplied with steps for landing and embarkation."

From Bellagio, General Grant and his companions sailed up the beautiful lake to Colico, from which place they returned to Switzerland by the Splügen Pass. Carriages conveyed them from Colico to Chiavenna, the route lying through Riva, and following a wild and gloomy valley.

Chiavenna is a town of 3,000 inhabitants, and is charmingly situated below steep wooded mountains of singular beauty, at the junction of the valley of San Giacomo with that of the Maira, called Val Bregaglia. Here the travellers left the carriages which had brought them from Colico, and took the diligence for the journey over the Alps. A good road to Campo Dolcino, a poor town, carried them through a rugged and desolate region. Beyond this village the road ascends by numerous zigzags the steep side of the hill, here almost a precipice, and then passes through a tunnel one hundred and twenty paces long, crosses the little stream of the Madesimo, within a few yards of the verge of the precipice, and reaches the village of Pianazzo. Isola is the next village on the route, and after leaving it behind the road passes through a series of galleries, the longest on any Alpine road, constructed of solid masonry, arched, with roofs sloping outwards, to turn aside the snow, supported on pillars, and lighted by low windows like the embrasures of a battery. They protect this portion of the road from avalanches, which were so fatal to the old road. Winding still upward the road passes the boundary between Italy and Switzerland, and reaches the summit of the pass, 6,945 feet above the sea and about twenty-eight miles from Chiavenna. Then descending rapidly for four and a half miles, it reaches the village of Splügen, in Switzerland, and the Swiss end of the Pass. This is the chief town of the Rheinwald, and lies near the source of the Rhine, here simply an humble mountain stream, unless swollen by rains into a fierce and reckless torrent. "After leaving Splügen, the turnpike follows close to the banks of the Rhine, with towering mountains on either side. In fact at various points of the road the Rhine winds its way through upright walls of rock from twelve to thirty feet apart, and six hundred feet below the turnpike." The wildest of these gorges is known as the Via Mala, and is the chief attrac-

tion of this route. The following is a description of the Pass, commencing from the direction opposite to that in which our travellers traversed it.

"The Via Mala, extending three and a half miles, is one of the most celebrated defiles in Switzerland. The precipices rise in some places 1,600 feet, and for a short distance are scarcely more than ten yards apart. Its ascent begins a quarter of a mile beyond Thusis, and to see the defile well a traveller should quit his carriage and *walk* to the second bridge.

"At the mouth of the defile, the cliffs afforded in their natural state not an inch of space along which a goat could clamber; and, in ancient times, this part of the chasm was deemed inaccessible. The peasants gave it the name of the Lost Gulf (Trou perdu, Verlorenes Loch); and, when they wanted to go from Thusis to the higher valley of Schams, they ascended the vale of the Nolla for some distance, passed over the shoulder of Piz Beverin, and descended at Zillis. A second road, formed in 1470, crossed the mountains as before, but dipped down, from the chalets of Rongella, into the depths of the Via Mala, near the first bridge. This inconvenient path, after being used for more than 300 years, was superseded by the present magnificent highway constructed by the engineer Pocobelli. Avoiding the détour, he at once plunged into the defile, and pierced the buttress by the gallery or tunnel of the Verlorenes Loch, 216 feet long. The view from it, looking back through the vista of black rock, and the fringe of firs, upon the ruined tower of Realt and the sun-lit valley of Domleschg, is singularly beautiful. The grooves of the boring-rod indicate the labor of constructing this part of the road. It was literally forcing a passage through the bowels of the earth; and the whole width of the carriage-way has been gained by blasting a notch, as it were, in the side of the mountain. For more than 1,000 feet the road is carried along beneath a canopy, thus artificially hollowed out. It is protected by a parapet, below which, at a very considerable depth, the contracted Rhine frets the foot of the precipice. A little higher up, the gorge widens into a small circular basin, in the midst of which stands the Post Ablage of Rongella; but it soon closes again, and

the pass attains the height of its grandeur beyond the first of the three bridges, by means of which the road is conveyed from side to side.

"The Middle Bridge, a most striking object, from its graceful proportions, is approached by a second gallery, protected by a wooden roof to ward off falling stones. Here, the precipices on one side actually overhang those on the other, the direction of the chasm being oblique: towards the north there appears no outlet. The Rhine, reduced to a thread of water, is barely visible, foaming in the depths below. In one place it is entirely lost to view—jammed in, as it were, between the rocks, here so slightly separated, that small blocks and trunks of fir-trees, falling from above, have been caught in the chink, and remain suspended above the water. The ordinary height of the bridge above the river is 250 feet; and the water, as mentioned above, is in one place invisible at ordinary times, yet during the inundation of 1834, it rose to within a few feet of the bridge.

"For a short way further, the road is little more than a shelf hewn out of the precipice, but the defile rapidly widens, and at the third or upper bridge, a fine structure—replacing one swept off in 1834—it emerges into the open valley of Schams (Sexamniensis, from six brooks, which fall into the Rhine from its sides). Its green meadows have a pleasing effect when contrasted with the gloomy scene behind, but suffered much from the inundation of 1834, which converted the valley into a lake, destroyed a great part of the road, and rendered a new line necessary."

From the Via Mala the journey was continued to Coire (or Chur as it is pronounced), through a mountain region of great beauty. A brief stay was made at Coire to visit the sights of the place, and then the party proceeded to Ragatz, were his physicians had directed General Grant to remain for some days in order to avail himself of the benefits of the springs of Pfäffers.

Ragatz is beautifully situated at the point where the torrent of the Tamina rushes out to join the Rhine, and is about thirteen miles from Coire. Its chief attraction lies in the hot baths of Pfäffers, the water of which is brought to the bathing-houses of the town from the springs in pipes. The springs lie in a ravine

beyond the town. As the visitor approaches it, the sides of the ravine contract in an extraordinary manner, so as to approach within a few feet of each other; a little farther they even close over and cover up the river, which is seen issuing out of a cavern. The springs are reached through the bath-house, whence a bridge of planks leads to the entrance, which is closed by a door. The bridge is prolonged into the gorge, in the shape of a scaffolding or shelf, suspended by iron stanchions to the rocks, and partly laid in a niche cut out of the side. It is carried all along the chasm as far as the hot spring, and affords the only means of approach to it, as the sides of the rent are vertical, and there is not an inch of room between them and the torrent. Formerly the passage was along two, sometimes one plank, unprotected by railings; at present a platform, four feet wide, furnished with a hand-rail, renders the approach to the spring easy for the most timid, and perfectly free from risk. Each person pays one franc for admittance. A few yards from the entrance the passage is darkened by the overhanging rock. The sudden chill of an atmosphere never visited by the sun's rays, the rushing and roaring of the torrent, the threatening position of the rocks above, have a grand and striking effect. In parts it is almost dark, where the sides of the ravine overlap one another, and actually meet overhead, so as to form a natural arch. The rocks in many places show marks of having been ground away, and scooped out by the rushing river, and by the stones brought down with it. For several hundred yards the river pursues an almost subterranean course, the roof of the chasm being the floor, as it were, of the valley. In some places the roots of the trees are seen dangling overhead. Had Virgil or Dante known the gorge of Pfäffers, they would certainly have conducted their heroes through it to the jaws of the infernal regions.

The shelf of planks extends 700 yards from the baths. At its extremity, at the bottom of a cavern, rise the springs, of a temperature of about 100° Fahrenheit; the water is received into a reservoir nearly fifteen feet deep, from which it is conducted in pipes. The first baths were miserable hovels, suspended, like swallows' nests, to the face of the rock: the only entrance was by

the roof, and the sick were let down by ropes and pulleys. Marks of these structures are still to be seen. The springs generally cease to flow in winter; they are most copious when the snow has fallen in abundance, and continue from spring till autumn, after which their fountains are again sealed. The water has little taste or smell; it bear some resemblance, in its mineral contents, to that of Ems, and is used both for bathing and drinking.

From Ragatz General Grant and his party proceeded to Strasbourg, passing through Zurich, and enjoying a delightful sail down the Lake of Zurich.

The Lake of Zurich has no pretensions to grandeur of scenery; that must be sought for on the silent and savage shores of the Lakes of Lucerne and Wallenstadt; but it has a charm peculiarly its own—that of life and rich cultivation. Its borders are as a beehive, teeming with population, and are embellished and enlivened at every step by the work of man. The hills around it are less than 3,000 feet above the sea, and descend in gentle slopes to the water's edge; wooded on their tops, clad with vineyards, orchards, and gardens on their sides, and carpeted below with verdant pastures, or luxuriantly waving crops of grain. But the principal feature in this landscape is the number of human habitations; the hills from one extremity to the other are dotted with white houses, villas of citizens, cottages, and farms, while along the margin of the lake, and on the high road, they gather into frequent clusters around a church, forming villages and towns almost without number. Every little stream descending from the hill is compelled to do duty by turning some mill; at the mouths of the valleys enormous factories are erected, and thus the shore of the lake, on either side, has the appearance of one vast and almost uninterrupted village.

The effect of this lively foreground is heightened by the snowy peaks of the Sentis, Tödi, and Glärnisch, which are seen at different points peering above the nearer hills. The charms of the Lake of Zurich inspired the Idylls of Gessner: they are celebrated in an ode of Klopstock, and in the prose of Zimmermann. The lake is 1,393 feet above the sea, about twenty-six miles in

length from Zurich to Schmerikon, and not more than three broad at the widest part, between Stäfa and Wädenschwyl. The greatest depth is 640 feet. The principal river falling into it is the Linth, which flows out at Zurich, under the name of Limmat.

The City of Zurich has a population of 56,695 inhabitants. It is "situated at the northern extremity of the lake, the river Limmat passing through it. This is a stream of considerable volume, and its waters are so clear that the pebbles can be seen at a depth of some twelve or fifteen feet. The location of Zurich on the banks of the lake is one of surpassing beauty. The hills which surround it are green to the summit, gemmed with lovely villages and beautiful villas, whilst the snow-capped towers of the Alpine region fill up southward the distant view. Turning, as it were, their swords into pruning-hooks, the ramparts which formerly surrounded Zurich have been changed into delightful promenades and flower-gardens, the scene from which about sunset is enchanting.

"The inhabitants of Zurich are distinguished for their spirit and enterprise, and the numerous institutions of learning in the town have given it the name of the literary capital of Protestant Switzerland. They are quite puritanical, however, in their notions; so much so that there are no theatres allowed here, and to give a private ball special permission must be asked of the authorities.

"There is probably less intoxicating liquor, or even beer, consumed in Zurich than in any city of its size in the world. Taverns or drinking-houses are very scarce, and these are confined mostly to the sale of beer and wine. Drunkenness is said to be almost unknown, and many other vices that prosper elsewhere have no existence here. There are no corner-loungers, everybody appearing to have something to do and being intent upon doing it.

"The streets of the city are elegantly paved and are kept scrupulously clean. The stone blocks used for paving are all precisely one size, cut for the purpose, being about four by two and a half inches upon the surface.

"The drives around Zurich are neither very extensive nor attractive, and the chief source of amusement therefore is sailing

and boating on the lakes. A great many ladies can be seen every evening, out with their friends, handling the oars as gracefully as a Spanish lady would her fan. The boys all have their neat little boats with oar-blades tipped with crimson, and take great pride in keeping them bright and beautiful.

"Zurich has quite a number of popular institutions. There are here a university, which was established in 1833, a polytechnic school, in a magnificent building recently erected, a deaf and dumb institution, and one for the blind, an institution for medicine and surgery, and various educational institutions for the poor. It is noted as being the place where the Reformation first broke out in Switzerland; and the cathedral in which Zuinglius, the great Reformer, first denounced the errors of the Church of Rome, in 1519, is still standing. The Town Library is a large and spacious edifice, containing some fifty-five thousand volumes and a large collection of antiquities. Among the curiosities in the Arsenal is exhibited what is claimed to be the identical bow with which William Tell is said to have shot the apple from his son's head; though historians generally contend that Tell and his bow and apple are chiefly fictions of Schiller. The battle-axe, sword, and coat-of-mail of Zuinglius, which are also exhibited, are doubtless genuine.

"The promenades in and about Zurich are numerous and delightful. The Höhe, or High Promenade, is one of the principal, and is reached by winding stairs, overlooking the whole city. A beautiful avenue of old linden trees surrounds them, and from the seats here provided the lake and surrounding country are spread out like a map. A monument is here erected to Hans Georg Nägeli, the celebrated composer.

"Very few of the private residences in Zurich have front doors on the street. They have side-yards, with a high iron gate in front, and the main entrance is on the side of the house, inside the gate. This is also the case with the banks and a great many wholesale business houses, which are not only shut in after this manner, but which have no signs up, and no indication of their business. Many of the stores, and especially the bakers' shops, are without front doors to their establishments. In the centre

of their front windows there is a sash on hinges, and a bell to pull. You pull the bell, and some one comes to the opening to serve you with what you may want. Others that have doors, and a fine display in their windows, keep them locked, and you must ring the bell to obtain admission. It is evidently not a very stirring town for retail trade, but what they have for sale is of extra quality. The confectionery establishments are equal to any in our large cities, and much better than we have met with either in France or Italy. The houses are generally four or five stories high, built of stone and rough-cast white, with green shutters.

"The public buildings are constructed of blue sandstone, and most of them very elegant and elaborate in their architecture. The railroad depot is a grand structure of blue stone, adorned with statuary and sculpture. It has along its entire front, which is about five hundred feet, a high colonnade formed of heavy stone pillars. The waiting-rooms for passengers are elegantly fitted up."

From Zurich General Grant proceeded direct to Strasbourg, intending to make a brief tour through Alsace and Lorraine, or rather to the principal points made memorable by the Franco-German war.

Strasbourg, the old capital of Alsace, and until 1870 one of the most important cities of France, is situated on the river Ill, about one mile from the junction of that stream with the Rhine, and opposite the fortified town of Kehl, on the Baden side of the Rhine. It is 250 miles distant from Paris. It contains 84,167 inhabitants. It is now the capital of the German province of Elsoss. It formed a part of the old German Empire until 1681, when Louis XIV., of France, obtained possession of it by stratagem. It was taken by the German army, after a severe siege, in 1870, and was, with nearly the whole of the province of Alsace, annexed to Germany by the treaty of Frankfort, in 1871.

Since the days of Louis XIV., Strasbourg has been a fortress of the first class. Its defensive works were executed by Vauban in 1682–84. The circuit of the rampart enclosing the city is six miles. The defences consist of a wall with bastions, ditches, and

outworks, and a strong citadel of five bastions, the outworks of which extend to the arm of the Rhine. The citadel lies immediately opposite to the town of Kehl, on the Baden side of the Rhine. At the outbreak of the war between France and Germany, the armament of the city consisted of four hundred pieces of cannon. Since its occupation by the Germans they have greatly increased the strength of its fortifications. "The Germans do not intend to be driven out of this fortress again if they can help it. The strongest side, as a French city, was towards the Rhine; they are now making its strongest side towards France. Strasbourg is to be a German outpost, and the Kaiser, whatever the people may think of his seizing it, intends to hold the city at all hazards as one of the most valuable military positions in his possession on the Rhine frontier.

"Strasbourg is not a pretty town or a large one, but it is the easiest to get lost in of any of the towns on the Rhine. The Germans have renamed all the streets and squares in their language, so that the old maps are of little use, and whilst the Cathedral spire is a sort of landmark, the streets are so crooked and most of them so narrow that the spire is difficult to find. The Alsace women, with the broad black bows tied on the backs of their head-dresses, give a picturesque view to the promenades in the few places that there are any."

"The siege of Strasbourg by the Germans in the late war began August 11th, 1870, and continued until September 27th, when the town was forced to capitulate. Not only the citadel on the east side of the town, and the main fortifications on the opposite side, together with many buildings near those points, were destroyed, but much damage was done to public and private edifices in all parts of the city. The damage to the Cathedral alone was estimated at one million four hundred thousand francs. The work of restoration is going steadily forward, and the government has dealt liberally with the inhabitants of Strasbourg who suffered damage to their property during the siege. Many shops and houses have been rebuilt at government expense. The city, which numbers nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants, is chiefly French in everything save its soldiery, and

the Emperor William takes precautions to render this feature essentially Teutonic. The city is the head-quarters of the fifteenth corps of the German army, and there are generally stationed here some fifteen thousand soldiers.

"The visitor to Strasbourg is struck by the ancient appearance of many of its houses, and by the presence of a large colony of storks on the housetops. The citizens regard the storks with great love and respect, and it is considered a good omen for the

BOMBARDMENT OF STRASBOURG.

citizen whose chimney-top or roof-tree is chosen by the birds for a resting-place."

The chief attraction of Strasbourg is its famous Cathedral, which rises very conspicuously in the centre of the city. "It stands upon the site of a church founded by Clovis, about 510, and which was destroyed by lightning in 1007. The foundation of the present Cathedral was laid by Bishop Werner, of Hapsburg, in 1015, and the interior was completed in 1275. Under Bishop Conrad, of Lichtenberg, in 1277, the construction of the façade was begun, by Erwin of Steinbach, and after the latter's death, in 1318, the work was continued by his son John, who died

in 1339. The spire of the north tower was completed by John Hültz in 1439, but the south tower remains unfinished to the present day. The construction of the edifice having been superintended by the ablest masters during four centuries, an opportunity is afforded to trace the rise and progress of Gothic architecture. The façade is the richest part of the whole structure. Its magnificent rose window is forty-two feet in diameter, and its three portals, which are adorned with scenes from the history of the Creation and Redemption, are regarded as being among the finest Gothic works in existence. In niches are equestrian statues of Clovis, Dagobert, and Rudolph of Hapsburg (all dating from 1291), and of Louis XIV. (erected in 1823). In 1793, several hundred statuettes were ruthlessly torn down and destroyed by the French revolutionists, and the beautiful spire only escaped the same fate from having been provided with a red republican cap, made of metal, as a protecting badge. The south portal of the church is adorned with sculptures by Sabina, the talented daughter of Erwin. The spire rises to the immense height of four hundred and sixty-five feet—to the same elevation as the loftiest of the Pyramids of Egypt, but twenty-seven feet less than the new spire of the Cathedral at Rouen. The church has been damaged many times by lightning, once by an earthquake, and in the memorable siege became a target for the Prussian guns, for the reason that the French maintained a post of observation on the elevated platform between the towers. Not only was the spire hit several times, but the organ was pierced by a shell, and the stained-glass windows were almost wholly ruined. On the night of the 25th of August, 1870, the roof caught fire, and a great portion of it tumbled in. For several years past workmen have been repairing the damage, and at the time of our visit the new dome seemed to be approaching completion. On the 4th of September, two shells hit the crown of the spire, and on the 15th a shot entered the point below the cross, which was bent on one side, and caused to dangle from the iron bars of the lightning-conductor.

"The interior of the church is three hundred and sixty-two feet in length, one hundred and thirty-five feet in width, and ninety-

nine feet in height. It contains, in addition to some interesting statues and monuments, the celebrated astronomical clock. The present clock was constructed by Schwilgue, a distinguished Strasbourg mechanic, between 1838 and 1842, to replace a similar clock made by Conrad Dasypodius. There have been altogether three mechanical clocks in the Cathedral. The first was begun as early as 1352. This occupied a position in the transept directly opposite the spot where Dasypodius built his clock (finished in 1574), and where the present clock stands. The old clocks were marvels in their day, and the present one is far more elaborate than either. In addition to the mechanical figures which move about when the hours are struck, there are complicated devices to indicate various astronomical changes. For example, the old calendar was altered by M. Schwilgue into a perpetual one, with the addition of the feasts that vary, according to their connection with Easter or Advent Sunday; an orrery, after the Copernican system, is made to present the mean tropical revolutions of each of the planets visible to the naked eye; the phases of the moon and the eclipses of the sun and moon calculated for all time; true time, and sidereal time is indicated; and a celestial globe exhibits the precession of the equinoxes, together with solar and lunar equations for the reduction of the mean geocentric ascension and declension of the sun and moon. A dial placed without the church, and showing the hours and days, is put in motion by the same mechanism. The movable statues attract the chief attention. On the first gallery, an angel strikes the quarters on a bell, while one of the genii reverses an hour-glass at the end of the hour. Death strikes the hours, and grouped around him to mark the quarters, are Childhood, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age. Under the first gallery, the symbolic deity of each day steps out from a niche—Apollo on Sunday, Diana on Monday, and so on. At noon, the twelve Apostles pass before the Saviour, to whom each one bows in turn, while the Saviour raises his hands to bless each one of them. During the movement of the figures, a cock crows thrice, and Satan peers forth as Peter goes by.

"The Church of St. Thomas is an interesting structure. This

church contains a magnificent marble monument, by Pigalle, erected by Louis XV. to Marshal Saxe, who died in 1750. The design is in very questionable taste. The marshal is in the act of descending into the tomb, opened for his reception by Death, while a female figure, representing France, strives to detain him. Hercules, in mourning attitude, leans upon his club. On the left are an eagle, a lion, and a leopard, with the broken flags of Austria, Holland, and England beneath, to commemorate the marshal's victories over those three nations in the Flemish wars. This work occupied Pigalle's time for twenty years. In a side chapel are two mummies, supposed to be the bodies of a Count of Nassau-Saarbrücken and his daughter, who died in the sixteenth century. There are two fine statues in Strasbourg, one in honor of Gutenberg, who made his first experiments in printing here about the year 1436, and the other to Kleber, the French general. The house occupied by Goethe, who graduated at the University of Strasbourg as a Doctor of Laws in 1771, is indicated by a marble slab. The Brand-Strasse, or Rue Brulée, is a street marking the spot where two thousand Jews were burned in 1349, because they refused to be baptized."

General Grant also visited the city of Metz, once a part of France, but now a German fortress. Metz contains a population of 54,817 inhabitants. It is beautifully situated in a fertile valley, encircled for the most part by hills, at the junction of the little river Seille with the Moselle, was, under the name of *Divodurum*, the *oppidum Mediomatricorum* of the Romans. At the death of Clovis in 510, it fell to his son Thierry I., and remained the capital of *Austrasia* until absorbed in the dominions of Charlemagne. Under the Emperor Otho II. it became a free imperial city and the residence of a Prince-Bishop, but in 1552 the Constable of Montmorency obtained possession of it for Henry II., and France retained it, owing to the obstinate and heroic defence of the place by the Duc de Guise and the Prince de Condé, in spite of the desperate effort of the Emperor Charles V. to recover it. The latter did not retire from its walls until the siege had lasted ten months and cost him 30,000 men. Greatly strengthened in its fortifications by Vauban and Belleisle, it became the chief town of

the Department de la Moselle and the bulwark of France on its northeastern frontier, retaining the name of La Pucelle, as never having succumbed to an enemy, until, in October, 1870, the untoward capitulation of the French army placed it in the hands of the Germans, to whom it was annexed as part of Lorraine by the Treaty of Frankfort in the following year.

Metz possesses a fine Cathedral, a part of which dates from the fourteenth century. The steeple is 385 feet high, and from the top of it a splendid view is obtained of the city, the surrounding forts and the battle-fields in the vicinity. On the *Place d' Armes* there is a fine statue of Marshal Fabert, who distinguished himself in the wars of Louis XIV.; and in the *Place Royale* is a bronze statue of Marshal Ney, who was born at Metz.

A few miles from Metz are the battle-fields of Vionville and Gravelotte, on which were fought two of the most terrible and important battles of modern history, and which decided the destiny of Metz and Lorraine.

From the Rhine General Grant proceeded to Belgium, reaching Antwerp on the 21st of August. His Continental tour was now ended, and he set his face towards England, reaching London on the 27th, and taking up his quarters at the Hotel Bristol.

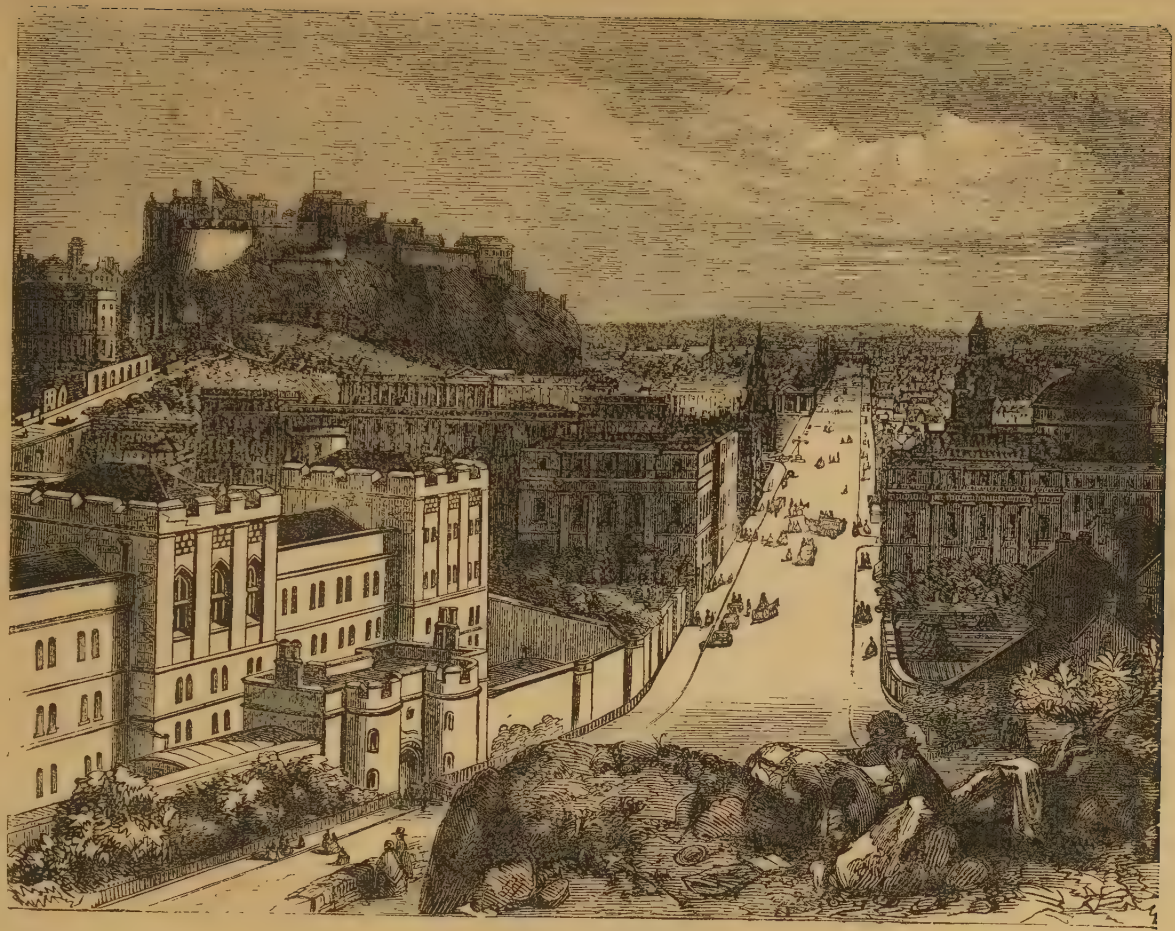
CHAPTER IV.

GENERAL GRANT VISITS SCOTLAND AND THE MIDLAND COUNTIES OF ENGLAND.

General Grant Visits Edinburgh—Is the Guest of the Lord Provost—Presented with the Freedom of the City—Description of Edinburgh—The Castle—Holyrood Palace—St. Giles'—The Streets of Edinburgh—Visit to Dundee—Melrose Abbey—Abbotsford—Visit to Dunrobin Castle—The Duke of Sutherland—Visit to Thurso Castle—At Inverness—Elgin—Visit to Glasgow—Presented with the Freedom of the City—Glasgow—Visit to Ayr—Memories of Burns—Loch Lomond—Inverary—Visit to the Duke of Argyle—General Grant Returns to England—Visit to Newcastle-on-Tyne—A Flattering Reception—A Trip Down the Tyne—Grand Popular Demonstration in Honor of General Grant—An Outpouring of the People—The Workingmen's Address—Reply of General Grant—Visit to Sunderland—Grant lays another Corner-stone—Arrival at Sheffield—Reception by the City Authorities—The Manufactories—Visit to Stratford-on-Avon—Shakespeare's Home—At Leamington—Kenilworth—Warwick Castle—A Rest at Southampton—General Grant visits Birmingham—Reception by the Municipal Authorities—Visits to the Manufactories of Birmingham—General Grant at Brighton—The English Paris—A Beautiful City.

GENERAL GRANT, having promised to visit Scotland, determined to devote to that purpose the first weeks following his return from the Continent. He proceeded direct from London to Edinburgh, where he arrived on the 31st of August. He was received by the Lord Provost in a speech marked by eloquence and warmth of feeling, and was the guest of that high official during his stay in Scotland. Among the honors shown him was the presentation of the freedom of the city. This ceremony took place at the Free Assembly Hall, and in the presence of some two thousand of the principal citizens of Edinburgh. The Lord Provost's address was hearty and cordial, and General Grant said in reply:

"I am so filled with emotion that I hardly know how to thank you for the honor conferred upon me by making me a burgess of this ancient City of Edinburgh. I feel that it is a great compliment to me and to my country. Had I eloquence, I might dwell somewhat on the history of the great men you have produced, or



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the numerous citizens of this city and Scotland that have gone to America, and the record they have made. We are proud of Scotchmen as citizens of America. They make good citizens of our country, and they find it profitable to themselves. (Laughter.) I again thank you for the honor you have conferred upon me."

General Grant visited the various points of interest in Edinburgh during his stay in that city, and was greatly pleased with the beauty and splendor of the Scottish Metropolis.

The City of Edinburgh is situated on two ridges of hills, about two miles distant from the Firth of Forth. It contains a population of 200,000 inhabitants, and is a busy, thriving place. The city does not cover a very large area, but in proportion to its size is one of the most beautiful as well as one of the most magnificent of any of the European capitals. It is divided into two towns, called the Old and the New, by a deep ravine which runs through the entire length of the city. This ravine was once an unsightly morass, and both a deformity and a source of ill health to the city. It has been drained, and is now laid out in a series of beautiful flower gardens, and is crossed by a handsome bridge and a mound which join the two sections of the city. The more elevated ridge of hills is occupied by the Castle and the old town. On the lower ridge lies the new town, and along the north margin of the valley runs a broad, splendid thoroughfare known as Princes Street. The railway lines connecting Edinburgh with the principal parts of the kingdom enter the city through the valley, and being thus placed far below the grade of the streets are prevented from being an obstruction to the traffic of the city, and are enabled to reach a central terminus in the very heart of the town.

The difference between the old and new towns is very marked, not only in the character of the buildings, but in the streets also. In the old town the population has always been very dense, and the streets are narrow and crooked, and the buildings very tall, sometimes reaching ten or twelve stories. They are solidly built, and have a dark, gloomy aspect, which is in marked contrast with the lightness and brightness of the newer section of the city. The new town is built chiefly on the plains south of the Castle, and

its streets are broad, handsomely laid off, and lined by elegant buildings of the modern kind. Princes Street is one of the most beautiful avenues in Europe. Its north side borders the gardens which now occupy the valley, and its south side contains some of the handsomest buildings in the city, including the principal hotels. Along the line of the gardens are the beautiful Scott Memorial, erected in memory of the great Sir Walter, and the statues of Professor John Wilson (Christopher North); Allan Ramsay, the sweet poet of Nature; Dr. David Livingstone; and the Duke of Wellington. The Scott Memorial is a beautiful Gothic structure, two hundred and sixty feet high, open at the bottom, and containing a marble statue of Sir Walter Scott, and a number of niches occupied by statuettes representing his principal characters, and effigies of the principal Scottish poets. In Charlotte Square, in the new town, is a handsome equestrian statue of Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria, and in St. Andrew's Square is a column and statue, one hundred and fifty feet high, in memory of Lord Melville.

Calton Hill, in the eastern part of the city, is the site of the Royal Observatory, the Nelson Monument, the unfinished National Monument, an imitation of the Parthenon at Athens, the monuments to Robert Burns, Dugald Stewart, and Professor Playfair, and the handsome buildings of the High School. At the base of the hill is the grim castle-like Bridewell, or city prison. The view from Calton Hill is very beautiful. It commands the whole city and the surrounding country. To the west rise up dark and stern the rugged hill crowned with the frowning old Castle, and portions of the old and new towns with the valley and the railway stretching away between them. On the south are Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat, with Holyrood Palace and Abbey at their feet, and in the distance the hills of Lammermoor, and, farther still, the Pentland Hills. Northward is the Firth of Forth, with Leith, the port of Edinburgh, clinging to its shore, and beyond it the dark hills of Fife and the distant outline of the Highlands. To the east is the broad, open sea stretching away to the horizon.

The chief sight of Edinburgh is the Castle. It stands on the

summit of a lofty and abrupt hill, and commands the city and surrounding country. Its origin is unknown, but it is certain that a fortress stood here in the time of the Picts, and the legends state that the Pictish kings kept their daughters here until the time of their marriage. The fortress as it now stands dates from the Fifteenth Century, with the exception of the little Norman chapel, which was built by the mother of David I., who died here in 1093. In old times Edinburgh Castle was regarded as impregnable, although, in 1313, Randolph, Earl of Moray, captured it from the English. Modern artillery would soon reduce it now. It is one of the fortresses which by the articles of union between England and Scotland must be kept fortified. It is rich in historical interest, and was the scene of many important events in the troubled history of Scotland. James VI. of Scotland, and afterwards James I. of England, was born here, in a little room which is shown to visitors, and the castle was the birth-place and home of many of the Scottish sovereigns. Many interesting relics are preserved here, among which is the Regalia of Scotland, which was discovered in 1818 after a disappearance of 110 years.

Holyrood Palace is another deeply interesting place. It lies at the foot of Salisbury Crags, and was founded in 1501 by James IV. Much of the present edifice dates from the reign of Charles II. of England. Adjoining it, but distinct from it, is the Abbey of Holyrood, founded by David I., in 1128. The palace is open to visitors, and contains many objects of interest. Among these are the apartments of the ill-fated Queen Mary. Here she was married to Darnley; here Rizzio was murdered; and here the Queen was married to her third husband, the Earl of Bothwell.

Edinburgh contains many noble institutions devoted to literature, science, and art, and these are of so high a character as to have won for the city the proud name of "the Modern Athens."

St. Giles's Cathedral is the principal church. It is an irregular Gothic building, said to have been founded in the Ninth Century, and rebuilt in 1359. It was the scene of many important events in the religious history of Scotland. It has been much modernized, and is now divided into four churches. John Knox thun-

PALACE OF HOLYROOD.

dered forth in it his fiery appeals in behalf of the Reformation. When the Liturgy of Archbishop Laud was introduced into Scotland, the south end of the transept, which was used as the "Old Kirk," became the scene of a very amusing incident. The Bishop of Edinburgh held service there, after the form prescribed by Laud. He had just asked the Dean to read the Collect for the day, when a woman named Jenny Geddes attempted to stop him by hurling at his head the stool on which she was sitting. He dodged it, but the blow was fatal to the effort to force Episcopacy upon Reformed Scotland.

Chief among the points of interest in Edinburgh are the streets of the old town. "To get a view of the old town, a walk along the High Street, and into the famous Canongate, is the best way. There are tall, weird, old houses on either hand, and among them the narrow home of John Knox, a strange-looking building, adjoining a church. Nearly every house in these two streets is historically famous, and out of these streets run curious alleys known as closes, and bearing quaint names, such as 'Big Jock's close,' 'Bakehouse close,' 'Strathie's close,' etc. All these old houses, some of which are sad-looking rookeries, were in former days the homes of the nobility. The dukes and earls of the olden time were evidently satisfied with very rude accommodations."

"From the Palace of Holyrood," says another writer, "a straight thoroughfare leads up the hill, through the heart of the old town, to the castle. The distance is about a mile, but different portions of the street bear no less than five different names, to wit: Canongate, the Netherbow, High Street, the Lawnmarket (Linenmarket), and Castle Hill. Every foot of the way has historic or romantic interest. Near the foot of Canongate, approached through a court-yard, is the ancient White Horse Inn, one of the oldest hostelries in Edinburgh, but now a neglected tenement-house. It was here that Johnson was entertained on his visit to Edinburgh. Near this is the Abbey Court House and Sanctuary for Debtors. The Canongate Church, the Canongate Tolbooth, and Moray House, are other ancient and interesting edifices at the lower end of this

thoroughfare. At the Netherbow, we came to the house of that sturdy old Reformer, John Knox, provided for him when he was elected minister of Edinburgh, in 1559, and in which he continued to reside until his death, in 1572. Upon the corner, near a window from which he is said to have preached to the populace, is a rude effigy of a minister in a pulpit, pointing to the name of God carved upon a stone above, in Greek, Latin, and English.

"The house is open to the public on certain days, at an admission fee of sixpence. Just above, on the left, or south side, is the old Tron Church, and on the opposite side of the way, No. 177 High street, is the cellar in which the Commissioners appointed to sign the Articles of Union, in 1707, secretly met and completed their compact, an enraged mob having driven them from their first meeting-place at Moray House. At No. 155 was Allan Ramsay's book-shop. In this neighborhood are many of the ancient closes and wynds, some of which, though narrow and contracted, formerly held the abiding places of princes, cardinals, archbishops, bishops and peers. In Blackfriars wynd, a narrow alley now modernized into Blackfriars street, dwelt the princely St. Clair, Earl of Orkney, whose dame was attended by 'seventy-five gentlewomen, whereof fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, all clothed in velvets and silks, with their chains of gold.' Up through this dismal pathway, at eleven o'clock, on the evening of the 10th of February, 1567, her attendants going before with lighted torches, passed Queen Mary, on her way home to Holyrood Palace, from her last visit to the fated Darnley, just three hours before his murder. . . . Continuing up High street, we reach St. Giles's Cathedral. . . .

"In the rear of St. Giles's, the Parliament House and Law Courts are situated, and the intermediate space was originally the parish cemetery of St. Giles's Church. Many notable men were here interred, including John Knox, whose grave is indicated by a small flat stone near the equestrian statue of Charles II. The site of the old Tolbooth, or 'The Heart of Midlothian,' as the prison of Edinburgh was called (built in 1561 for the accommodation of Parliament and the Courts, as well as for the confinement of malefactors, and torn down in 1817), is shown by

a heart of stone—a fitting symbol—in the pathway near one corner of the church. The great hall of the Parliament House is a lofty and handsome apartment. Since the time of the Union it has served as a hall for the practitioners in the Courts, and it is adorned with statues and portraits of eminent jurists. Nearly opposite St. Giles's is the Royal Exchange, a building occupied largely as offices in the administration of municipal affairs, and just above is the County Hall, built, like many other modern edifices in Edinburgh, after a Grecian model.

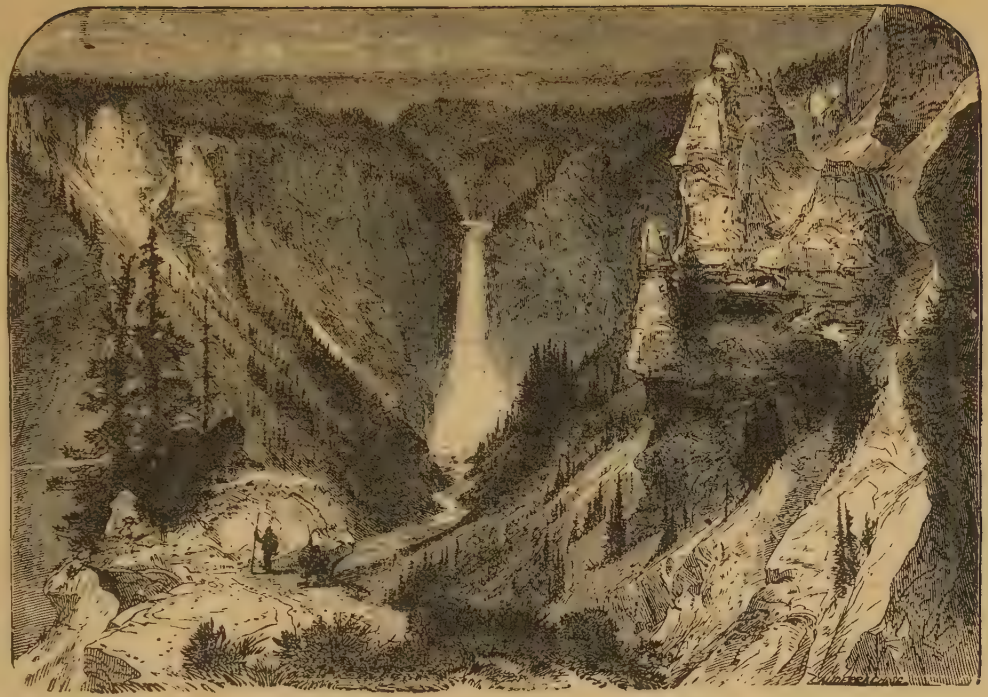
"At this latter point, George IV. Bridge turns southward across the little valley which becomes below the narrow, dirty, forbidding street known as Cowgate, and farther on, below the castle, the Grassmarket, which has been the scene of so many executions. The bridge leads in the direction of the University, the new and old Greyfriars Churches, and Heriot's Hospital. This latter institution, with its numerous dependent free schools, is something of which Edinburgh has reason to feel proud; while its celebrated university (founded in 1582), with its museum and library, is a source of national pride. In the churchyard of Greyfriars rest many illustrious dead, and an innumerable company of Christian martyrs. In a desolate corner on the south side of the yard, about twelve hundred Covenanters, prisoners taken at Bothwell Bridge, were confined for the space of five months, and subjected to many cruelties.

"Continuing up through the Lawnmarket from High street, Castle Hill and the Esplanade are soon reached."

It would not be possible to mention all the attractions of Edinburgh within the limits assigned us, so we have only called attention to a few of the most prominent which were visited and enjoyed by General Grant.

On the evening of the day of his arrival in Scotland, General Grant dined with the Lord Provost, and met Major-General Stewart, the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in Scotland, and several other distinguished officers.

The next day, Saturday, September 1st, an excursion was made to the Tay Bridge, after which the party sailed across the Firth of Tay in the steamtug "Elsinore," and landed at Dundee, which



SCENE IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND

city is picturesquely situated on the north side of the Firth, and contains 118,974 inhabitants. It is the third city in Scotland as regards population and commercial wealth, being largely engaged in the manufacture of linen and of jute carpeting. It possesses a series of fine docks, and is engaged in an active trade with the various parts of Scotland and with England. It is a place of great antiquity, and has played an important part in the wars between Scotland and England. From Dundee General Grant and his party visited Tayport, at the mouth of the Firth, and returned to Edinburgh on the 3d. From Edinburgh an excursion was made to Melrose Abbey, one of the grandest ruins of Europe, and to Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott during his later years.

On the 4th of September General Grant went to Dunrobin Castle, on a visit to the Duke of Sutherland. He was met by the Duke before reaching Dunrobin, and was escorted by him to the castle. This magnificent castle is situated in the midst of lovely and extensive grounds, on the north side of Dornock Firth, and is one of the finest in Europe. It was founded in 1097 by Robert, second Earl of Sutherland, from whom it takes its name of Dunrobin. Additions have been made to it by almost every succeeding generation, and it is now one of the most sumptuous residences in the Old World. The entrance hall is especially beautiful, being lined with white polished stone and hung with banners. The castle commands a fine view of both Dornock and Moray Firths. The estate of the Duke of Sutherland is very extensive, and the present Duke has done much to improve it, and to advance the interests of his tenants. The General passed several days with him, and received from him much important information concerning the agricultural system and resources of Scotland. On the 6th of September he visited the horticultural fair of Dornock in company with the Duke, and on the 7th, accompanied by his grace, went to Thurso Castle to visit Sir Tollemache Sinclair. At the town of Thurso, which stands on the banks of the river of the same name, and which was once the principal port of Scotland for the trade with Norway and Sweden, the General was received by the volunteers of the

artillery and rifle corps, and was met by Sir Tollemache Sinclair; after which the party proceeded to Thurso Castle, which lies east of the town.

From Thurso General Grant went to Inverness, where he was received by the Provost, who presented him with an address. He said, in the course of his remarks, that the people of the Highlands had a right to be proud of General Grant, as he bore the name of a well-known and honored Highland clan. Inverness is the chief town of the Scottish Highlands, and contains 15,000 inhabitants. It is built on both sides of the river Ness, and is of great antiquity. It has an interesting history, and is the scene of a part of Shakespeare's play of Macbeth. Its principal festival is the gathering of the Clans, on the 26th of September, when the Highland games are prolonged several days. On the 11th of September the General visited the town of Elgin, a picturesque place finely situated on the banks of the Leslie.

On the 13th of September General Grant made a visit to Glasgow, and was formally presented with the freedom of the city. The ceremony took place in the Town Hall, one of the largest halls in the city, which was filled with an audience representing the most prominent citizens of the place. The Lord Provost, addressing General Grant in a complimentary speech, delivered to him the address of the Common Council in which the honorary freedom of the city was conferred upon him. This address stated that the Common Council of the city of Glasgow admitted and received, and hereby admit "and receive, General Ulysses Simpson Grant, ex-President of the United States of America, to be a burgess and guild brother of the city and royal burgh of Glasgow, in recognition of his distinguished abilities as a statesman and administrator, his successful efforts in the noble work of emancipating his country from the horrors of slavery, and of his great services in promoting commerce and amity between the United States and Great Britain."

The reading of this address was received with great applause. General Grant replied as follows:

"I rise to thank you for the great honor that has been conferred upon me this day by making me a free burgess of this

great city of Glasgow. The honor is one that I shall cherish, and I shall always remember this day. When I am back in my own country, I will be able to refer with pride not only to my visit to Glasgow, but to all the different towns in this kingdom that I have had the pleasure and honor of visiting." (Applause.) "I find that I am being made so much a citizen of Scotland, it will become a serious question where I shall go to vote." (Laughter and applause.) "You have railroads and other facilities for getting from one place to another, and I might vote frequently in Scotland by starting early. I do not know how you punish that crime over here; it is a crime that is very often practised by people who come to our country and become citizens there by adoption. In fact, I think they give the majority of the votes. I do not refer to Scotchmen particularly, but to naturalized citizens. But to speak more seriously, ladies and gentlemen, I feel the honor of this occasion, and I beg to thank you, ladies and gentlemen of this city of Glasgow, for the kind words of your Lord Provost, and for the kind expression of this audience."

Glasgow, the city of which General Grant was thus made an honorary freeman, is the commercial metropolis of Scotland, and contains 500,000 inhabitants. It is situated on both sides of the Clyde, at the head of navigation, the principal portion of the city lying on the north bank of the river. The Clyde is lined with handsome stone quays, and is crossed by five bridges. Vessels of over 1,000 tons are obliged to stop at Greenock, twenty miles lower down the Clyde. Glasgow is largely engaged in manufactures, and carries on an active commerce with all parts of the world. The first steam-vessel ever built in Europe was launched here, and James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine, was a native of Glasgow.

Glasgow is plentifully supplied with pure water, which is brought by means of aqueducts and tunnels from Loch Katrine, thirty-four miles distant. The city is substantially and handsomely built, and has more of an American aspect than any other town in Europe.

The chief sight of Glasgow is the Cathedral, erected in the twelfth century. It is situated "in a most picturesque position,

LOCH LOMOND.

partly surmounted by an old churchyard called the *Necropolis*, the finest cemetery in the city, which rises in terraces in the background, and contains some very beautiful monuments." The grounds of the *Necropolis* are handsomely planted with flowers. The Cathedral is thought by many to rank next to Westminster Abbey among the architectural monuments of Great Britain. The Royal Exchange is the finest building in the city. It is built in the Corinthian style of architecture, and cost a million and a quarter of dollars. The city is well supplied with educational and benevolent institutions. The University of Glasgow holds a deservedly high rank throughout the civilized world.

Glasgow has borne a prominent part in the history of Scotland, and is rich in historical associations. In the beautiful Queen's Park was fought the important battle of Langside, in which the Regent Murray defeated Queen Mary and caused her to take refuge in England.

On the 14th of September the General visited Ayr, in the vicinity of which the poet Burns was born. The humble cottage in which he saw the light, the "Twa Brigs," "Alloway's auld haunted Kirk," the tomb of the poet, and the other points of interest, were each visited in their turn, the excursion being one of the pleasantest of the General's tour. The next excursion was through the picturesque region of Lochs Lomond and Katrine, at the close of which General Grant and his party went to Inverary, the county-town of Argyleshire. Here they spent a day or two, as the guest of the Duke of Argyle, at his fine seat of Inverary Castle, which lies about a quarter of a mile from the town. General Grant and the Duke conceived a warm friendship for each other, and during his subsequent travels the General often declared that no part of his sojourn in Europe had pleased him more than his visit to the Duke of Argyle.

General Grant now set out on his return to England. His route lay through the manufacturing districts of that kingdom, and everywhere he was welcomed with enthusiasm. He left Edinburgh on Wednesday, September 19th, and arrived at Newcastle on Thursday, the 20th. An immense crowd had assembled around the depot to welcome him, and upon alighting from the

train he was cordially received by the Mayor, Sir William Armstrong, and the other city authorities. The houses of the town were gayly decorated, and the bells of the old church of St. Nicholas chimed a joyful greeting. General and Mrs. Grant drove direct to the Mansion House, the residence of the Mayor, whose guests they were to be. In response to the calls of the crowd without, they appeared on the balcony, and were loudly cheered. In the evening they dined with the Mayor and 200 invited guests.

On Friday morning, the 21st, the General and his party began their inspection of the sights of the town. Newcastle-upon-Tyne lies on the north bank of the Tyne, about ten miles above its mouth, and contains 111,157 inhabitants. It was originally a Roman military station, and under the Saxons was called Monkchester, because of the number of its monasteries. It derives its present name from the castle erected by Robert, son of William the Conqueror. The business sections are dingy and dirty, but the private portions of the city are magnificently built. Newcastle is largely engaged in the manufacture of iron and other articles, but its principal industry is the shipment of coals, of which it ships over 7,109,000 tons annually.

The General visited the old Castle, of which the keep (now used as a prison) and the beautiful Norman chapel are still preserved; the beautiful Gothic church of St. Nicholas; and the Exchange. At the last-named place, an address was presented to the General by the Newcastle and Gateshead Incorporated Chamber of Commerce, in which the natural wealth, the manufactures, and commerce of the Tyne district were explained, and this prosperity declared to be the result of free trade. "The various branches of the iron trade," the address continued, "includes melting the ore into pig iron, the manufacture of all kinds of wrought iron, rails, machines, ordnance, and the building of iron vessels, for which our river is famous. The shipment of coal from the town exceeds 7,109,000 tons per annum, and the number of vessels annually leaving the river, engaged in the coal trade, or loaded with the produce of our manufactories, is larger than the number leaving any other port in the world."

General Grant replied in suitable terms to this address, and the

party then drove to the new Tyne Swing Bridge, which was inspected. They then embarked on the steamer "Commodore," which was accompanied by another boat, called the "Lord Collingwood," on which were a large number of the leading citizens of the borough. The band of the First Northumberland Volunteer Artillery were stationed on the "Commodore." The boats left the new quay in company about one o'clock, and steamed to Wallsend, amid the cheers of the crowds that lined the banks of the river. The shipping was decorated with flags, and salutes from cannon and the blowing of fog and steam whistles made a noisy demonstration. The General took his position in the forward part of his boat, and bowed his acknowledgments as she passed along. A short pause was made at the training ship "Wellesley," to witness the discipline of the vessel, and then the Tyne pier, at the bar, was examined, after which the party proceeded to Tynemouth, where General Grant went ashore, and was presented with a complimentary address of welcome, to which he replied cordially. Then followed a display by the Life Brigade of Tyneside, which amply demonstrated the efficiency of this force in relieving vessels in distress.

On the 22d of September there was a grand demonstration of the workingmen of Newcastle in honor of General Grant. The day was one of the most memorable in the annals of the town. "Not since the great demonstration of 1873," said *The Chronicle*, in its report of the ceremonies the next morning, "has the grass of the town-moor been covered by so vast an assembly around a platform, as that to receive General Grant. It was estimated that no less than eighty thousand people were around the platform when Mr. Burt, M. P., read the address." The city was gayly decorated, flags and streamers of all nations waving in the crisp, bracing air, and the streets were thronged with people in holiday attire. From early morning crowds poured into Newcastle from the surrounding districts, the railways running frequent trains to accommodate them.

A grand procession escorted General Grant from his quarters to the Town-moor. It was composed of the various trades societies and industrial and benevolent associations of the city and

vicinity, each bearing its distinctive banners, together with others inscribed with mottoes complimentary to General Grant. The General was loudly cheered as he rode along, and as he ascended the platform at the Town-moor and advanced to the front of it the applause was overwhelming. The platform was reached about half-past three o'clock. The Mayor called the meeting to order, and then Mr. Burt, in a few well-chosen words, presented to General Grant the following address, which was handsomely engrossed and bound:

"GENERAL: In the name of the working classes of Northumberland and Durham, we welcome you to Tyneside, and we are proud of the opportunity afforded us of expressing to you our admiration for the noble deeds which have made you famous in the history of your country, and the welcome guest of Englishmen.

"At the outbreak of the American civil war, when called upon by your country to defend its honor and wipe from its character the stain of slavery, we are mindful that you entered upon that work with prompt zeal and unfailing fortitude; and we are sensible that the courage which sustained you during that dark period of American history, was not the courage which enables a soldier merely to face death, but that nobler courage which springs from a consciousness of duty.

"In those hard-fought battles, in which your great abilities as a soldier were displayed, and which won for you the absolute confidence of that pure and noble-minded martyr, Abraham Lincoln, you had the entire sympathy of the working classes of England; and we are all the more proud on that account in honoring you to-day as a faithful and distinguished son of America—a splendid soldier and a wise and prudent statesman.

"Though you are skilled in the art of war, we are pleased to regard you as a man of peace; but the peace which commands your sympathy must be founded on the eternal laws of equity and justice. The rough scenes of war have no charms for you; but we believe if duty called you would be ready to strike again for the consecration of noble principles.

"General! you are imperishably associated with the glorious

issue of the American civil war, and posterity will assign you a conspicuous place on the roll of the world's heroes. Mankind will not forget that you have caused the 'Stars and Stripes' to float more proudly than ever over the Republic, and we rejoice to know that our kinsmen have testified their gratitude by twice electing you to the highest office in the United States. We, who are bound to them by a relationship which no circumstances can sever, join them in a grateful recognition of your services.

"Again, we welcome you as a most successful statesman, in whose custody the honor and interests of a noble nation were safely intrusted.

"The onerous duties which devolved upon you on your accession to the Presidency of the United States could not have been so ably discharged had you possessed less coolness, courage, and tenacity of purpose; and we greet you with sincere esteem for pursuing a conciliatory and peaceful policy toward this country, especially during the consideration of the difficulties between England and America.

"The terrible consequences which might have resulted to both countries had you adopted a hostile policy are harrowing to contemplate, and we are glad to know that you so largely contributed to the preservation of peace and the amicable settlement of the Alabama question.

"History will chronicle the proceeding at Geneva as a grand achievement of civilization, and with it, you, General, will ever be identified. In favoring the principle of international arbitration you have earned the applause of the civilized world, and we readily acknowledge the great blessings which that mode of settling the difficulties of nations has already conferred on your country and ours.

"It has cemented us more firmly together in the bonds of peace and friendship, and we are sure that no one is more desirous than yourself that the people of England and America, who are of one blood, and whose interests are identical, should draw more closely together, so that the future history of the two nations may be one of unbroken concord.

"And now, General, in our final words we greet you as a sin-

cere friend of labor. Having attested again and again your deep solicitude for the industrial classes, and having also nobly proclaimed the dignity of labor by breaking the chains of the slave, you are entitled to our sincere and unalloyed gratitude; and our parting wish is, that the general applause which you have received in your own country, and are now receiving in this, for the many triumphs which you have so gloriously achieved, may be succeeded by a peaceful repose, and that the sunset of your life may be attended with all the blessings that this earth can afford.

"General! we beg your acceptance of this address as a testimony of the high regard and admiration in which you are held among the working people of Northumberland and Durham."

When the applause had subsided—and it was some time before it did so—General Grant made the following reply:

"Mr. Burt and Workingmen: Through you I will return thanks to the people of Tyneside for the very acceptable welcome address which you have just read. I accept from that class of people the reception which they have accorded me, as among the most honorable. We all know that but for labor we would have very little that is worth fighting for, and when wars do come they fall upon the many, the producing class, who are the sufferers. They not only have to furnish the means largely, but they have, by their labor and industry, to produce the means for those who are engaged in destroying and not in producing. I was always a man of peace, and I have always advocated peace, although educated a soldier. I never willingly, although I have gone through two wars, of my own accord advocated war." (Loud cheers.) "I advocated what I believe to be right, and I have fought for it to the best of my ability in order that an honorable peace might be secured. You have been pleased to allude to the friendly relations existing between the two great nations on both sides of the Atlantic. They are now most friendly, and the friendship has been increasing. Our interests are so identified, we are so much related to each other, that it is my sincere hope, and it has been the sincere hope of my life, and especially of my official life, to maintain that friendship. I entertain views of the

progress to be made in the future by the union and friendship of the great English-speaking people, for I believe that it will result in the spread of our language, our civilization, and our industry, and be for the benefit of mankind generally." (Cheers.) "I do not know, Mr. Burt, that there is anything more for me to say, except that I would like to communicate to the people whom I see assembled before me here this day how greatly I feel the honor which they have conferred upon me." (Cheers.)

Then followed a speech from General Fairchild, the Consul of the United States at Liverpool, and who had lost an arm during the Civil War in this country. Speaking simply as an American citizen, he returned thanks to the people before him for their magnificent reception "of our great chief, General Grant." The procession then passed in review before General Grant, and the demonstration closed with three cheers for the General and one for Mrs. Grant.

In the evening the General was entertained at a public banquet at the Assembly Rooms, and in response to a toast proposing his health made a neat reply, in which he dwelt strongly upon the advantages of the friendship between England and America.

Sunday, the 23d of September, was spent by the General and Mrs. Grant with W. H. Charlton, Esq., at his beautiful country-seat of Hesley Side.

From Newcastle the General and his party went to Sunderland, where he had promised to lay the foundation of a new museum in the southwest part of the Park. They arrived there on Monday, September 24th, just after a heavy rain which had left the streets in a very muddy condition. They were gayly decorated with flags, however, and at the station was a large procession, composed of the workmen and benevolent societies, with banners and appropriate emblems. They escorted the General up the hill to the Park, where a salute was fired. As the guns belched forth their thunder the sun burst from behind the clouds and shone beautifully. An address was then presented to the General by the President of the Trades Council, to which he replied appropriately. Then followed the ceremony of laying the corner-stone, after which there was a luncheon and speeches by

members of Parliament. An address was presented by the Mayor and Council of Sunderland, welcoming the General to their town, and soon afterwards the repast came to a close. The General then visited the docks, and in the evening dined with Mr. Long at Thornhill. The next day he was the guest of Mr. Hartley, of the celebrated firm of Hartley & Co., and visited the glassworks of that firm.

On Wednesday, the 26th of September, the General and his party reached Sheffield, one of the principal manufacturing cities of England. It contains about 150,000 inhabitants, and is rather a dirty, dingy-looking place. From the station the party drove to Cutler's Hall, which, next to the town hall, is the principal public building of the town. The General was there received by the Mayor, Aldermen and Councillors in their robes of office. Seats of honor were placed for him and Mrs. Grant by the chair of the Mayor, who cordially welcomed the General to Sheffield. Other addresses were made, and the General returned well-chosen replies to all. Later in the day, a reception was given by Dr. Webster, the American Consul, which was generally attended by the business men of the city. In the evening General and Mrs. Grant were entertained at dinner by the Mayor.

The next day, the 27th, the General and his party visited a number of the manufacturing establishments of Sheffield, commencing with the famous cutlery works of Rogers & Sons. They visited next the Cyclops Iron and Steel Works, where they witnessed the operations of making telegraph wires, and making iron plates for ships of war, and also of making Bessemer steel. In the evening there was a brilliant banquet at Cutler's Hall, at which speeches complimentary to the General were made.

At seven o'clock the next morning, September 28th, the party left Sheffield for Stratford-on-Avon, which place was reached at eleven o'clock, the train being a special one. The General and his companions were met at the station by the Mayor, and were driven to the beautiful New Place Gardens, through which they strolled. Then the Church of the Holy Cross and the Grammar School were visited. At the latter place they were shown the seat occupied by Shakespeare when a school-boy, and where he conned

his daily task. Then followed a visit to the Shakespeare Memorial, which is now in process of construction, after which the party repaired to the Church of the Holy Trinity, in which Shakespeare is buried. They were received by the Vicar, the Rev. F. Smith, who conducted them through the church, and showed them the deeply interesting memorials of the great poet. The house in which he was born was also visited. It is now a Museum, and is filled with interesting relics of the immortal bard. An excur-

TOMB OF SHAKESPEARE IN THE CHURCH AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

sion was also made to the cottage of Anne Hathaway, whom Shakespeare married when he was but eighteen years of age, and which lies about a mile distant from the town. At three o'clock the General was entertained at luncheon in the town hall by the Mayor and principal citizens of Stratford. An address was presented to him in a casket made of the wood of the mulberry tree planted by Shakespeare at New Place.

On the 29th the General and his party left Stratford early in

the morning for Leamington, one of the prettiest and most noted watering-places of England. The town contains about 16,000 inhabitants, and is noted for its medicinal springs, which are particularly efficacious in diseases of the skin. The town contains handsome assembly-rooms, unusually fine bath and pump-rooms, a theatre, reading-rooms, a museum and a picture-gallery.

Upon the arrival of the train, the General and his party found the town decorated with flags, and with a triumphal arch bearing the inscription, "Welcome to the Royal Borough." The party proceeded at once to the Pump-Room, where the General was received by a guard of honor of the Leamington Volunteers, commanded by Captain A. E. Overall. The Mayor delivered a complimentary address of welcome, which was cordially replied to by General Grant. The sights of the town were then visited, and excursions were made to Kenilworth and Warwick Castles.

Kenilworth Castle is only five miles distant from Leamington. It is now in ruins, but is one of the finest ruins in England. The castle was founded by Geoffrey de Clinton, Lord Chamberlain to Henry I. Henry III. gave it to the famous Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and after his rebellion and flight to France it was held by his followers for six months against the whole of the royal army. Edward II. was imprisoned here. In the reign of Edward III. it became the possession of his third son, John of Gaunt, who left it to his son, Henry Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV. It remained the property of the Crown until the reign of Elizabeth, who presented it to her favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. The Earl entertained the Queen here in magnificent style in 1566, 1568 and 1575, spending half a million dollars in seventeen days' festivities. Scott gives a brilliant account of one of these royal visits in his novel of Kenilworth. The castle was plundered by the troops of Cromwell, and after the Restoration was presented to Sir Edward Hyde (the father-in-law of James II.) by Charles II., who created him Earl of Clarendon and Baron of Kenilworth. It remains in the possession of his descendants.

Warwick, with its magnificent castle, lies on the east bank of the Avon, two miles west of Leamington. The origin of the

castle is lost in the mists of antiquity, but when destroyed by fire, a few years ago, it was one of the most superb residences, as well as one of the most perfect feudal remains, in the world. It is now being restored. It is the residence of the Earl of Warwick.

General and Mrs. Grant now brought their journey through the midland counties to a close, and hastening to Southampton, spent some days with their daughter, Mrs. Sartoris.

On the 10th of October General Grant went to Birmingham, in compliance with a promise made some time before to visit that city. He was met by the Mayor and city authorities, and was conducted to the Town Hall, where he was presented with addresses from the City Corporation, the Workingmen, and the Midland International Arbitration Union. The Mayor delivered an eloquent speech of welcome, which was responded to by General Grant, who also replied in suitable terms to the other addresses. After these ceremonies, the General visited the Free Library, the Art Gallery, and several other places of interest, and then went to the residence of Mr. Chamberlain, Member of Parliament for Birmingham, whose guest he was during his stay in the city.

Birmingham is the great seat of the hardware manufacture of England, and turns out every description of iron, steel, and other metal goods, in vast quantities. It lies midway between London and Liverpool, and being exclusively a manufacturing place, its appearance is not prepossessing. It contains but few public buildings, the principal of which is the Town Hall, a magnificent edifice in the Corinthian style. Its inhabitants number 352,000.

The next day, October 11th, General Grant, in company with the Mayor, the American Consul, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. L. P. Morton, of New York, visited the principal factories of Birmingham, at each of which he was cordially greeted by the workmen, and the peculiar mode of manufacture employed there explained to him. Among the establishments visited was that of Messrs. Elkington & Co., whose beautiful exhibit at the Centennial Exhibition, at Philadelphia, attracted so much attention. Luncheon was had at the Queen's Hotel, after which the button-

works of Messrs. Green, Cadbury & Richards, and the celebrated steel pen works of Messrs. Gillott were visited. In the evening there was a public banquet at the Town Hall, at which nearly 350 persons were present. Speeches were made, and the General replied at some length to the toast proposing his health.

On the 20th of October a visit was made to Brighton, where he was the guest of Mr. Ashbury, member of Parliament for the town.

Brighton is the largest and most fashionable watering-place of England. It is really a suburb of London, being but an hour distant, the nearest point of the South Coast—the Paris of England—where, if the sun shines, sunshine is to be found. Monthly tickets are issued by the railway company for business men going up to the city daily, and returning in the evening. "All England is proud of Brighton," says Mr. Joel Cook, in one of his charming letters to the *Philadelphia Ledger*, "proud of its fine situation, great size, grand buildings, decorations, and its glories in the season. Taken altogether it is probably the greatest watering-place in the world, and everything that art and wealth can do to add to its attractions is lavished upon this city by the sea. It is within about ninety minutes' railway ride of London, on the southern coast of England, and the city stretches for over three miles along the English Channel upon a comparatively low shore, though in some places the cliff rises thirty or forty feet above the beach. Almost the entire front is protected by a sea-wall of greater or less height, which supports a broad terrace, or rather a succession of terraces on the same level. In front of these the sea rolls up over a rather steep pebbly beach whereon are bathing machines and fishing and pleasure boats and a few pedestrians, but the walking is rough and unsteady. The bathing is not very good, and in fact is only one of the smaller attractions of Brighton, being but partially indulged in by the visitors. It has none of the comforts or pleasures of our New Jersey coast watering-places in this respect, for no one can take a dip in the sea to his entire satisfaction when his feet are tortured by such rough and unsteady pebbles as compose this beach. But Brighton has along the beach and behind the sea-walls what

no other watering-place in the world possesses—a grand drive, at least sixty feet wide, extending over three miles along the coast, with a broad promenade frequently ornamented with lawns, gardens, and flower-beds in front, and on the land side a succession of palaces and great buildings of most imposing construction, which look as if the Boulevards of Paris had been brought here, and their buildings of ornate cream-colored stone ranged along the sea. The city extends far back on the hillsides and along the valleys into the land, and has a population of one hundred thousand, which is frequently doubled during the season. And the greater part of this population crowd out upon the broad terraces in front known as the Marine Parade, where they ride or promenade, to see and be seen, and give the city a life and attractiveness that are all its own. When London empties Brighton fills up, and here come the equipages that have made Rotten Row famous. No ocean-border scene ever equalled in my eyes what the Brighton Parade last night presented, and yet the season is only beginning, and will not be at its height for some weeks yet. Before dark the crowds moved along between the succession of palaces and great hotels and fine houses, with beautifully ornamented public squares on the land side, and the beach, with its terraced edge and gardens and flower-beds on the other. As the night came on and the lights were lit, the scene gradually assumed the form of an illumination, whilst far out over the water were the hundreds of colored lights on piers and vessels, making it look like a Parisian festival. In fact, Brighton seems as if a portion of Paris had been brought to England, for it is not dingy and dark like most English towns, but light and attractive, and when the sun shines more of it seems to come here than to most English cities. It is in the season the gayest of all places in the kingdom, and manages to concentrate a very large portion of the wealth, fashion, and aristocracy of the realm. Its hotels are of large size, and one of them towers nine stories high, and covers a large square. There are rows of similarly constructed buildings, fronting the sea, hundreds of feet long. In one case a splendid structure surrounds a square, and fronts the sea, extending probably fifteen hundred feet in frontage.

Scores of new buildings of the largest size are going up, showing that the building trades have plenty to do. Millions upon millions of money have been laid out upon the decoration, construction, and ornamentation of the Marine Parade, over which will probably promenade during the next three months a large proportion of the 'fast' life of England.

"The affairs of England, like those of the Romans, I am told, are regulated by the flight of birds. In other lands the summer drives fashionable life out of the cities to the watering-places, whilst the winter brings it back again. But not so with England. The summer is spent in London, and the winter in the country. Fashion decrees that when the grouse begin to fly in August the London season must terminate, and it must not begin until winter has bade good-by to the last pheasant. Hence Parliament opens in February and ends in August, and this marks the duration of the London season. The thermometer does not regulate it as with us. The hot weather is spent in town and the cold weather out of it. Therefore, in August and September, when Americans are getting back to the cities, the English are leaving them, and when we are coddling around our hottest fires in town, about Christmas-time, the true Englishman will still be in the country and endeavoring to enjoy himself. 'It is awfully absurd,' said a distinguished Londoner to me last week, 'but the flight of the birds decrees it.' Over two hundred thousand people shut up their houses and left London during the week that followed the close of the session, August 17th. Belgravia looked as if it had suffered a terrible collapse. Thus Brighton is growing at the expense of its great neighbor, and all that money and art can accomplish are lavished upon it to attract the visitor.

"Two piers extend out from the Parade, each for a thousand feet over the sea, and are used for promenades. At their ends they widen to broad platforms, sixty feet square, where bands play, and where at night there are, as all along the piers and Parade, beautiful illuminations. The older one is the famous Chain Pier, built as a suspension bridge and supported on piles. The new pier, ten years old, is grander than the other, and is a most spacious and ornamental structure of iron. Both are strong,

and to either, to enjoy music and all, the admission charge is but twopence. George IV., when Prince of Wales, built at Brighton a royal pavilion, in imitation of the Kremlin at Moscow, or as others hold, of an East Indian pagoda, and embosomed in trees and surrounded by gardens, its curiously knobbed, turreted, and peaked roofs present a remarkable appearance. But it is surplusage in a city of such beautiful structures to describe any. The methods of transportation are varied from those in use elsewhere, by both coaches and goat-wagons. In the former, round-shouldered men laboriously drag ancient dowagers, whilst in the latter the children gladly ride, being furnished double as well as single teams. In fact, goat-power, as a means of juvenile transportation, is as conspicuous at Brighton as donkey-power was at Scarborough; and a Brighton goat-team, with youthful coachman and footmen, can be engaged for a juvenile ride for threepence. The coachman and footmen walk, however, so that the goats are not overladen. Brighton has regularly established fire-engine stations, which are not very numerous in English cities, and in large letters on the outside is the announcement that for every alarm of fire two shillings and sixpence will be paid. But with the caution that is proverbial among Englishmen, this is supplemented by the further announcement that 'no reward is paid for a false alarm.'

"Perhaps the feature of Brighton which has most world-wide fame is the Aquarium, and yet the stranger without a guide has difficulty in finding it. This comes from its peculiar location. I was consigned to a hotel 'opposite the Aquarium.' I looked out to find it, and saw across the grand esplanade in front, the open sea, and no Aquarium. Then, walking over towards the sea-wall, it suddenly opened, sunken below the level of the roadway, covered in and hidden by the sea-walls on both sides, yet stretching almost eight hundred feet on either hand, and a hundred feet in breadth, and surmounted by gardens and footwalks. The Aquarium, to facilitate the movement of the sea-water, is set at as low a level as is consistent with safety, and its top presents a strange appearance, with its variegated roof of foot-paths, flowers, trap-doors, and skylights. This Aquarium is worthy all the fame

it has, for it far exceeds the feebler attempts at imitation elsewhere, and in its interior decorations is superb. The design is to represent the fishes, as far as possible, in their native haunts and habits, and, as the presence of visitors might interfere with this if known, the visitors go through darkened passages, and are thus concealed from the fish. This makes their actions much more natural, and, in fact, they seem to move about with perfect freedom. Some of the tanks are of great size, one of them wherein the porpoise disports being one hundred feet long. Schools of herring and mackerel swim through the waters as they do on the Grand Bank. The octopus gyrates his fearful-looking arms, and gives an idea of what he may be when he becomes a full-grown devil-fish, for these specimens are only about a foot long. The codfish circulates, and the whiting, bass, and pretty much every fish we know of, either in England or America, is exhibited as in its native haunts.

"Here are those extraordinary little fellows, the sea-horses of the Mediterranean, which are horses' heads driven forward through the water by little propeller-like fins in the tail and clinging curiously to the coral spurs. The Aquarium is full of all sorts of aquatic curiosities, having American alligators, of whom an entire family—gentleman, lady, and two children—bask in the mud; seals and sea-lions, which, like those at Fairmount Park, are blessed with good appetites, and a particular favorite is the lively little 'Prince,' the baby sea-lion, born last year, who has an especial tank devoted to his own use, because he has got so big that, as they told me, he occasionally 'whips his daddy.' The preparation of the tanks for the fish has been conducted on the most perfect and expensive scale. The seals and sea-lions have extensive ranges of rocks to climb upon. The alligators can bask in savannas and crawl through expanded grottos. The porpoises and larger fish are given a range of a hundred feet. The visitor walks through groined and vaulted passages, artistically decorated with colored marbles and polished granite, and the entire structure is prepared in the costliest manner, whilst music during the day and concerts in the evening add to the attractions. This is the land of cheap amusements. A shilling

is all that is charged for admission to the Aquarium, whilst in London the South Kensington Museum, which when entirely completed will cover fifty-six acres, is open half the week free and the other half for sixpence. And all the other public institutions of the kind in England are on a similar basis. The Brighton Aquarium is also made use of to show the process of hatching trout and salmon, and for experiments which have greatly increased the world's stock of knowledge as to the habits of fish. Its tanks hold an aggregate of five hundred thousand gallons of sea and fresh water, and its many thousands of specimens embrace almost the entire range of the fish kingdom."

On the 22d of October a banquet was given by the Mayor and corporation of Brighton, and was attended by the principal citizens of the place. The Mayor proposed the health of General Grant, and alluded to the General's great military and civil services to his country. To this speech General Grant made the following reply:

"MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN: I have to rise here in answer to a toast that has made it embarrassing to me, by the very complimentary terms in which it has been proposed. But I can say to you all, gentlemen, that since my arrival in England, I have had the most agreeable receptions everywhere; and I enjoy yours exceedingly. In a word, I will say that Brighton has advantages which very few places have, in consequence of its proximity to the greatest city in the world. There you can go and transact your business, and return in the evening. If I were an Englishman, I think I should select Brighton as a place where I should live, and I am very sure you could not meet a jollier and better people anywhere. But I would say one word in regard to a toast which preceded, and that is in regard to your Forces. I must say one word for the Volunteers, or Reserve Forces, as I believe you call them. They are what the English-speaking people are to rely on in the future. I believe that wherever there is a great war between one civilized nation and another, it will be these Forces in which they will have to place their confidence. We English-speaking people keep up the

public schools in order to maintain and advance the intelligence of our country, and, in time, fit our people for volunteer service, and for higher training; and you will always find the men among them who are equal to any occasion. I have forgotten a good deal our Mayor has said that I would like to respond to, but I can say, that since I landed in Liverpool, my reception has been most gratifying to me. I regard that reception as an evidence of the kindest of feeling toward my country, and I can assure you, if we go on as good friends and good neighbors, that the English-speaking people are going to be the greatest people in the world. Our language is spreading with greater rapidity than the language of any other nation ever did, and we are becoming the commercial people of the world."

On the 23d General Grant returned to London, intending to proceed direct to the Continent.

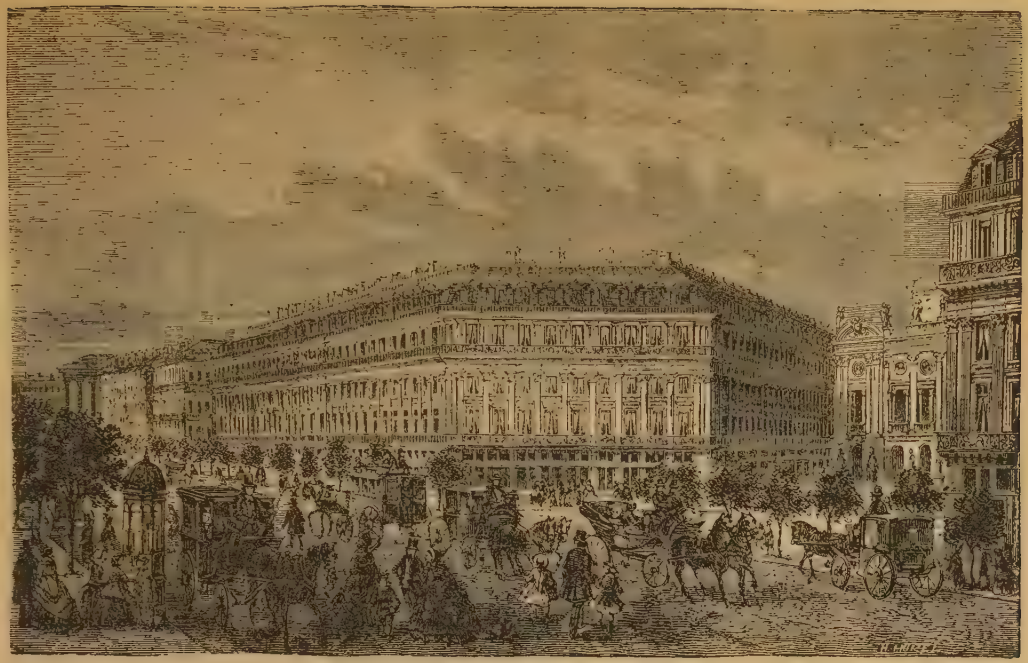
CHAPTER V.

GENERAL GRANT'S VISIT TO PARIS.

Departure from London—The Channel Passage—Trip to Paris—Arrival in that City—Early History of Paris—Situation of the City—Municipal Government—Some Statistics—The Boulevards—The Streets—Paris by Gaslight—A Brilliant Sight—Place de la Concorde—The Arch of Triumph—Place du Carrousel—Portes St. Denis and St. Martin—The Champs Elysées—The Bois de Boulogne—The Seine—Along the River—The Bridges—The Steamboat-Omnibus—The Tuileries—The Hotel de Ville—The Island—Old Paris—The Palace of Justice—The Conciergerie—The Holy Chapel—Notre Dame—The Exterior—The Interior—The Louvre—Description of the Palace—The Picture Galleries—The Museums—The Luxembourg Palace—The Palais Royal—The Shops—The Gardens—The Bourse—The Hotel des Invalides—Tomb of Napoleon I.—General Grant visits Marshal MacMahon—The Elysée—Reception by Minister Noyes—Grant at the Opera—Meets Gambetta—Dines with the French President—Dinner at the Grand Hotel—Mrs. Mackey's Party—Grant meets the Count of Paris—The Herald Office—Versailles—The Old Palace—Memories of the Past—General Grant and Party leave Paris—At Lyons—Grant visits Marseilles—At Nice—Arrival of the "Vandalia" at Villefranche—General Grant and his Party embark for the Mediterranean Voyage.

IT had been the intention of General Grant to pay an early visit to Paris, but he had deferred it at the advice of his friends until after the close of the political campaign, which was a bitter struggle between President MacMahon and the Jules Simon Cabinet. His friends feared that a visit made during this struggle would appear to have somewhat of a political character, or, in other words, as a demonstration in favor of the Republic, and they were desirous that nothing should occur to prevent it being pleasant to the General, as well as to all parties of the French people. It was only after the overwhelming Republican victory in the autumn of 1877 that it was deemed best to make the long contemplated visit.

On the morning of the 24th of October, 1877, General Grant, accompanied by his wife and Jesse, and Mr. John Russell Young, left Charing Cross in a special train for Folkestone, from which point the passage of the Channel was to be begun. A crowd of



THE GRAND HOTEL—PARIS.

Americans assembled at the station to bid him farewell, and the train departed amid their hearty cheers. At Folkestone the General was welcomed by the Mayor and a number of prominent citizens. There being nothing to delay them the party embarked on the steamer, and were soon tossing upon the blue waves of the English Channel.

The little town of Folkestone lies twelve miles southwest of Dover, and is reached in about two hours from London by rail. The trains leave London Bridge and Charing Cross Stations both morning and evening, and should the traveller feel inclined to break the journey at Folkestone, he will find several excellent hotels there for his accommodation. The Channel passage by this route is made in about two hours, the distance being only twenty-seven miles. The boats are the largest and best plying between France and England, and afford many comforts which are unknown on the others; though to one accustomed to American steamers, they are wretched enough. From Boulogne it is a five hours' ride to Paris, so that the whole journey between the two capitals can be made in ten or twelve hours.

The voyage was calm and pleasant, and none of the travellers suffered from sea-sickness. Boulogne was reached in due time, and after a halt of a few hours there the journey was resumed towards Paris.

Just before Paris was reached the train was stopped, and General Noyes, the American Minister to France, General Torbert, the American Consul-General at Paris, and an aid-de-camp of Marshal MacMahon entered the car. The aid-de-camp, in the name of the President of the French Republic, welcomed General Grant to France. At the depot the General found a large crowd of Americans assembled to welcome him. It was raining heavily, and the day was gloomy, but the greetings were cordial. After they had been exchanged, the General and his party entered their carriages and drove to the Hotel Bristol, in the Rue de la Paix.

General Grant remained in Paris from the 24th of October until near the middle of December. "On the whole," says Mr. Young, who accompanied him, "his stay in Paris was a pleasant one.

It is not worth while to detail such minor incidents of a disagreeable character which arose because French political feeling would not regard General Grant's visit to France in the exact light he intended it to be, a purely unofficial one. Because Mr. Washburne, our Minister to France during the Franco-Prussian War, had at the same time the rights of the German residents in Paris intrusted to his care, and because he had acted with justice and humanity, it suited monarchists, imperialists, and some few of the republican party, to think that General Grant during his Presidency, in accepting the acts of his foreign minister, had rather inclined towards the Prussians than to France. Victor Hugo did much to intensify this feeling. Poetic license sometimes becomes quite indifferent as to facts. It is a matter of regret that this feeling should have existed, but as it belongs to the history of General Grant's visit to France, I am forced to write it. Although this feeling existed, the French were too polite a people to show the least discourtesy to a guest. It must be mentioned that the Bonapartists and their reactionary papers went out of their way to excite anti-German feelings against the General. It was alleged by them that the General's visit was a demonstration in favor of Republicanism. As a matter of fact the feelings of General Grant towards France were of the friendliest character. It is true, however, that one of his few aversions was directed towards the Bonapartist family. He looked upon the war between France and Germany as a causeless war, made by an ambitious and selfish despot to save his dynasty. In regard to Napoleonism, though General Grant had never written a poem on the same subject, he entirely agreed with Victor Hugo."

It would not be possible to give here a detailed description of all the places in Paris visited by General Grant, so we must content ourselves with describing a few of the most prominent, and with a general view of the beautiful city. First let us glance at the history of this most interesting of European capitals.

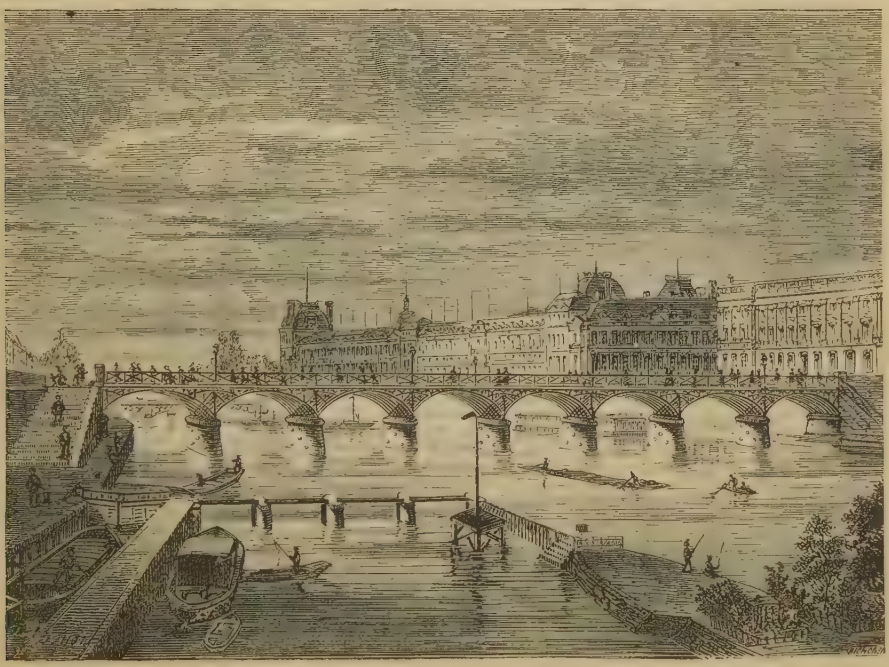
When Julius Cæsar had conquered Gaul, his attention was called to a small island lying in the Seine, a little over a hundred miles from its mouth; and one fine morning, nineteen hundred years ago, he sent his trusted lieutenant, Labienus, to conquer the

city of mud huts which covered the island, and which constituted the chief town of one of the Gallic tribes. By whom this town was built is not well known, but tradition assigns its establishment to the Phœnicians, who designed it for a trading-post. The Romans subdued it only after a fierce struggle, and from that period the place became a prominent point in the world's history. The conquerors gave it the name of Lutetia, and called its inhabitants Parisii; but they found it hard to draw the wild and brave savages into a complete submission to their laws and customs, so early did Paris exhibit that dogged resistance to constituted authority which has always been among its chief characteristics.

Under the Romans, who appreciated the military and commercial importance of Lutetia, which occupied the present *Isle de la Cité*, it became a well-built town. As it grew in importance and population it was made a city by the Emperor Julian, and took the name of Paris. Julian also granted it extensive privileges. A palace was built on the south side of the Seine, on the site of the present Hotel de Cluny, and a fleet of Roman galleys was stationed in the river, with their head-quarters here. It was the favorite residence of Julian, who, from A. D. 355 to 361, occupied the old Palace of Thermes, the ruins of which may be seen in the gardens of the Hotel de Cluny. Constantius Chlorus lived here, and also several other Emperors. As the great Empire grew weaker and more corrupt, Paris became more and more alienated from it, and consequently received less of its protection. In 465, Childeric, less merciful than Attila had been, stormed and took it; and in 506 Clovis established himself in the Palace of Thermes. He embraced Christianity, which St. Denis had preached here nearly a century before, and broke the last bonds which tied the Franks to Rome. But none of his Merovingian or Carlovingian successors resided in Paris, and the city began to fall into decay. The hardy and piratical Normans found it an easy prey, and several times assailed it, sacked it, and retired down the Seine to their own country loaded with rich spoils. Their victories were not always easy, however, for in 885 the city resisted them in a siege of eight months' duration. Otto, Count of Paris, came to

the aid of the city in the same year, and was made king by the grateful Franks; and in 987, his descendant, Hugues Capet, took up his residence at the Palais de la Cité, which occupied the site of the present Palais de Justice, and established the French Monarchy which ended with Louis XVI.

Paris is beautifully situated. It lies on both banks of the Seine and on two islands in that river, 111 miles from its mouth. In 1860 the city limits were extended to the fortifications, taking in



BRIDGE OF THE ARTS, SHOWING THE LOUVRE AND THE TUILERIES.

all the faubourgs and quarters lying without the old Octroi wall. These fortifications are a little more than twenty-two miles in circuit, and are pierced with sixty-six gates or entrances, called *barrières*. The city limits thus enclosed cover an area of 19,260 square acres, or 30 square miles. The population in 1872 was 1,851,792 inhabitants. It is now about 2,000,000.

The General Government of the city is administered by the Prefect of the Department of the Seine, assisted by a Municipal

Council of sixty members, and by the Prefect of Police. These officials are appointed by the National Government. For administrative purposes the city is divided into twenty arrondissements or wards. Each arrondissement has a Mayor, two deputy Mayors, and a Juge de Paix, or Justice of the Peace, subordinate to the Prefect of the Seine; and is subdivided into quarters, each of which is provided with a Commissary of Police, who is subject to the Prefect of Police. The Prefect of Police has the sole charge of all measures for preserving the health, cleanliness, and order of the city.

The aggregate length of the paved and macadamized streets is 300 miles, of which more than 240 miles are provided with asphaltum or stone-paved sidewalks; and more than 200 miles are bordered with trees, gardens, or planted squares. The streets are lighted with 15,160 gas-lamps. The aggregate length of the sewers is 250 miles. There are between 4,500 and 5,000 policemen on duty in the city, and 2,900 Municipal Guards. A military corps, consisting of 1,300 officers and men, perform the duties of firemen. There are eight prisons in the city, which are managed in a humane manner. Besides seventy places of worship connected with public establishments, religious communities, etc., there are seventy-two parish churches; and eighteen places of worship for persons not Roman Catholics. There are nineteen religious communities of men, and fifty-three of women. There are twenty-two civil, general, and special hospitals, nineteen public *hospices*, twenty-seven asylums and almshouses, and three military hospitals. The medical service in these is performed by the most eminent surgeons and physicians in France; the nursing in part by the sisters of the different religious orders. The City of Paris supports in these establishments nearly 18,000 free beds, at an annual expense of $2,000,000. Besides this, it furnishes medical attendance to more than 125,000 poor.

There are thirty large public libraries in Paris, of which eight are open to every one. The National Library is the largest in the world. It contains more than 1,000,000 printed volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 150,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps, charts, and topographical views, 1,300,000 engravings, and a cabinet of medals and coins numbering 150,000 specimens.

There are twenty-eight theatres in the city. Of these five are devoted to musical performances. The Grand Opera, which is famous for its *ballet* and gorgeous scenic effects, is the principal. On a rainy Sunday night the theatres of Paris seat about 30,000 spectators. In addition to the theatres there are about 150 other enclosed places of amusement, such as circuses, concerts, café-concerts, concert-gardens, etc., which have an average nightly attendance of 24,000 persons.

The Parisians consume annually 32,250,000 gallons of wine; 1,780,000 gallons of alcoholic liquids; 7,049,856 gallons of cider, perry, and beer; 205,513,877 pounds of butcher's meat; and 17,451,084 pounds of other solid animal food.

The revenues of the city are drawn principally from the *octroi* or tax levied upon all articles of consumption brought into the city. This impost yields about 100,000,000 of francs annually. The sum of 300,000 francs is raised annually by a poll-tax of ten francs upon 30,000 Parisian dogs.

The climate is pleasant as a general rule. The mean temperature is about 51° Fahrenheit, limited by the summer and winter extremes of 96° above and 1° below zero. Falls of snow are rare and slight. The average number of rainy days is 105 per annum, and the average annual fall of rain is twenty-two inches.

The streets of Paris number 3,619, and some of these are deeply interesting. The most noteworthy of the Paris thoroughfares are the boulevards. The most famous and oldest of these are the *Boulevards Intérieurs*, on the site of the old walls destroyed about 1670, and extending from the Madeleine to the Place de la Bastille. When the peace of Aix la Chapelle, in 1668, convinced Louis XV. that his capital was safe for some time to come, the great king pulled down the fortifications of the city, and laid off the space they had occupied in a series of magnificent streets, which were called *Boulevarts*, or bulwarks; the name indicating the use to which the ground had been put. The true, or *Interior*, Boulevards were begun in 1670, when the old walls of the city were destroyed. They extend from the Madeleine to the Bastille, and are the most popular and crowded

streets in the city. When first laid out, they were thickly planted with shade-trees. These trees remained undisturbed until the Revolution of 1830, when they were cut down to form barricades. Others were planted after the restoration of order, but they shared the fate of their predecessors, in 1848, and the present Government, profiting by this double lesson, has refrained from planting any more.

At all hours of the day these streets are thronged with vehicles and pedestrians, and, especially at night, present a brilliant spectacle. They are flooded with gaslight both from the street lamps, and from the windows of the shops, *cafés* and theatres, and the sidewalks are filled and often blockaded with thousands of pleasure-seekers of both sexes and of all ages and conditions.

The names of the old streets of Paris date in many cases from the reign of Philip Augustus, who was the first sovereign to establish a commission of public roads (*grande voirie*), and to classify and determine the names of the thoroughfares. These names had various origins. Some streets were named from churches and chapels located on them, some from convents and religious orders, some from saints, bishops, and monks, some from the hotels or palaces of the nobles situated upon them, some took the names of the nobles themselves, some were called after prominent and popular citizens, and some took their names from the principal avocations carried on within them, each trade or profession usually confining itself to a distinct locality. Historical events have also had their share in assigning these names. In the *Rue Pierre Levée* (street of the raised stone), the ancient Druids once set up their sacrificial altar. It was through the *Rue des Martyrs* that Saint Denis, Saint Rustique, and Saint Eleuthère were led to the heights of Montmartre, where they sealed their faith with their lives. The *Rue des Frondeurs* was the spot where the first barricades of the Frondé were thrown up, in 1648. The *Rue des Francs-Bourgeois* was exempt from taxation. The *Rue d'Enfer* (street of hell), at first called the *Via Inferior*, to distinguish it from its neighbor, the *Rue St. Jacques*, owes its present name to a corruption of *Via Inferior*, which occurred in the time of St. Louis, and to the fact that at the same time the

old Chateau de Vauvert, which stood in this street, was believed to be haunted by the devil.

The *Rue de Rivoli*, named by Napoleon I., in honor of his victory over the Austrians, in 1797, is, perhaps, the most magnificent street in the world. It extends from the Place de la Concorde to the *Rue-Culture Sainte-Catharine*, and is continued from this point to the Bastille by the *Rue St. Antoine.* It was begun by Napoleon I., in 1802, and completed by Napoleon III., in 1865. The street is two miles long, and is one of the widest in the city. On the south side are the Tuileries and the Louvre and their gardens, the former palace being now in ruins, the Place du Louvre, the gardens and tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, and the Hotel de Ville. On the north side are some of the finest hotels in Paris, and some noted buildings. The houses on this street are uniform in architecture, and give to its splendors rather a monotonous appearance. The street floors are occupied by shops, which open upon a magnificent row of arcades which cover the sidewalks. Between each arch a lamp is suspended, and these, when lighted, form an unbroken line of flame two miles in length.

The streets of the city present a brilliant and gay appearance at night. If it be summer, the sidewalks of the Boulevards are lined with chairs and little tables around which, during the whole evening, thousands sit and sip their refreshments. The lights flare out upon the dark streets from the brilliant saloons in the winter. Through the half-curtained windows and doors you may see the merry pleasure-seekers within, and listen to their laughter, which comes to you mindled with the rattle of glasses and dominos. Pausing for a moment to glance at the brilliant scene is a poor wretch whose whole appearance is expressive of misery. He has not tasted food for a whole day, and these people are squandering that which would be life to him. He utters a half-suppressed groan, and you turn quickly, but merely to catch a glimpse of his dark, pinched face, as the Sergent de Ville drives him onward. And so onward, all the long, weary night must he go, with the heavens dark and heavy above him and the earth cold and hard at his feet.

The omnibuses rattle by with a furious crashing, and the lights of the cabs fairly dance, like so many fire-flies between the lines of green trees, the crowd on the wide sidewalks grows thicker every moment, and overflows into the street. The hum, the buzz of thousands of voices floats merrily on the air, and at short intervals the music of a score of bells rises above all, proclaiming the flight of time to these careless creatures.

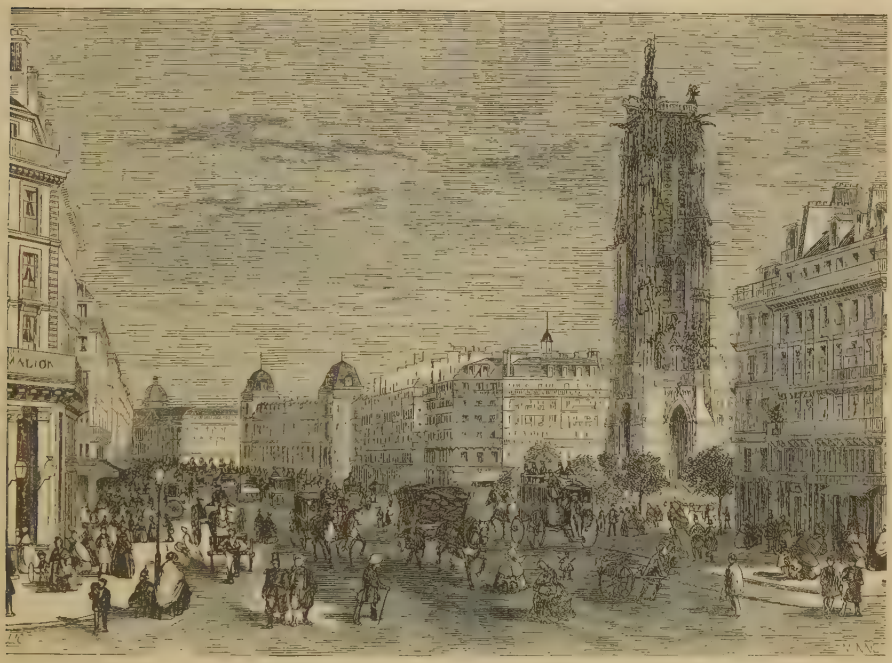
By eleven o'clock the theatres begin to discharge their thousands of spectators, who come to swell the crowd on the Boulevards, and from now until long after midnight the gayety will be at its height. Then the cafés will close, the streets will become almost deserted. A few of the cafés remain open all night, and in them you will find one or two women waiting in the often vain hope of finding some visitor generous enough to give them a supper.

The Boulevards, however, do not attract all the Parisians. Let us go to the Champs Elysées. The great avenue is thronged with the many-colored lights of the cabs and omnibuses. How they dart to and fro across the Place de la Concorde, and over the bridge! The lamps twinkle brightly in the Tuileries garden and amongst the green trees of the Champs Elysées. Every seat, every chair is filled, and the walks are full of promenaders. Here and there, on every hand, are the shooting stands, hobby-horse galleries, toy and refreshment stands, and all the pretty sights for which the place is famous. Those bright lights in the direction of the Avenue Gabriel mark the entrance to the circus, and you can hear on every hand the music from the *cafés-chantants*, which nestle amongst the trees on each side of the great avenue. Yonder is the Avenue Montaigne, and the glare of light which streams out of it is from the *Jardin Mabille*. Here, under these pretty trees, the throng is almost as great as on the Boulevards, but the crowd is quieter. The glare of the lights in the groves blinds you, the palaces in the distance rise white and bewildering, and until you have thoroughly familiarized yourself with the place, you are forced to call in the aid of a cab to enable you to find your hotel.

The river is alive with lights. There are long lines of illuminated windows on each side, lamps on the bridges, at the water's

edge, and on the boats that dart rapidly to and fro through the silent and dark waters.

The blaze of the gaslight in the better parts of this great city is something wonderful. The American plan of a few sickly burners, separated by wide intervals of space, is discarded, and the lights are numerous and close together, and there are often as many as six or eight burners enclosed in a single lamp. In



RUE DE RIVOLI, AND THE TOWER OF ST. JACQUES—PARIS.

the Rue de Rivoli a lamp is hung between every arch, and the street is flooded with a perfect blaze of light. You cannot find a dark corner in any part of new Paris. And to see these streets on the nights of the great fêtes, when every house is illuminated, when long rows of gas jets throw out in bold relief the beautiful façades of the stately edifices, and climb to the summits of towers and monuments, when crowns and crosses of fire deck the heads of statues and gleam down from the lofty heights, when millions of lamps, twined in wreaths and festoons, and of every shape and color, sparkle amidst the thick green of the Tuileries garden

and the Champs Elysées, and pain the eye with their brilliancy, when thousands of rockets and shells are bursting over head in designs and mottoes of fire—to see all this in one brief night is enough to turn the coolest head, and set it to dreaming dreams of the Arabian Nights.

Paris possesses a number of handsome open places and squares, some of which are full of historical interest. I shall mention only the most prominent.

The Place de la Concorde occupies the immense space lying between the Champs Elysées on the west, and the Gardens of the Tuileries on the east, and the Seine on the south, and a row of private hotels and Ministère de la Marine on the north. It is the largest and most magnificent of all the public places of Paris, and is about one thousand feet long by eight hundred feet wide. The Pont de la Concorde connects it with the Palace of the Legislative Body, on the south side of the Seine; and on the north, the Rue Royale, a magnificent street, stretches away to the Madeleine. Four fine avenues radiate from the centre of the square. Eight colossal statues of French cities—Lille, Strasbourg, Bordeaux, Nantes, Marseilles, Brest, Rouen, and Lyons—are ranged around the square; and two splendid fountains are placed on each side (north and south) of the obelisk.

In the centre of the Place stands the famous obelisk of Luxor. This magnificent monolith of red Egyptian granite (syenite) was one of two, of like size and shape, which stood at the entrance of the great Temple of Thebes (now Luxor), where it was erected by Remeses the Great, commonly called Sesostris, B. C. 1350; as is commemorated in the three rows of deep, sharply-cut, and well-preserved hieroglyphic cartouches on its sides. Mahomed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, presented it to the French Government. It was removed to Paris in 1833, and in 1836 was set upon its present site. The height of this obelisk is seventy-four feet four inches; its width seven feet six inches at the base, which rests on a block of granite from Brittany, thirteen feet two inches higher and five feet five inches square; it weighs 500,000 pounds, and the cost of transport and elevation amounted to 2,000,000 francs. Near the top, which is unfinished, cracks are

to be seen, and it is said that they are extending under the damp and variable climate of Paris.

A melancholy interest centres around the Place de la Concorde, as it was here that the guillotine stood during a great part of the Reign of Terror. Here Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were beheaded, as were also Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland, the Duke of Orleans, and Madame Elizabeth, the sister of Louis XVI.

The Place de la Bastille marks the site of the old feudal fortress of the Bastille, which was destroyed at the commencement of the great Revolution in 1789. A handsome bronze column, surmounted by a winged figure of Victory, in bronze gilt, stands in the centre of the square, and marks the resting-place of those who fell in the Revolution of July, 1830. It is called the "Column of July." It is 152 feet high.

The Place Vendome is a handsome square, connected with the Boulevards by the Rue de la Paix. In the centre stands a column of bronze, made of the cannon captured by Napoleon during the campaign of 1805. Its sides are ornamented with a series of bas-reliefs, representing the battles and victories of the French during that campaign. It is in imitation of the Columns of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius at Rome. It is 143 feet in height, and is surmounted by a statue of Napoleon I., twelve feet high. The Hotel Bristol, at which General Grant stayed during his sojourn in Paris, is in this square.

The Place de l'Arc de l'Etoile occupies the high ground at the western extremity of the Champs Elysées. It is circular in shape, and is formed by the intersection of twelve fine avenues. It is bordered with magnificent mansions, uniform in style, and constitutes one of the handsomest sections of Paris. In the centre stands the magnificent Arc de Triomphe, the largest triumphal arch in the world. It is 161 feet high, 145 feet wide, and 110 feet deep. In the centre is an immense arch, ninety-seven feet high, and forty-five feet wide, surmounted by a massive entablature, and pierced by two smaller side arches. Each face is ornamented with two reliefs. On the side facing the Tuileries, the relief to the right of the arch, represents the departure of the French army of 1792, while that on the left represents the

triumph of 1810. On the other face are reliefs representing Resistance and Peace. The other sculptures represent various victories of the French army, and the walls are inscribed with a long list of French triumphs, and with the names of several hundred of the most distinguished generals of France. Near the top of the structure is a row of shields inscribed with the names of the principal victories of Napoleon I. The Arch is one of the handsomest public works of Paris, and one of the most conspicuous objects in any view of the city. It was begun by Napoleon in 1806, and was completed by Louis Philippe. It cost upwards of 10,000,000 francs. From the top magnificent views of the city and surrounding country are obtained.

The Place du Carrousel is the name given to the open space between the palaces of the Tuileries and the Louvre, now enclosed on all sides by those palaces and the buildings connecting them. The view from any part of this enclosure presents one of the grandest architectural displays of which the world can boast. On the north and south are the magnificent buildings forming the connection between the two palaces. On the west are the ruins of the Palace of the Tuileries, and on the east is the restored façade of the Louvre. This portion of the Louvre is flanked by two ranges of elegant buildings, running almost parallel with the great galleries, and designed to conceal the want of parallelism between the Tuileries and the Louvre. Near the western end of this great square is the splendid Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel. It was begun by Napoleon I. in 1806, and is forty-eight feet high, and sixty-five feet wide. The four faces are ornamented with marble bas-reliefs, representing the principal battles of the first Empire; and each front has a row of four marble columns reaching from the ground to the top of the arch, each column being surmounted with a statue of a soldier of the Empire in the uniform of his corps. On the top of the whole structure, Napoleon placed the four bronze horses he had carried away from the Basilica of St. Mark, at Venice. These were restored to the Venetians in 1814, and their place is now supplied by a female figure, designed to represent the Restoration, standing in a chariot drawn by four horses.

Among the most conspicuous objects in the city are the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin. The Porte St. Denis stands on the Boulevard of the same name, and marks the site of the old St. Denis gate in the wall of Philip Augustus. The present structure is seventy-six feet high, and the principal arch is twenty-six feet wide and forty-five feet high. It was erected as a triumphal arch in 1672, by Louis XIV., for the purpose of commemorating his victories. The sculptures represent the triumphs of Louis le Grand, and that above the arch is his passage of the Rhine. In 1830 the arch was occupied by the insurgents, who fortified themselves on the top of it, and held it against every effort of the troops to dislodge them. It was in the immediate vicinity of this arch that the Revolution of 1848 began.

The Porte Saint Martin stands in the Boulevard St. Martin, just below the arch mentioned above. It is also a triumphal arch, designed to commemorate the victories of Louis XIV., but is vastly inferior in size and beauty to its neighbor. It was built in 1675, and is fifty-seven feet wide, and fifty-seven feet high. It is ornamented with a series of indifferent sculptures, one of which represents le grand monarque, as Hercules, in a full-bottomed wig. Like its neighbor it was occupied by the insurgents in 1830, but was not held so successfully. In 1848 it was the centre of much of the heaviest fighting.

The Parks of Paris are numerous and very beautiful. The principal of these are the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne.

Between the Place de la Concorde and the Arc de Triomphe is a broad avenue, bordered on each side for about half the distance by a handsome park, ornamented with statues, fountains, and shrubbery. This is the most famous promenade in Paris—the Champs Elysées (Elysian Fields)—the beautiful rival of the Boulevards. The Avenue Gabriel forms the northern, and the Seine the southern boundary. The grounds originally extended to the Arc de Triomphe, which still forms the terminus of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, but since 1860 the portion above the Avenue Montaigne has been laid off in streets, and built up in a great measure. The main avenue, from the Arch of Triumph

to the Obelisk of Luxor, is 2,400 yards, or nearly a mile and a half long.

The Avenue des Champs Elysées, which is in reality a continuation of the promenade formed by the main avenue of the Tuileries Gardens, rises in a continuous slope from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe. About half way between these two points it is broken by an ornamental circle, in the centre of which stands a beautiful fountain. This is called the Rond Point. Several fine fountains and a number of statues are scattered through the gardens, and the entrance from the Place de la Concorde is ornamented with two fine groups placed there by order of the National Convention. The Palace of Industry occupies a large portion of the lower part of the grounds, and several concert-gardens, a circus, and some open-air theatres add to the attractions of the place. Prettily constructed booths, for amusement and refreshment, may be seen on all sides, and several puppet-shows draw crowds of children to them.

The Champs Elysées are deserted in the morning, but towards three o'clock in the afternoon begin to fill up with carriages and promenaders. On fine afternoons, especially on Thursdays, which is the fashionable day, the grand avenue is thronged with thousands of brilliant equipages, and presents a scene unequalled in any other city in the world. At night the effect is truly brilliant and fascinating.

Four miles from the Louvre, and just beyond the western walls of the city, is a magnificent park, covering 2,500 acres, and known as the Bois de Boulogne, from the little village of Boulogne, just beyond it. The park is beautifully laid off, is provided with fine drives, bridle-paths and walks, and is ornamented with choice shrubbery, flowers, lakes and fountains. The principal sheet of water is Lac Inférieure, 1,200 yards long, and covering about twenty-six acres. It is from two to ten feet deep, and contains two islands, on one of which is a café, and restaurant in a Swiss châlet. Pretty row-boats ply on the lake, at moderate charges. The banks are bordered by a series of charming walks and drives, which are always full of people in fair weather. The lawn between the lake and the fortifications is called the Parc

aux Daims, and is stocked with deer. The upper end of the lake is ornamented with a fine artificial waterfall, and with an open space provided with chairs, called the Rond des Cascades. Just beyond is Lac Superieur (the "upper lake"), much smaller than its neighbor, and connected with it by a little strait spanned by a handsome bridge. A little to the south of this lake is the Butte Mortemart, a considerable mound formed of the earth obtained in excavating the lakes. It is prettily laid off, and commands a fine view. In the southeastern corner of the park is the Mare d' Auteuil, a pretty little natural lake, shaded by weeping willows.

A broad and finely constructed avenue leads from the fortifications, at the Porte Maillot, to the southwestern portion of the park, now occupied by the grounds connected with the race-course of Longchamps. At the end of this road is a magnificent artificial waterfall, forty feet in height. This is regarded by the Parisians as the chief beauty of the park, and the effect is indeed very fine and natural. An extensive view may be obtained from the top of these rocks of the meadows which border the Seine and the country back to Mont Valerien and Saint Cloud.

Just beyond the cascade is the famous race-course of Longchamps, fitted up with handsome stands, booths, and every convenience desirable at such a place. The Longchamps races are famous throughout the world, and draw people from all parts of Europe.

No one can really see Paris thoroughly without making the journey up and down the river. The Seine enters Paris at the extreme southeastern limit of the municipal line, at the point where it is crossed by the Pont Napoleon III., and flows through the city in a generally northwestern direction as far as the Place de la Concorde. Here it makes a slight turn, and flows almost due west to the Bridge of the Alma, after which its course is southwest to the new bridge below the Bridge of Grenelle, at the end of the corporate limits—a total distance of about six English miles.

For almost the entire distance the banks of the river are walled up with stone masonry, and are lined with quays which are bor-

dered with shade trees, and form a delightful promenade. The stream is crossed by twenty-seven bridges, some of stone, some of wire, and others of iron. These bridges are among the principal ornaments of Paris.

Since the construction of the new sewers, a great and beneficial change has been wrought in the river and its appearance. The filth of the city is no longer cast into it, as before, but is carried by the grand sewer miles away, and emptied into the stream far from Paris. The city is not disfigured by dirty wharves and rows of filthy vessels, but fine granite quays, bordered by handsome shade trees, take the place of the usual accompaniments of a navigable river, and behind them are the long rows of palaces and other buildings. From almost any of the bridges the eye can range over the greater part of the river, and the view presented is unequalled in any other city in the world.

All is bustle and activity along the river. Crowds are hurrying to and fro over the bridges, the quays are lined with patient fishermen during the milder months, scores are entering and leaving the numerous bathing establishments which line the shores, and the washerwomen are making the best use of their tongues as well as of their hands in the queer floating houses in which they ply their trade. At rare intervals a heavily laden barge passes by, towed by a puffing steamer, and every few moments a fussy little passenger boat will dart under the bridges, or pause at the landing stages to discharge its human freight.

They are queer little things, these passenger boats, or *bateaux a vapeur*, as the French call them. These particular vessels are termed "Steamboat-omnibuses," and ply between Bercy and Auteuil, some of them going as far as Saint Cloud in the season of navigation. They are propellers, and resemble our canal boats for passengers. The deck in the middle of the boat is railed in, and provided with rows of seats, but there is an enclosed cabin at each end, in which one can take refuge from the weather. The boats are long and narrow, and their engines, which are placed amidships, take up but little room. Each boat is in charge

of a conductor, who is also captain and clerk. It is steered by means of a tiller astern. The boats are not so fast or so strong as the penny steamers on the Thames, but they are much cleaner and much prettier. Landing stages are established at certain points along the river, and separate stages are provided for boats ascending and descending the stream. The fare from one end of the city to the other is five sous, which is cheap enough for a distance of six miles. There is no pleasanter method of travelling than these little steamers afford. They enable you to become thoroughly acquainted with the stream, to see the city from the water, and learn the river front better than you could from the bridges. Those who have not tried it, can hardly imagine what Paris looks like from the water. From the deck of one of these little boats the city is seen to its best advantage. Palaces, bridges, towers, prisons, churches, and columns, rise before you in one grand panorama, grander and more beautiful than I can paint it here. He has not seen Paris who has not viewed it from the deck of a "steamboat-omnibus."

And at night, what a wonderful river is this! How dark and swift it flows under the gloomy arches of the bridges! It makes you shudder as you look at it. How the lights twinkle upon the bridges and along the quays, and reflect and multiply themselves in the sullen waters below! The heavy outline of the Louvre rises grandly from the right shore, and the dark towers of the Conciergerie loom up sombrely in the distance, on the south, while Notre Dame, faintly seen in the far background, soars majestically towards heaven. See that little moving object, with its red and green eyes, darting towards us, puffing and panting like some fabled monster of the deep. It is a steamboat-omnibus, and as we gaze at it, it is gone.

Amongst the most interesting features of the Seine are the numerous bathing establishments which line its shores. These are immense houses built out in the water, and communicating with the shore by means of little foot-bridges. They are neatly ornamented with trees and shrubbery, and really add much to the river scenery. The interior consists of an immense tank, bordered on all sides by a platform ornamented with a pretty colon-

nade, and lined with long rows of doors opening upon a number of dressing-rooms. At one end is the office of the establishment, and a counter for refreshments. The valuables of visitors may be deposited at the office, and a check or ticket received for them. Hair-dressing rooms are provided in some of the establishments, and in all but the poorest, there is an apartment in which everything is kept in readiness to restore life to bathers who may be rescued from drowning.

One of the most conspicuous objects in Paris is the ruined palace of the Tuileries, which was burned by the Communists in the second siege of Paris in 1871. The ruins are soon to be levelled with the ground, and the once famous palace, which was the home of the Napoleons, will disappear from sight.

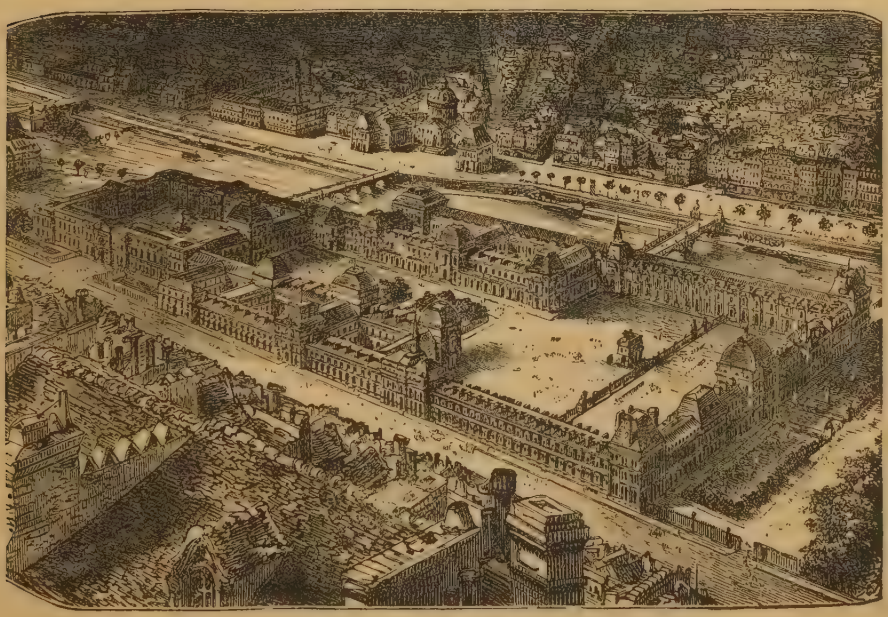
The Tuileries Gardens still remain, however, and constitute one of the prettiest and most retired spots in the city.

Another building which fell a victim to the rage of the Communists was the Hotel de Ville, or City Hall. It was burned by them when they saw their defeat was inevitable. It was a splendid edifice, which dated from the Sixteenth Century. It is now being rebuilt, and will soon be completed.

The large island which lies in the Seine was, as has been said, the site of the original city of Paris. It is still known as the *Cité*, and is one of the most interesting portions of modern Paris. Crossing the river at the Pont Neuf, one finds himself on the narrow point which marks the lower end of Lutetia, the cradle of the great city around him. Here is the statue of Henry IV., and facing it is the entrance to the Place Dauphine, a spacious triangle, surrounded by old and high houses in the style of two centuries ago. It is one of the last vestiges of the Paris of Henry IV. and Louis XIII., and even this will soon give way to the improvements designed for the island.

Just beyond is the Palais de Justice, with the Prefecture of Police attached to it, occupying the island from shore to shore. In front of it is the Boulevard du Palais, connected with the north shore by the Pont au Change, and with the south shore by the Pont Saint Michel. Opposite the palace are the new buildings of the city courts, and a huge barrack for troops, and back of

these are the flower market of the island and the ancient Rue de la Cité. Here the Pont Notre Dame crosses to the north bank, and the Petit Pont to the south. The Hotel Dieu occupies the island now as far back as the front of the Cathedral, but between the church and the river, on the north side, is a dense mass of old houses—a fair specimen of what the island was before Napoleon III. swept away the historic localities to make room for the new buildings you see all around you. Beyond these houses is the old Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris—that grand poem in



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE LOUVRE AND TUILERIES.

stone, which alone would repay you for crossing the ocean. The open space back of it, now railed in and planted as a park, is the Place Notre Dame, in the midst of which stands a beautiful Gothic fountain. The Rue d'Arcole crosses the square in front of the church, and communicates with the north shore by the Pont d'Arcole, and with the south by the Pont Double. The Archbishop's Bridge (Pont de l'Archevèché) stands just back of the Place Notre Dame, and joins the island to the south shore,

while just across the quay is the Pont St. Louis, connecting the Cité with the Ile St. Louis. The low building between the two bridges is the Morgue.

The most prominent buildings on the Island are the Palais de Justice and the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris. The Palais de Justice, or Palace of Justice, is the name applied to the immense range of buildings extending entirely across the island, and comprising the Palace proper, the Sainte Chapelle, the Conciergerie, and the Salle des Pas Perdus. It is the seat of many of the principal law courts of the city. A Roman Castle formerly occupied the site, and the ancient palace was the official residence of the kings of France until the reign of Francis I. Though the monarchs did not always dwell in it, they commonly repaired to it upon State occasions, and it was regarded by all the kingdom as the seat of the royal authority. Since the kings left it, it has been used as a Parliament House, Court House, and Prison. The greater portion of the present building is modern. The vaults under the Salle des pas Perdus, the towers on the quay, the Conciergerie, and the Sainte Chapelle are all that remain of the original edifice. Frequent fires and extensive restorations have changed the rest.

On the side of the quay is a gloomy front with four tall towers. That at the corner of the Boulevard is the ancient Tour de l'Horloge, with a splendid clock-dial. The tower is original, but the dial was erected in 1853, in imitation of the original which was placed there in 1585. West of the clock tower are three gloomy, sharp-pointed turrets. The first is called the Tour de Montgomery and the next the Tour de Cæsar. Between them is the entrance to the Conciergerie, noted as the door out of which so many of the victims of the Revolution passed on their way to the guillotine. The third turret, the Tour Bombée, is placed at a greater distance below, and together with the buildings lying between it and the Tour de Cæsar forms a part of the Conciergerie.

The eastern front of the building is very fine, and is broken in the centre by a vast court-yard, at the bottom of which is a broad, handsome stairway leading to the main entrance. The Sainte

Chapelle rises to the left of the porch and back of the side range.

Passing up the stairs you enter a vast ante-hall. In front of you is the stairway leading to the National Court, and on your right, at the end of the hall, is the entrance to the Salle des pas Perdus. This is a vast hall, serving now as an antechamber to the courts of the building. It occupies the site of the great hall of the palace of Saint Louis which was used for State ceremonials and for public festivities. The original hall is admirably described in the opening chapters of Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris." It was burned in 1618, and it is said that the fire was occasioned by burning the great mass of documents connected with the trial of Ravaillac, the assassin of Henry IV., and there is reason to believe that the conflagration was brought about intentionally in order to destroy all possible proof of the complicity of Marie de Medici in the murder of her husband.

The Conciergerie was the ancient prison of the palace, and is still used as a place of temporary confinement for persons awaiting trial. It derives its chief interest from the tragic scenes which took place in it during the Revolution. Most of the prisoners sentenced to the guillotine were confined here before their execution, and on the terrible 2d of September, 1792, two hundred and eighty-eight prisoners were massacred here by the mob. Marie Antoinette, Bailly, Malesherbes, Madam Roland, Danton, and Robespierre were all imprisoned here, and went from here to the scaffold.

The Sainte Chapelle, or Holy Chapel, is included within the Palace of Justice, and at present forms the official chapel of the municipality of Paris. It was begun in 1245 and finished in 1248 at a cost of 800,000 francs. It was erected by Saint Louis to contain the thorns of the Saviour's crown and the wood of the True Cross, which were purchased by the pious king from the Emperor Baldwin for the sum of 2,000,000 francs. Saint Louis firmly believed that the relics were genuine, for besides paying such an immense price for them and building this costly casket to receive them, he conveyed them here with his own hands, walking barefoot through the streets of Paris. After his death his heart

was deposited here. The chapel is small, but is altogether the most beautiful specimen of Gothic art in France.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris lies at the upper end of the island. According to the old tradition the site was first marked by a Roman temple to Jupiter, at which the sailors navigating the Seine were wont to say their prayers and offer their gifts. In the year 365 a Christian church was built where the Pagan temple had formerly stood. About two centuries later, Childeric I., son of Clovis, yielding to the entreaties of St. Germain, commenced, about the year 565, the erection of a new cathedral immediately adjoining the old one, which was known as the Church of St. Mary, or Notre Dame. Childeric dedicated his church to St. Stephen, and for a long time it was termed, in conjunction with the other, "the Cathedral." In 584, after the assassination of Childeric, Fredegonda fled with her treasures to the high altar of Notre Dame, and there found an inviolable Sanctuary.

The two churches of St. Mary and St. Stephen were almost in ruins at the commencement of the Tenth Century. That of St. Mary being the principal seat of the Archbishop of Paris, naturally received the chief care. Charles the Simple granted Bishop Anschéric the means of partially restoring it in 907, and other restorations were made by the Archdeacon Stephen de Garlande, in 1123.

In spite of these improvements, however, the church was in need of greater repairs, and was too small for the necessities of the city. In 1160, Maurice de Sully, who had risen from a low origin to a very high rank in the church, signalized his accession to the Archiepiscopate of Paris, by volunteering to replace the old church with a larger and grander edifice. He also determined to unite the church of St. Stephen with that of Notre Dame, and thus form one immense Cathedral. Accordingly the work of clearing away the old churches was begun, and the first stone of the new edifice was laid in 1163, by Pope Alexander the Third, then a fugitive at the Court of Louis le Jeune. The structure went up rapidly, and the high altar was consecrated on the Wednesday after Easter, in 1182, by Cardinal Henri, the

Pope's Legate, and Archbishop Maurice de Sully. Three years later, in 1185, Héraclius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, preached the third crusade in the choir of the church. The choir was finished in 1196, and the nave about 1223. In 1218 the old Church of St. Stephen was pulled down to make way for the south transept. The magnificent south portal is the work of Maître Jehan de Chelles, who must have been a genius in his art. The north transept dates from 1250. The rest of the building appears to have been finished about the year 1350, and to have remained unaltered until 1700, when a series of wretched mutilations, designed as improvements, was begun. During the present century very successful efforts have been made to repair these barbarisms, and restore the old pile, as near as possible, to its original state. The building has several times suffered from the violence of mobs, and during the Revolution was greatly damaged by them.

The Cathedral has played a prominent part in the history of the city. Being the Metropolitan church, it takes precedence of all others. It was in this church that Saint Dominic preached his powerful sermons, and, according to the old legend, was blessed with a miraculous vision of the Virgin. Here Raymond of Toulouse abjured his heresy, presenting himself before the high altar, clad only in a coarse shirt; here Henry VI. of England was crowned King of France in 1431; and here, in 1436, was chanted the Te Deum of gratitude for the recapture of Paris by the army of Charles VII. How many marriages, funereal rites, pomps and ceremonies the old pile has witnessed during its six hundred years! Though often sacked and desecrated, it is still grand and beautiful, the noblest of all the Gothic monuments of France. Here the haughty priests kept a king waiting in the streets until it should be their pleasure to accept his humble apology and admit him. Here they said the prayers of the Church over the Sans-Culottes who died in breaking down the Bastille; and here was formed, in 1793, the infamous "Temple of Reason." On the 10th of November, of that year, a woman, the wife of one Momoro, was seated on the high altar and worshipped as the "Goddess of Reason." In 1802 the

sacrilege was partly atoned for by the restoration of the church to the uses of religion. Here the Pope placed the Imperial Crown on the brow of Napoleon I., and here the Emperor Napoleon III. was married in 1853.

As you approach the Cathedral through the Parvis Notre Dame you come suddenly upon the full blaze of the glories of its western front. Before you is a massive façade pierced with three immense doors, the arches of which are covered with elaborate sculptures. Those of the central portal represent the Last Judgment; and those of the two lateral portals scenes in the life of the Virgin Mary. The side niches are filled with saints, prophets, and angels in stone; and in the twenty-eight arches above the doors are statues of the same number of Kings of France, from Childeric I. down to Philip Augustus. A fine gallery rests on these arches, on a level with the vast rose window which is flanked on each side by an immense double archway, supporting a smaller rose window. Above the windows rises a light gallery running across the entire front of the church, and supported by Gothic columns of the most delicate construction. A square tower, pierced with a double arched window, is on each side. These towers are forty feet wide on each front, and are two hundred and twenty-four feet high from the ground to the summit. In the centre of the lower gallery, and just in front of the rose window, is a group representing the Virgin and two angels. To the right of this group is a statue of Adam; and to the left, one of Eve. The whole front is covered with sculptures.

Pass around now to the Archbishop's bridge, and enjoy the magnificent spectacle which lies before you. Here is the whole church in sight at the same moment. To the right of the square towers is the south transept with its three sharp gable ends, and its glorious rose window, showing grandly above the pretty Sacristy. From the centre of the roof, at the cutting point of the cross aisles, springs a slender spire, which replaces the old one destroyed during the Revolution, for its lead. You have an excellent opportunity of studying the singular leaden roof, and the graceful flying buttresses which surround the octagonal-

shaped choir. On the other side is the north transept, with a rose window matching, but not excelling, that of the south transept. The large door on this side dates from the year 1312, and the little one, called the Porte Rouge (Red Gate), from 1419, and was erected by the Duke of Burgundy, in expiation of his crime, the assassination of the Duke of Orleans.

Passing through the narrow street which bounds the church on the north side, you come out into the great square again, and pause once more to look up at the stone gargoyles of the square towers. How grotesque and diabolical they are! For nearly six long centuries they have been standing there, leaning over the dark towers and gazing down upon the city below. Griffins, dragons, and figures whose strange, weird shapes must have been the invention of a diabolical imagination, look down upon you from these lofty galleries. As you watch them you are startled by the life-like aspect of both form and feature. The longer you gaze at them the more they seem to be living, and at last you are almost ready to believe that the Evil One haunts the towers with his hosts. They offer a strange contrast to the beautiful sculptures below, which tell so eloquently of eternal happiness.

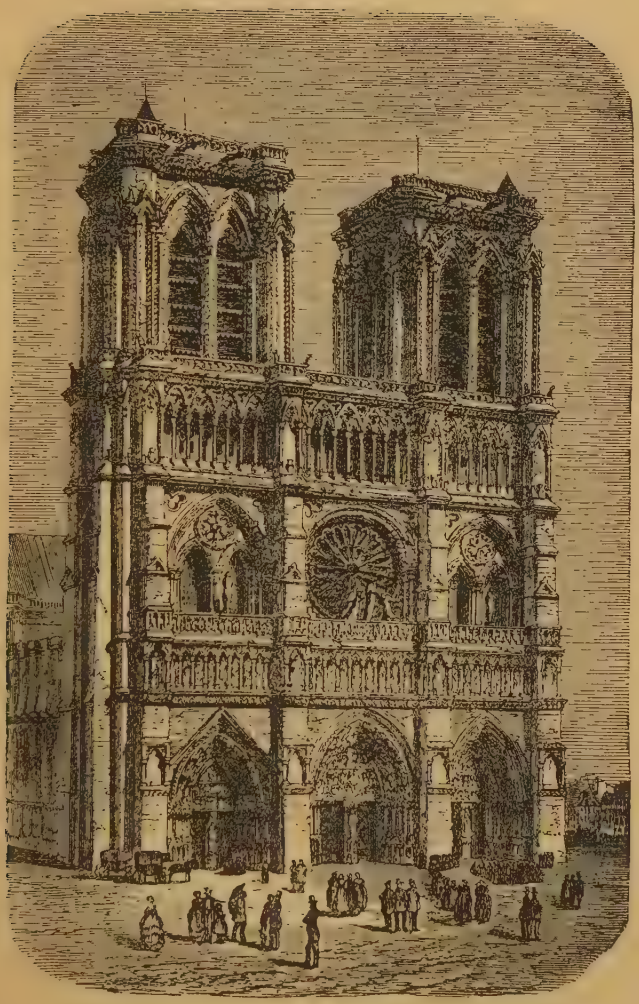
As you pass in through the grand portal a sharp disappointment meets you. Instead of the grandeur in which you have been revelling since you began your inspection of the Cathedral, you are brought face to face with a hideous, rickety leather door, which closes the entrance. You dash it open impatiently, and step from the bright glare of the day into the dim, saintly light of the old church. The change is so sudden that you are forced to wait untii your eyes are accustomed to the gloom.

The first thing you see is a perfect wilderness of arches, and your first feeling is one of disappointment. Unlike Westminster Abbey, this old Cathedral does not flash all its grandeur upon you at the first sight, and it is only after wandering fairly up to the altar rail, and standing where the glories of nave, transept, and choir are all in full view, that you begin to realize the magnificence of the old pile.

The church is built in the form of a Latin cross, and is three

hundred and ninety feet long from east to west. The transept is not so long nor so wide. The central aisle is one hundred and five feet high from the pavement to the roof. On each side of both nave and choir is a double row of arches, with side chapels extending into the spaces between the buttresses. The pillars support one hundred and twenty pointed arches, and above these are immense galleries or *tribunes*, which extend around both nave and choir. Over the western entrance is the organ loft, containing a splendid instrument by Cliquot. The choir is divided from the nave by an exquisitely worked railing of iron, and the various doors of the church are magnificently wrought. The choir is paved with marble, and is surrounded with a gorgeous wainscoting, in which are placed the stalls of the twenty-six ecclesiastical dignitaries connected with the church. The high altar is decorated with great richness and beauty. It stands on a raised platform which is approached by a number of steps. It is of pure Languedoc marble, and is covered with fine bas-reliefs. It replaces the old altar destroyed during the Revolution. Four immense rose windows adorn the east and west ends, and the north and south ends of the transepts, and rich stained glass windows surround the choir. Many of the chapels are likewise provided. The church contains one hundred and thirteen colored windows, and thirty-seven chapels. The latter are tawdry as a rule, and are real blots upon the beauty of the old pile. Your best plan is to stand where you cannot see them. The decorations of the church are very simple, the walls are uncolored, and there is nothing to mar the impression which the grandeur of the edifice produces. I make no attempt to describe it; it must be seen, for no language can do it justice.

At the gate which separates the choir from the south transept sits the "Swiss," or Beadle, in a pompous, showy uniform. You will generally find him reading a novel. He seems to care little for the beauties which surround him, and looks up with an abstracted air as you ask for a ticket of admission within the railing. Half a franc is the fee, and this sum also entitles you to an inspection of the treasures contained in the Sacristy. You will, most probably, wander around the choir at first, and gaze at



CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME—FRONT VIEW.

the fine paintings and sculptures collected in the chapels. There are several fine monuments in this part of the church, but the scores which made the holy place so interesting were removed during the reign of Louis XV., when the present handsome marble pavement took the place of the old slabs. The chapel of the Virgin, back of the high altar, is very pretty, but has nothing of the grandeur of the main building.

The Sacristy lies on the south side of the church, and you enter by a door opening into the choir. It was built nearly twenty years ago by M. Viollet le Duc, and is a beautiful specimen of modern Gothic art. The old white-headed official in charge is a pattern of good breeding and accommodation, though he does look rather hard at you as you enter, or administers a mild but decided rebuke if you omit to close the door. He is seemingly engrossed in the task of showing you the articles in his charge, but you notice all the while that he is watching you closely. He has need to be suspicious, for Notre Dame has not been fortunate in the possession of its treasures. They were stolen in 1793, in the riot of 1831, and again in 1860. Upon the last-mentioned occasion, some of the articles were thrown into the Seine, from which they were fished out. Here you will see one of the richest collections of jewels in France. Diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, opals, and gems of every description. The church plate is massive and gorgeous, and is worth a fortune in itself. Amongst other articles is the Ostensoir (or vessel in which the host is placed) of Saint Louis. It was formerly lodged in the Sainte Chapelle, but was restored to its original condition and presented to this church by Louis XVIII., at the baptism of the Duke of Bordeaux. Here are the cross worn by Saint Vincent-de-Paul, when ministering at the death-bed of Louis XIII.; the coronation robes of Napoleon I., and other articles used at his consecration; ecclesiastical robes of great beauty and immense value; and a number of articles presented to the church by the Great Emperor and Napoleon the Third. The most precious of all the treasures, however, are contained in a reliquaire, perfectly gorgeous with jewels. The Sacristan tells you, with deep reverence, that they are two thorns from the crown of

martyrdom which encircled the brow of the Saviour of mankind. Saint Louis brought them back with him from Palestine, and built the Sainte Chapelle to contain them. Here are also a bit of the "true cross," one of the nails of the cross, which formerly belonged to the Church of Saint Denis; and the whip with which Saint Louis used to scourge his royal flesh.

One of the edifices most frequently visited by General Grant, who seemed never to weary of wandering through it, was the Palace of the Louvre. The Louvre, strictly speaking, comprises that immense pile of buildings enclosing a square court, which lies on the right bank of the Seine, between the river and the Rue de Rivoli, and which faces the church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, on the east, and the Place du Carrousel and the Tuileries, on the west. It must not be confounded with the Louvre Gallery, which connects it with the Tuileries, on the south or river side, nor the ranges which answer a similar purpose on the side of the Rue de Rivoli.

In the days of the earlier kings of France, the site, which was then far beyond the limits of Paris, was occupied by a royal castle or hunting-lodge. Philip Augustus, in 1200, replaced this with a fortress which he also used as a prison. The present structure was begun by Francis I., who intended to make it a residence worthy of the kings of France. Catharine de Medicis came to the Louvre to live after the death of Henry II., and was the first French sovereign to occupy it. She added greatly to it but did not complete it, that honor being reserved for the gallant Henry IV., who was married to Margaret of Valois, in the half-finished palace, in 1572, just five days before the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Louis XIV. greatly enlarged the Louvre, and richly adorned it, being resolved to make it a monument of his glory. He died leaving his work in an unfinished state, and so it remained until Napoleon I. completed it entirely, and converted it into a museum for the treasures of art which he had captured during his wars.

The Colonnade of the Louvre occupies the eastern front of the Palace, and faces the Place du Louvre. It is five hundred and four feet long and eighty-two feet high, and rests upon a

ground story, the front of which is singularly plain and bare of ornament. Above it is an open balustrade, the pedestals of which are, according to the original plan, to be ornamented with trophies. This part of the plan, however, still remains to be carried out. The tympanum of the central pediment is decorated with a bas-relief representing Minerva in the act of placing the bust of Louis XIV. on a pedestal, while History is engraving the dedication, *Ludovico Magno.* Under the empire there was sculptured above the principal doorway a statue of Fame in a chariot conducted by genii. The colonnade consists of twenty-eight double Corinthian pillars. The façade which it adorns, "by the beautiful

LOUVRE GALLERY: THE FAVORITE RESORT OF GENERAL GRANT.

symmetry of its parts, the fine execution of its ornaments, the just economy of their distribution, and by the imposing grandeur of its extent, is justly admired as a *chef d'œuvre* in the architecture of the age of Louis XIV." The southern front is also very fine. Like the eastern front it has a highly ornamental pediment, and is beautifully decorated with forty Corinthian pilasters. The northern front consists of a central pavilion, with two lateral ones, slightly but tastefully ornamented. The western front is intended to harmonize with the buildings erected in the Place Napoleon. Within the Court, the top and bottom stories of this façade have been adopted as patterns for the corresponding ones of the other

sides of the quadrangle. The lower story is composed of a series of circular arcades, divided by Corinthian pilasters, with a lofty window beneath each arch. The windows of the second story are tastefully adorned with carved and triangular pediments, a pillar of the composite order dividing each window from the one adjoining. The windows of the upper story are splendidly ornamented with groups in sculpture, trophies, etc. The principal gateway to the Louvre occupies the centre of this façade, and bears the name of the Pavillon de l'Horloge. This pavilion is surmounted by a quadrangular dome, supported by gigantic Caryatides by Sarrazin. The various projections of this side are richly ornamented with sculpture. All the gateways are surmounted by pediments, which have in their tympans sculptures by Couston, Ramey, and Lesueur. Two ranges of Doric pillars, fluted, with a carriage road in the middle, form the southern entrance; pillars of different styles, of the Ionic order, distinguish those of the northern and western; Doric, those of the eastern vestibule. The Court of the Louvre is also equally beautiful.

The Palace is now occupied by a series of museums, which contain one of the most superb collections of works of art in the world. The Museums of Sculpture are situated on the ground floor of the Palace, and occupy the larger portion of the great quadrangle. They are five in number, and comprise sculptures of every period and country. The halls of ancient sculpture are especially rich in rare and valuable objects, many of which are of great historic interest.

The picture galleries are on the first floor of the Palace, and comprise the Great Gallery and a number of smaller halls. It is impossible to offer anything like a description of the hundreds of paintings which line their walls. It would require a volume to do so. We can only say that the rooms are filled with many of the most exquisite pictures in Europe. Raphael, Titian, Caravaggio, Guido, Paul Veronese, Michael Angelo, Murillo, Jordaëns, Breughel, Paul Potter, Rubens, Van Dyke, Quentin Metsis, Rembrandt, and others, shed their glories down this long hall. The splendors of the place must be seen to be appreciated.

The French schools in the new gallery, running parallel with

the old, contain some fine specimens of early French art. Boucher, Lebrun, Jean Cousin, David, Fréminet, Claude Gellée, François Gérard, Greuze, Pierre Guérin, Jean Jouvenet, Lancret, Pierre Mignard, Nicolas Poussin, Pierre Prudhon, Léopold Robert, Xavier Sigalon, Eustache Lesueur, Valentin, and Joseph Vien are well represented here.

Along the galleries are numerous temporary stands, easels, etc., at which artists are constantly at work copying such paintings as they may have orders for, or hope to find purchasers for. Many of these workers are women. They are ugly and careless in their dress, and altogether are unattractive specimens of their sex.

The Louvre contains at present 558 paintings of the Italian schools, 618 of the German, Flemish, and Dutch schools, 650 of the French school, and twenty of the Spanish school, making a total of 1,846 paintings.

The Louvre also contains a large and valuable collection of engravings, drawings, and plans. It has also a large and valuable Museum of Antiquities and a museum well filled with the relics of the various sovereigns of France from the time of Childeric I.

The Palace of the Luxembourg stands in the midst of the pretty gardens which bear its name, on the south side of the Seine, at the lower end of the Boulevard St. Michel. It was begun in the fifteenth century, by Robert de Sancy, and was enlarged and completed in 1583, by the Duke Epinay de Luxembourg. After the death of Henry IV., Marie de Medici purchased, demolished the buildings, and erected the existing magnificent structure. It subsequently passed into the possession of the Crown. During the Reign of Terror it was a prison, and afterwards became the official residence of the Directory.

The plan of the building is that of a square. The principal entrance faces the Rue de Vaugirard. This front is a fine façade forming a terrace, in the middle of which is a pavilion highly ornamented, and containing some sculpture. Back of this lies the principal court of the Palace, which is 360 feet long by 210 feet deep. At each end of the terrace stands a pavilion, each of

which is connected with the main building by a handsome wing. The façade towards the garden is elaborately ornamented. The Pavillon de l'Horloge, which stands in the centre, is richly embellished by allegorical figures. This part of the Palace was much improved by Louis Philippe, but the entire building is one of the most beautiful and elaborate in the city.

Under the First and Second Empires the Luxembourg was the Palace of the French Senate. Its interior decorations are very rich, the state apartments being among the handsomest in Paris. The Hall of the Senate is a fine chamber.

The Picture Gallery is always open to the public, and contains a fine collection of the works of French artists of the present century.

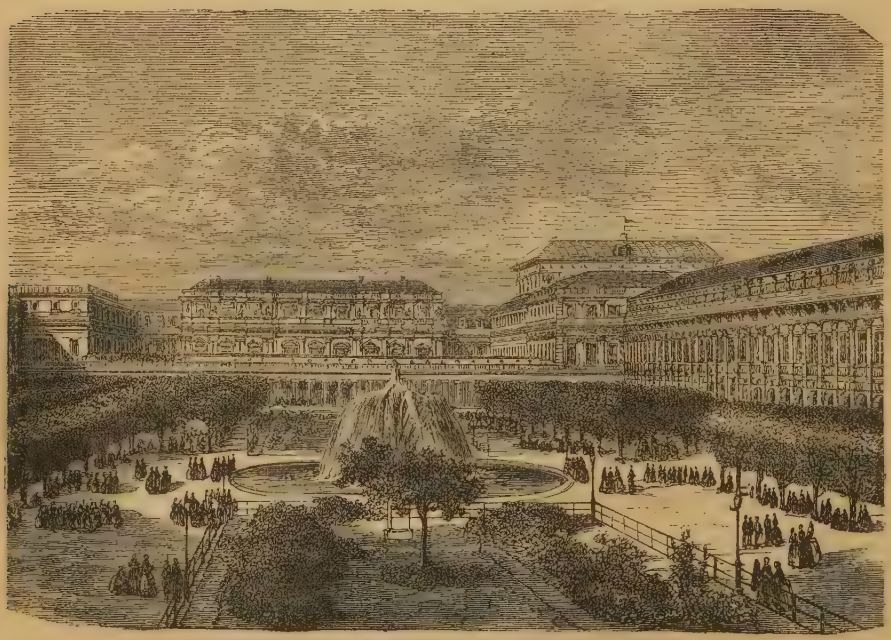
The gardens are very beautiful, and are among the most popular in the city. They are ornamented with several fine fountains and a number of statues of the famous women of French history. In front of the southern façade of the Palace is a delightful flower garden, filled with a tasteful selection of plants and flowers, and ornamented with fountains and statuary. A grove of trees extends around the flower garden, and is separated from it by a stone balustrade reached by a flight of steps. Through the terrace thus formed a broad avenue extends from the Palace to the Observatory. The trees and shrubbery are fine, and are arranged with great taste.

The Palais Royal was another of the favorite resorts of General Grant while in Paris. It was built by Cardinal Richelieu, and left by him at his death to Louis XIII., upon the express condition that the Crown should never part with it. The Palace is situated in the Place du Palais Royal, and faces the Rue de Rivoli. The principal entrance is through a triple arched gateway, leading into a large court. The buildings on each side of this court advance to the street, and are on a line with the gateway. The building at the bottom of the court is ornamented with Ionic columns supporting a semicircular pediment, in the centre of which is a handsome clock supported by two figures. The entire front is elaborately decorated, and presents a showy appearance from the street. The interior of the Palace does not

correspond with its exterior. It contains some fine halls, nevertheless, and the grand stairway is famous as a work of art. This portion of the Palace is not open to visitors.

The court-yard behind the Palace is surrounded by shops, and is separated from the gardens beyond by a magnificent glass gallery, called the Gallerie d'Orléans. It is the most magnificent of all the covered streets or passages of Paris, and is lined with handsome shops.

Beyond this gallery are the gardens of the Palace, surrounded



GARDENS OF THE PALAIS ROYAL, PARIS.

on all sides by magnificent arcades. The grounds are 230 yards long by 100 yards wide, and are ornamented with shrubbery, statuary, and fountains. They constitute one of the favorite places of resort for the Parisians, and are daily filled, from six to eleven o'clock, with thousands in search of pleasure. In mild weather there is music by a military band, which performs here for an hour or two before sunset, and until near midnight the crowds linger in the gardens enjoying the delicacies of the Café de la Rotonde.

The galleries surrounding the grounds afford one of the most brilliant and interesting sights of the city. They are lined with cafés, and scores of small shops, devoted to the sale of jewelry, both real and imitation, fancy goods of all kinds, cutlery, military goods, books, curiosities, etc., etc. The display in the windows of these establishments is brilliant beyond description. The whole square constitutes a vast bazaar cut up into a hundred or more booths of various sizes. Jewels of every kind, from the gleaming diamond to the more humble stones, flash in the windows and dazzle your eyes with their brilliancy. Watches of all sizes, shapes, and qualities, vie with the precious stones.

A stranger, seeing these galleries for the first time, wonders how it is possible for so many persons of the same trade to earn their living here. Half a dozen jewelers will display their wares side by side, and all will do well, for the shops of the Palais Royal are amongst the most profitable in the city. Thousands of people come here every night, attracted by the beauty and brilliancy of the scene, and thousands of francs change hands before the evening is over.

The gardens and galleries, however, do not constitute the only attractions of the place. The floor above the shops is taken up with numerous restaurants, some of which are among the most famous in Paris. They are crowded morning and evening with persons in quest of their meals. These establishments having been already described, I pass them by.

The Théâtre Français and the Théâtre du Palais Royal are situated within the limits of the palace, and furnish another source of interest and amusement.

General Grant also made frequent visits to the Bourse, and was much interested in watching the proceedings there.

The great money and stock Exchange of the City is the Bourse, situated in the centre of the Place de la Bourse. It is an imposing edifice, a parallelogram in shape, surrounded by a colonnade of sixty-six Corinthian pillars, and is the best specimen of classical architecture in Paris. It is two hundred and twelve feet long, one hundred and twenty-six broad, and fifty-seven high.

When the ancient Parloir de Bourgeois went down, there was

no meeting-place in the city for merchants, and the result was that business in stocks and money was transacted entirely at the offices of the brokers, which were located principally in the Rue Quincampoix. The want of a central exchange was sorely felt, and a place of meeting was organized in the Hôtel Mazarin, famous as the residence of Law, the great speculator. During the Revolution the exchange was removed to the Church of the Petits Pères; but when Napoleon became Emperor he determined to provide the city with a Bourse worthy of the business of Paris. Accordingly he had the old Convent of the Filles de Saint Thomas demolished, and the present Exchange begun. The foundations were laid in 1808, but the edifice was not completed until 1826. The exterior is very fine. A broad flight of steps at each end leads to the entrance doors, and the four corners of the building are ornamented with statues of Commerce, Commercial Law, Industry, and Agriculture. The Courts of Commerce formerly sat in this building, but have been removed recently to the splendid edifice opposite the Palace of Justice.

The interior contains a number of offices, and an immense hall for the transaction of business. The latter is handsomely decorated, and contains some fine frescoes. In the centre is a circular space enclosed with an iron railing. It is called La Corbeille, and around it the brokers collect to exchange bargains. At the east end of the hall is another railed space, called the Parquet. It is devoted exclusively to the stock-brokers (Agents de Change). These are sixty in number, and are appointed by the Government. The hall is surrounded by a wide gallery, from which spectators, upon the payment of a fee, may look down upon the transactions below, and truly it is a sight worth witnessing.

Business opens at one o'clock P. M., and the huge hall is filled with a noisy, excited crowd, all buying and selling stocks of various kinds. How they yell, and scream, and gesticulate! With what feverish eagerness or nervous dread do they listen to the various quotations! The slightest rise may make this man's fortune, or the slightest depreciation may ruin his neighbor. You see here much the same sights that are witnessed in Wall Street; the same frenzy, the same recklessness, the same

haste to be rich without labor, and at once; the same instantaneous accumulation of riches, and the same sudden and overwhelming disaster and ruin. Shut your ears and look down into the frenzied pit from your lofty gallery, and you may well imagine yourself in the Gold Room in New York, in so far as the men themselves are concerned. The sale of stocks is over at three o'clock, but other commercial transactions are carried on until five.

Naturally General Grant made a visit to the Hotel des Invalides, where rest the ashes of the great Napoleon. This massive edifice stands on the south bank of the Seine, just opposite the Champs Elysées, and was founded by Louis XIV. in 1670. It is an asylum for veteran soldiers who have become disabled by wounds or sickness in the service of the country. Between it and the river is an esplanade planted with trees.

Between the court in front of the building and the Esplanade, is a dry ditch, and just behind this is the "Triumphal Battery," composed of eighteen guns, fourteen of which were captured during the wars of the First Empire, two at Sebastopol, and two at Algiers. These guns stand in demi-batteries, one on each side of the grand gateway. To the right and left of them are twenty other pieces captured in Algeria, China, Cochin China, and Egypt.

Back of the court is a garden, which the old pensioners are allowed to cultivate, and at the end of it extends the principal façade. It is four stories high, two hundred and twenty-five yards long, is pierced with one hundred and thirty-three windows, and is richly ornamented with trophies and statues. The entrance is in the form of a triumphal arch, the tympanum of which is ornamented with a bass-relief representing Louis XIV., on horseback, attended by Justice and Prudence. The east and west ends are ornamented with handsome pavilions, and the whole front has an appearance of massive grandeur, in full harmony with the faded, time-worn hue that is overspreading the entire pile. The Governor, usually a Marshal of France, and the lieutenant-governor reside in this portion of the establishment.

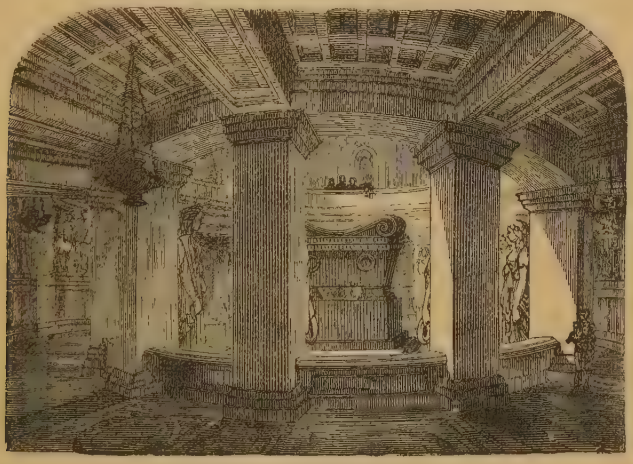
The buildings and grounds cover an area of sixteen acres, and include about eighteen different courts, and afford accommodations for about five thousand veterans. The courts of the main building are five in number. The principal one is the "Court of Honor," three hundred and fifteen feet long by one hundred and ninety-two feet broad. It lies just back of the main entrance, and is surrounded by a long corridor, the walls of which are decorated with paintings illustrating the military history of France from the earliest times.

The hospital is capable of accommodating five thousand inmates, but at present is occupied by about three thousand. The inmates wear a blue uniform with white metal buttons, and silver lace trimmings, and a cocked hat. Each one receives an annual allowance of money, besides his clothing, food, and quarters. The sum varies according to the rank of the recipient. The privates receive twenty-four francs per annum, and the Governor 40,000 francs. Twenty-six Sisters of Charity and two hundred and sixty servants attend upon the veterans.

You pass out through the great gates, and follow the street wall around to the Place Vauban, in order to enter that portion of the church of the hospital surmounted by the dome, which contains the tomb of Napoleon I. The portal is very rich, and is ornamented with statues and Doric and Corinthian columns. Above the roof rises the noble dome built by Mansard at the close of the seventeenth century. He took nearly thirty years to build it, and it is one of his finest works. It is covered with lead and is richly gilded and sculptured. From any elevated point of the city you can see the sunlight shining on it, but the effect, while good in itself, is not in keeping with the venerable appearance of the rest of the building. From the summit of the cross to the ground it is three hundred and twenty-three feet.

The interior of the church is very beautiful. The magnificent high altar at the end facing the entrance is surmounted by a canopy supported by four black marble columns, each twenty-two feet high, and consisting of an entire block. The capitals are gilded, but the light which falls on them from the painted windows is so arranged as to give them the appearance of mother-

of-pearl. The cupola is finely painted, and rises majestically above the crypt. The sides of the church are occupied by eight fine chapels. The old chapel of Saint Thérese contains the tomb of Turenne, and the chapel of the Virgin the tomb of Vauban. They lie immediately opposite each other. In the chapel of Saint Jerome are the remains of Jerome Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon, and in another those of Joseph, the ex-King of Spain, and eldest brother of Napoleon. The Emperor's remains were deposited in the chapel of Saint Jerome upon their arrival from Saint Helena, and remained there until the completion of their present resting-place.



TOMB OF NAPOLEON I.

In the centre of the church and immediately under the great dome, is the mausoleum of Napoleon I. It consists of a circular crypt open above, and surrounded by a marble balustrade, over which you can look down into the tomb. The crypt is nineteen feet deep, and in the centre is the sarcophagus of the Emperor, a massive solid block of polished red sandstone from Lake Onega, in Finland, weighing about thirteen tons. Twelve colossal statues of victory support the balustrade. The pavement is in mosaic with festoons of flowers and the names of Napoleon's greatest victories. At one end of the crypt is a niche of black marble, in which stands a fine statue of Napoleon in his Imperial

robes. A lamp, always burning, hangs before it, and beneath the lamp is an antique altar on which are placed the three keys of the coffins in which the body was laid at Saint Helena, the sword used by the Emperor at Austerlitz, the hat he wore at Eylau, and the gold crown presented to him by the city of Cherbourg. On each side of the vault are the standards taken by him in battle. The tomb is very handsome, but not as imposing as it should have been.

Two winding stairways under the high altar of the church lead to the vault below. The entrance to the Emperor's tomb is closed by two magnificent bronze gates, and on either side of the entrance are the tombs of Marshals Duroc and Bertrand, Napoleon's most devoted friends in life, and the guardians of his rest in death. Over the portal of the entrance is an inscription taken from the Emperor's last will, "I wish my ashes to repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of that French people whom I have loved so well."

Visitors are not allowed to enter the vault, but must pause at the closed gates. No rude footsteps are heard around the ashes of the great Conqueror, and even in the church above the crowd is silent and subdued, for this is holy ground to every Frenchman.

On the 25th of October, the day following his arrival, General Grant made a formal visit to Marshal MacMahon, the President of the French Republic, and was cordially received by him. He was accompanied by Mrs. Grant. Madame MacMahon acted as interpreter upon this occasion. The Marshal said he was much gratified to make the acquaintance of so illustrious a soldier. He offered to open all the French military establishments to his inspection, and to furnish him means of knowing everything he desired concerning French military affairs. General Grant accepted the offer with thanks.

The official residence of the President of the French Republic is the Palace of the Elysée National. It stands in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, and its gardens extend back to the Avenue Gabriel, just opposite the Champs Elysées.

On the Faubourg Saint Honoré side, the façade consists of a handsome gallery, with a gateway in the form of a triumphal

PRESIDENT MACMAHON.

arch. The gallery is composed of one story and an attic, over which there is a terrace crowned by a light stone balustrade. At each end of the gallery, which encloses the court-yard, are entrance gates supported by handsome Corinthian pillars and ornamented with trophies of flags and arms. The palace is a light, tasteful building, situated at the bottom of the Court and opening on the gardens at the back. It is finished magnificently in its internal arrangements. The gardens are moderately large and are laid off in the English style, with winding alleys and beautiful lawns.

The Elysée was built in 1718, by Molet, the architect, for the Count d'Evreux. It afterwards passed into the hands of Madame Pompadour, who enlarged and beautified it, and inhabited it until her death. She left it to her brother, the Marquis de Marigny, who sold it to Louis XV., by whom it was converted into a residence for Ambassadors Extraordinary from other countries. It was next purchased by M. Beaujon, the famous financier, who made it one of the most splendid hotels in Paris. He spent many millions upon it, paying especial attention to the gardens. The First Republic made it a place for holding State balls and receptions, but under the Consulate and Empire it was repaired and improved, and occupied by Napoleon and his family. Murat lived here for a while, just previous to his departure for Naples. During the latter part of Napoleon's reign it was his favorite residence. He repaired to it after his return to Paris from Waterloo, and signed his abdication here. The room in which this act was performed, and the chamber in which he passed his last night in Paris, are preserved with religious care. The Duke of Wellington, and the Emperor, Alexander I., of Russia, occupied the palace during the time the city was held by the allied forces. At the restoration, Louis XVIII. gave it to the Duc de Berri, but after his assassination, in 1820, his widow abandoned the palace, and in 1830 it reverted to the State. It was occupied during the first portion of the Revolution of 1848 by one of the numerous "Commissions" of the Government, and on the 20th of December, in the same year, Prince Louis Bonaparte, the President of the Republic, took up his residence in it, and occupied it until he

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE, VISITED BY GENERAL GRANT.

went to the Tuileries, in 1852. It was here that he planned and carried out the Coup d'Etat which made him Master and finally Emperor of France. It was in this palace that Marshal MacMahon received General Grant. The General subsequently met the Marshal several times, and conceived a warm admiration for him, doing full justice to his straightforwardness, his singleness of purpose, and his unswerving desire to serve his country.

On the 29th of October, General Noyes, the American Minister to France, held a reception in honor of General Grant at his residence in the Avenue Josephine. It was a very brilliant and successful affair. Among the distinguished guests present were Ministers Decazes, De Broglie, De Fourtou, Berthaut, Caillaux and Brunet, the Marquis d'Abzac, First Aid-de-Camp of President MacMahon; M. Mollard, and the Prefects of the Seine and Police, the Duchess Decazes, Mesdames Berthaut, Voisin, Grant and Noyes, and Misses Lincoln and Stevens.

The reception, which followed the banquet, was attended by President MacMahon, who wore the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor. The Marshal remained an hour. A large number of Americans, the entire Diplomatic Corps, and the *élite* of French society were present at the reception. The rooms were beautifully decorated and the building was illuminated.

On the 31st General Grant visited the Palais d'Industrie and the works where the Statue of Liberty for New York harbor is being constructed. The sculptor, M. Bartholdi, presented him with a miniature model of the statue. General Grant several times expressed his satisfaction with the work.

In the evening the General attended the Opera, where he was well received by the audience, and treated with great ceremony by the officials.

During his stay in Paris General Grant several times met M. Gambetta, the great Republican leader, and was much impressed with his character and abilities.

On the 1st of November Marshal MacMahon entertained General Grant at a State dinner at the Elysée. It was attended by the entire Cabinet, the American Minister, and a brilliant company of distinguished Frenchmen, and a number of ladies, in

cluding Mrs. Grant and Madame MacMahon. The dinner lasted from 7.30 to 9 o'clock P. M., when the guests returned to the drawing-room. The Marshal and General Grant withdrew to the smoking-room, where they had a long conversation, Mr. Vignaud, Secretary of the Legation of the United States, acting as interpreter. The Marshal invited General Grant and his family to come to breakfast without ceremony at Versailles, and to be present at some of the sessions of the Senate and Chamber, placing the Presidential tribune at their disposal.

On the 6th of November a dinner was given to General Grant at the Grand Hotel by three hundred American residents of Paris.

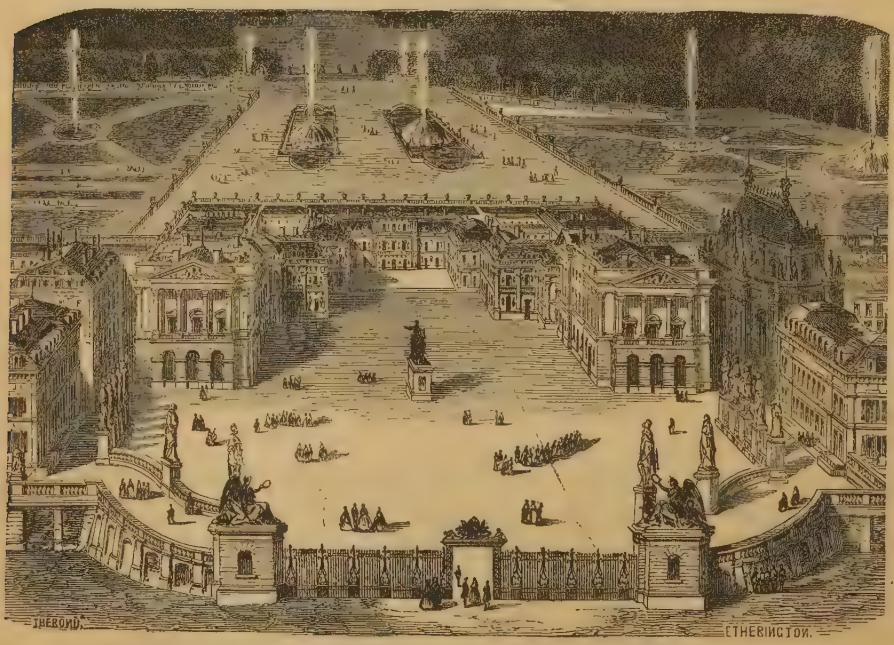
A few days after the dinner at the Grand Hotel, General Torbert entertained General Grant at his apartments; and on the 20th of November, Mrs. Mackey, of California, gave a superb reception to him at her residence near the Arch of Triumph.

It would not be possible to relate here all the civilities extended to General Grant during his stay in Paris. Only a few can be mentioned here. The Marquis Talleyrand-Perigord, a descendant of the great French statesman, gave a dinner to the General, at which over one hundred distinguished persons were present. At a dinner given by M. Laugal, General Grant met the Count of Paris.

One of the favorite resorts of General Grant was the office of the *New York Herald*, in the Avenue de l'Opera. "This office," says Mr. Young, "is among the shrines of the American abroad. He can hear all the news. He can write his name on the register and know it will be cabled next morning to New York, and his presence in Paris spread to an envious or admiring world at home. He can read all about home, for here is the best reading-room in Europe. Whether he comes from Pennsylvania or Oregon, Maine or Texas, he will find his home paper, and read all about the church and the county fair, the latest murder, or the pending canvass—deaths and marriages. Perchance he will find some wandering brother, and there will ensue comforting chat about America, and how much cheaper it is than Paris, and what scoundrels these Frenchmen are, especially in the matter of candles. If he has any news to bestow, Mr. Ryan, who is in

charge of the office, and is one of the oldest and most distinguished members of *The Herald* staff, will listen with an eager and discerning ear."

General Grant made frequent visits to places of interest in the vicinity of Paris. The principal of these is Versailles, not only because it is at present the seat of the Government of France, but because it was so long the residence of the French sovereigns, and played so important a part in the history of the country.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PALACE AND PARK OF VERSAILLES.

Versailles itself is a dull place of about 45,000 inhabitants. During the residence of the Court at the Palace it attained its present proportions and magnificence, but since royalty deserted the old Chateau it has been neglected.

The Palace and Park, which are the chief attractions, are some distance from the railway station. As you alight from your cab in the great square upon which the Palace fronts, the old pile is before you in all its beauty. An immense court-yard enclosed

by an iron fence faces you. The gateway is ornamented with sculptures, and in the court-yard is a row of statues representing sixteen of the most famous heroes of France, and back of these is an equestrian statue of Louis XIV. The pavilions which flank this court on the right and left were built by Louis XIV. for his ministers. Just in front of them, without the gates, and across the Place d'Armes, are the old Royal stables, which once held a thousand horses, and now form an artillery barracks.

The Palace stands at the bottom of the "Court of Statues," and is an immense range of buildings of brick and light-colored stone. It consists of a central building (the oldest part of the Palace) and two immense wings. The central edifice is built around three sides of a court paved with marble. The old palace, erected by Louis XIII., is of red brick. When Louis XIV. enlarged the Château he ordered Mansard, the architect, to preserve the old building, and the latter made it the centre of the present pile, and ornamented the front with marble busts supported by brackets. This portion of the Château was always occupied by the Royal family, and the marble court was the scene of many historical events and interesting ceremonies. The three windows in the centre, on the first floor, belong to the bed-chamber of Louis XIV. In front is a pretty balcony, from which the death of the King was announced by the Master of the Household. This official appeared here, in the presence of the crowd assembled in the court below, and, breaking his staff, proclaimed, "*Le Roi est mort.*" Then taking up a fresh staff, he added, "*Vive le Roi.*" The clock which ornaments the centre of the building was then set at the hour of the King's death, and the hands remained in this position until the death of his successor required them to be changed. The last time this ceremony was observed was at the death of Louis XVIII., in 1824; since then a King has never died in France. On the ground floor, just below the bed-chamber, is a window at which the valet of the *Grand Monarque* announced the hour at which the King intended to rise, and it was from the balcony above that Marie Antoinette, calm, brave, and almost atoning for her faults by that single act of heroism, faced the angry crowd below on that dread October

day. Can you imagine it, as you stand here, in this old, peaceful spot?—that pale, white-haired woman exposing herself to the fierce, hungry crowd that filled this court and who ignorantly hated her as the cause of their misfortunes! Look down at the marble flags! They seem almost to have kept the prints of those furious footsteps, so worn and battered are they.

But immense as the building appears from the front, you can form no conception of its size until you pass around to the gardens, and view it from the splendid western terrace. There you begin to realize its immense proportions, and you do not wonder that it should be the object of such pride and admiration on the part of the French people, for, aside from its historical memories, it is beyond all question the grandest and most imposing of all the palaces of France, having a rival only in the united Louvre and Tuileries. The western façade is eighteen hundred feet in length, and the other parts of the building are admirably proportioned to this immense distance. I have been unable to ascertain the exact area covered by the Palace, but the reader may form some idea of it from the fact that merely to walk at a leisurely pace through that portion open to the public, will consume over two hours and a half.

Of the splendors of this pile I cannot hope to present a proper description. It was not occupied after the removal of Louis XVI. to Paris until the reign of Louis Philippe. It was in great need of repairs, and the "Citizen King" restored it and converted it into a Museum of "all the glories of France." This required an outlay of four millions and a half of dollars, but the result has amply repaid the nation for the expenditure.

The Palace at present consists of a museum, and the old dwelling of the kings of France. The Royal and State apartments have been left undisturbed, or rather have been restored to their original condition, but the wings have been filled with over four thousand paintings and one thousand pieces of sculpture.

You enter by a side door in the Cour Royale, and find yourself in a large vestibule, opening on one side into a range of rooms lined with pictures of all sizes, illustrating the history of

France from the reign of Clovis to that of Louis XVI. This is the ground floor of the north wing. A door on the opposite side of the vestibule opens into the chapel, but you are not allowed to enter it, and must pass on by the prescribed route through the picture gallery. The pictures illustrating the same reign are gathered, as far as practicable, in one room, which is also adorned with portraits of the King and Queen, and other distinguished personages of the time. The pictures are all by modern artists, and are very fine. They occupy the entire suite of rooms on this floor, many of the rooms of the centre building and a large part of the south wing. The remainder of the ground-floor rooms is devoted to statuary, of which a very large and interesting collection has been formed.

It would be impossible to attempt to describe the vast collection of paintings contained in the palace. The pictures occupy the apartments just named, and the principal rooms of the two upper floors, with the exception of the State apartments. I can only say there are miles of them, and that they represent every period of the history of France. The collections of the first and second Empires are very full and interesting, but it is hard to select from amongst so much excellence. You will not grow weary of any portion of the Museum, for there is scarcely a painting but illustrates some subject which thrills you with admiration, or rouses your tenderest feelings.

The pictures themselves are not the only attractions. Many of the rooms were the apartments of persons famous in history, and are also models of architecture and ornamentation. The "gallery of battles," on the first floor of the south wing, is one of the most beautiful halls in the building.

After the museums, the most interesting portions of the Palace are the chapel, theatre, State apartments, and private apartments of the king and queen. The chapel was built by Louis XIV., and is Mansard's masterpiece as well as his last work. It is 105 feet long and seventy-nine feet high. You are permitted to inspect it from the gallery, which is the best point of view. It is a beautiful hall, and, as it fortunately escaped injury during the many revolutions through which it has passed, remains nearly as

Mansard left it. The king's seat was in the north gallery, and he rarely went into the lower part of the church except to receive the sacrament.

The Theatre, at the opposite end of the north wing, is a handsome hall, capable of holding about fifteen hundred persons. It was begun in 1753, to please Madame de Pompadour, who was very fond of dramatic entertainments, but she died before its completion. It was inaugurated on the 16th of May, 1770, on the occasion of the marriage of the Dauphin (Louis XVI.) with the Archduchess of Austria. After this it was frequently used for operatic and theatrical performances. On the 1st of October, 1789, it was the scene of the memorable banquet which was the signal of the downfall of royalty. Since the close of the war with Germany the theatre has been used for the sessions of the National Assembly.

From the upper vestibule of the chapel you pass into the magnificent State apartments of the old Palace. They are very numerous, and communicate with the private apartments of the king and queen. They are among the most gorgeous halls in the world, and are full of memories of the Grand Monarque, from whose reign they date. The "Grand Gallery of Louis XIV." is perhaps the most beautiful saloon in Europe. It is 239 feet long, thirty-three feet wide, and twenty-nine feet high, and is resplendent in gildings, carvings and frescoes. It was the great ball-room of the Palace. The Saloon of Mercury opened into the king's bed-chamber, and after the death of Louis XIV. his body was laid in state here for eight days. The royal apartments are as he left them.

The first of the royal apartments is entered from the Grand Gallery. This is the Council Chamber, or, as it is often called, the Cabinet of the King. It was divided into two rooms during its occupancy by Louis XIV. One of these rooms was for the private use of the king, who retired into it frequently for the purpose of changing his wig. Here he presided over the council of his ministers, the king sitting at the table covered with green velvet, which now stands in the centre of the room. Louis XV. often admitted his mistresses to these deliberations,

and here, on one occasion, Madame Dubarry, sitting on the arm of his Majesty's chair, seized a packet of unopened letters from the table and threw them into the fire. It was in this room also that Louis XVI. received M. de Brézé, who came to inform his Majesty that the Deputies of the States General had sworn a solemn oath never to separate until the Constitution was firmly established.

You pass from the Council Room to the Petits Apartements du Roi, or the Private Apartments of the King. These were the rooms in which his every-day life was spent. One of these, used as a billiard-room by Louis XIV., was afterwards the bed-chamber of Louis XV., who died here of malignant small pox. Next to this was the ordinary sitting-room of the king. Another, in which you will notice a glass screen, was the Confessional, in which the king confessed. Behind this screen, with a drawn sword in his hand, stood the Captain of the Guard, whose duty was never to lose sight of the king. This screen was erected during the reign of Louis XVI. In this suite are the king's private cabinet and his library. The rooms are handsome, but simple and tasteful.

Returning to the Council Room, you pass from it into the bed-chamber of Louis XIV. Louis died here, on the bed that stands here under the magnificent hangings you see against the wall. Here his Majesty used to go to bed every night and rise every morning in the presence of the whole court. The room is beautifully frescoed, and magnificently furnished. The windows look out upon the Marble Court, and it was from the balcony on which they open that Marie Antoinette faced the mob.

The bed-chamber opens into the Salle de l'Œil-de-Bœuf, so called from the oval or bull's-eye window at one end, and the oval mirror at the other. This was the famous ante-room in which the courtiers in attendance on Louis XIV. waited. It was the scene of many a scandalous intrigue, and of some of the most interesting events of that reign. It is a beautiful apartment, and opens upon the Salle des Gardes du Corps (Hall of the Body-Guard), formerly occupied by the body-guard of the king. The latter is a plain room, but much too handsome for a "guard-

room." Communicating with it is the Ante-Chamber du Roi, where Louis XIV. dined in state.

A special order is necessary to visit the Private Apartments of Marie Antoinette, which communicate with the ante-chamber of the king, and which are also connected with the Salle de l'Œil-de-Bœuf by a private corridor. They are very pretty, and remain very much as the unfortunate queen left them. They are two in number, and the windows look out into a small court. They were occupied first by Marie Thérèse, and afterwards by the Duchess of Burgundy, Marie Leczinska, and Marie Antoinette. The other rooms generally included in the Petits Apartements were occupied by Madame de Maintenon, and it was here, in her society, that Louis XIV. passed the greater part of the close of his life. He always wound up his day as follows: At a certain hour Madame de Maintenon had her supper, after which she was undressed and put to bed in the presence of the king and his ministers. Louis then retired and sought his own supper.

The State apartments of the queen are shown to the public. The first is the Queen's bed-room, which adjoins the splendid Salle de Paix. It is a handsome apartment, and contains many souvenirs of its last queen. Marie Thérèse and Marie Leczinska died in this room, and Philip V. of Spain and Louis XV. of France were born in it. It was in this chamber that Marie Antoinette was sleeping when the mob attacked the palace before daybreak, on the 6th of October, 1789. She sprang from her bed in alarm, and fled by a private corridor into the Salle de l'Œil-de-Bœuf, from which she passed into the Council Chamber and joined the king.

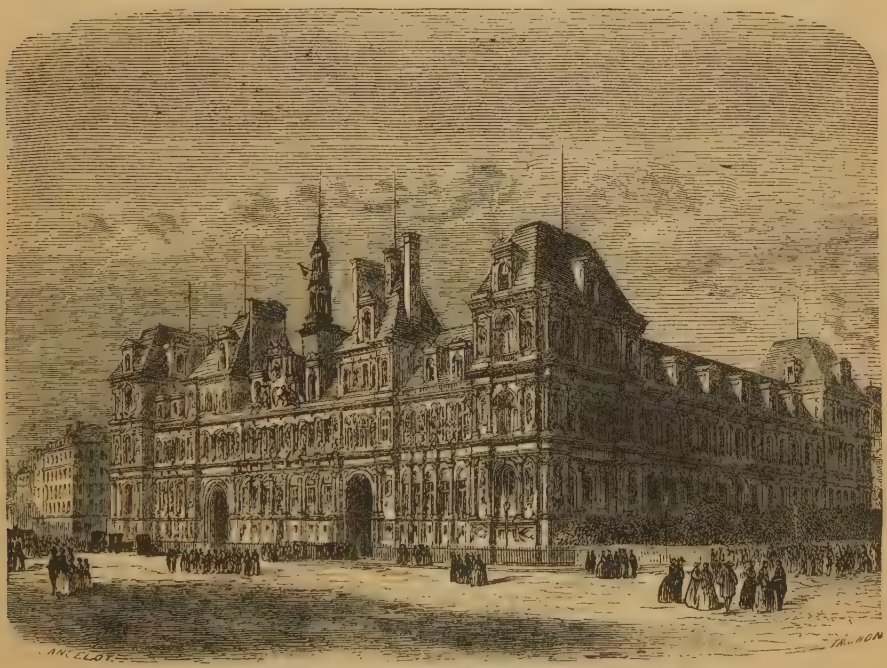
The next room is the Queen's Saloon, where her Majesty held her receptions on State occasions. It was the scene of many a brilliant gathering in the old days of the palace. It opens into the Queen's Ante-Chamber, a handsome hall in which the Royal family dined on extraordinary occasions.

The next room is the Salle des Gardes, and was occupied by the Queen's body-guard. When the crowd broke into the palace, on the morning of the 6th of October, 1789, they made their first attack here. This is the last of the State

apartments, and from it you pass into the picture galleries of the south wing.

The Park of Versailles lies back of the Palace, and is magnificently laid off and ornamented with statuary and fountains. The grounds are very extensive, are kept with great care, and constitute one of the most beautiful parks in the world.

The autumn days passed pleasantly away, and December came. The pleasantest season for visiting the Mediterranean and Egypt



HOTEL DE VILLE (CITY HALL)—PARIS.

had now arrived, and General Grant determined to avail himself of it. Accordingly he left Paris with his party in the early part of December, and travelled leisurely to the south of France.

A brief visit was made to Lyons, the principal city of southern France, and its principal objects of interest were examined. Lyons is the second city in the Republic. It is the chief seat of the silk trade, and the focus where the commerce of the north and south converges. It contains a population of 325,954 inhabitants, and is a fortress of the first class.

Lyons stands on both banks of the Saône and Rhône, but the largest part occupies the tongue of land between these two rivers, extending from the heights covered by the populous suburb of La Croix Rousse, the residence of the silk-weavers, down nearly to the confluence of the rivers, towards which the quarter of Perrache has pushed forward buildings. On the left bank of the Rhône are the suburbs of Les Brotteaux, now the handsomest part of Lyons, and of La Guillotière, where a new town has rapidly risen;—on the right bank of the Saône, the suburbs of Vaise, through which we enter Lyons from Paris; of Fourvières, mounting up the face of a slope so abrupt as scarcely to be accessible for wheeled vehicles; of St. Irénée behind it; and of St. George, lower down, near the water-side. These topographical details will be best understood when the traveller has scaled the Heights of Fourvières, which he should do the first thing after his arrival, on account of the view commanded from it. To reach it the road passes between the Palais de Justice and the cathedral, ascending the steep and narrow streets above the latter.

Higher up is the huge straggling hospital of l'Antiquaille, occupying the site of the Roman palace in which Claudius and Caligula were born, now assigned to the reception of 600 patients, afflicted with madness and all sorts of incurable diseases, to the care of whom Frères Hospitaliers and Sœurs de la Charité devote their lives. Higher up are narrow lanes, and steep stone steps, partly in front of shops in which rosaries, medals, devotional engravings, candles, and wax models of different parts of the body for suspension in the church, are displayed before the eyes of penitents and pilgrims: we reach the Church of Notre Dame de Fourvières, whose lofty dome is crowned by a colossal gilt statue of the Virgin: it is only remarkable for the quantity of ex-votos, paintings, etc., to the number of 4,000, with which its walls are covered, offered to the altar of the miracle-working figure of our Lady of Fourvières, whose intercession is stated, by an inscription over the entrance, to have preserved Lyons from the cholera. From the dome of the church, 360 feet above the Saône, a magnificent view may be

obtained. The city of Lyons appears unrolled as a map beneath one's feet, including the two noble rivers visible to their junction, the Saône crossed by twelve bridges, the Rhône by nine. Beyond it stretch fields, plains, and hills, dotted over with country houses, and the distance is closed (in clear weather) by the snowy Alps, including the Mont Blanc, nearly 100 miles off, this being one of the farthest points from which it is visible. More to the south, the Alps of Dauphiné, the mountains of the Grande Cartreuse, and the Mont Pilas appear. The Church of Notre Dame is seated on the very summit of the hill, and is said to occupy the site, and retain the name, of the Roman Forum Vetus, erected by Trajan. Numerous but inconsiderable Roman remains have been brought to light on the hill, and some arches of an Aqueduct, partly included in the Fort of St. Irénée. In the faubourg St. Irénée, behind Fourvières, is the Church of St. Irénée, an uninteresting modern building, erected on the grave of that saint and martyr, and upon subterranean vaults, in which, it is said, the early Christians met for prayer, and were afterwards massacred, in the reign of Septimius Severus, A. D. 202. In the midst of this crypt, an ancient Romanesque building, resting on columns, is a sort of well, down which the bodies of the Christians were thrown, until it overflowed with the blood of the 19,000 martyrs, for such is the number reported to have fallen, according to the legend, and a recess is filled with their bones. The upper church was destroyed, and the crypt much injured, by the Calvinists, 1562; and the whole has been sadly modernized, much to the disparagement of historic associations.

The Cathedral, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, on the right bank of the Saône, has four towers. The building dates from the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries. It is mainly in the Gothic style, and is a handsome edifice.

The city contains many handsome edifices, and many objects of great historical interest.

Silk is the staple manufacture of Lyons; in the extent of it she surpasses every other town of Europe. The manufacture of silk was first established in Lyons in the year 1450. In variety of design, in taste, in elegance of pattern, and in certain colors, the

manufactures have a superiority over the English. "They can work twenty-five per cent. cheaper; but the hand-loom weavers of Lyons are nearly as ill off as those of Spitalfields." There are no huge factories here; the master, instead of having a certain number of workmen constantly employed in his own premises, merely buys the raw material, and gives it out to be manufactured by the weavers, dyers, etc., at their own houses, by themselves and their families. The patterns are produced by draughtsmen (generally a partner of the master manufacturer), and the laying or preparing of the pattern (mise en carte) is the province of another artiste. There are about 31,000 silk-looms in and about Lyons. The silk-weavers are, bodily and physically, an inferior race; half the young men of an age for military service are exempted, owing to weakness or deformity. Of late manufactories of cotton, hardware, etc., have been established in Lyons; it is also the centre of money transactions with Switzerland and Italy.

From Lyons General Grant and his party proceeded to Marseilles. Marseilles is the principal seaport of southern France, and is situated immediately upon the Gulf of Lyons. Its population numbers about 300,000 souls. It is a handsomely built city, and is regarded by many persons as next to Paris in magnificence. Its quays are superbly built, and its harbor is always filled with vessels from every nation of the globe, especially with those of the nations bordering the Mediterranean.

"Marseilles was founded by the Phœnicians six hundred years before Christ, and served as their refuge from the vengeance of Cyrus. It soon became the entrepôt of all the surrounding countries; founded many fine colonies; was long celebrated for the cultivation of letters and arts; preserved its liberty under the Romans, and often acted as an independent republic; but it has left but few traces of its ancient wealth and grandeur. These consist of a few fragments of sculpture, and a few Greek inscriptions. The harbor is the most commodious in France, and capable of containing 1,200 vessels. Its entrance, which admits only one vessel at a time, is defended by two hills, surmounted by the forts St. Jean and St. Nicolas, and the road is defended by the fortified islands Château d'If, Pomègue, and Ratoneau. The

number of vessels that arrive and depart from Marseilles in the course of the year is over 25,000. The connection of Algiers to France has given a very great impetus to the prosperity of Marseilles, as it monopolizes nearly the whole of the trade of that colony. Marseilles suffered severely from the ravages of the plague in 1720. Over one-half of the population of the town was swept away. The scourge lasted the whole summer. It was from here St. Louis sailed with an immense fleet of galleys —all of which Marseilles furnished—on the crusade. Marseilles has been the birthplace of several very celebrated persons, among whom are M. Thiers, historian and ex-Premier, son of a blacksmith, the astronomer Pytheas, the preacher Mascaron, and the sculptor Puget. It was united to the crown of France by Louis XI. in 1481. The public garden of Marseilles is very beautiful. A new Museum has been erected, containing a collection of about 150 paintings, among which a Perugino, Rubens, Andrea del Sarto, and one or two others are worthy of attention. New and beautiful buildings were erected on every side during the reign of the late Emperor, adding greatly to the attractions of the city. The principal churches are St. Victor and Notre Dame de la Garde.

"St. Victor is the oldest church in the city, the crypts having been constructed as early as the eleventh century. Its two battlemented towers, which give it somewhat the air of a fortress, were erected during the pontificate of Urban V., who was abbot of an adjoining monastery, and is believed to have been buried here.

"Notre Dame de la Garde is a fine Romanesque church, situated on the summit of a hill, to which it gives its name, and overlooking from its lofty position the town and harbor. Within the church is an image of the Virgin of great antiquity, which is held in the highest veneration, and to which innumerable pilgrimages are made by the sailors and fishermen of the Mediterranean. The walls and roof of the building are covered with votive offerings, among which are many models of ships and a number of ostrich eggs. Over the altar is a modern statue of the Virgin, four feet high, in silver.

"Steamers leave Marseilles daily or weekly to nearly every port on the Mediterranean."

From Marseilles, General Grant and his party went to Nice. This delightful city was transferred to France by the king of Sardinia, after the close of the Italian War of 1859, as a part of the price paid for the assistance of Napoleon III. in that struggle. It occupies a beautiful situation directly upon the Mediterranean, and is protected from the north winds by a spur of the Alps which rises up behind it like an amphitheatre. It is consequently much sought by invalids.

"The city of Nice is divided into three quarters, viz.: the Old Town, the Harbor, and the Quartier de la Croix. This last, in which are situated the principal hotels and lodgings inhabited by foreigners, is so called from a marble cross erected in 1538 to commemorate the visit of Paul III., Pope of Rome, who came to reconcile Francis I. of France with the Emperor Charles V. of Germany. Immediately opposite this stands a monument to commemorate the visits of Pope Pius VII. in 1809 and 1814. Here are situated the Public Garden and the Promenade Anglais, a very beautiful promenade facing the sea, where for three hours every afternoon may be seen all the fashions of the world, from the Empress of all the Russias downward."

After a brief rest at Nice, the General and his party proceeded to Villefranche, the old Villafranca. This beautiful town has about 3,500 inhabitants, and lies at the head of a lovely bay, about two miles long and a mile and a half broad, offering an anchorage for vessels of the largest size. It is a favorite resort of naval vessels. Here the General found the United States war steamer "Vandalia," which had been ordered by the American Government to convey him and his party to Egypt and such other places on the Mediterranean as he should desire to visit. He received a hearty welcome from the officers of the ship, and at five o'clock on the afternoon of December 13th, 1877, he embarked on board the "Vandalia," accompanied by Mrs. Grant and Jesse, and Mr. John Russell Young. The vessel immediately weighed anchor and put to sea.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MEDITERRANEAN VOYAGE.

Arrival of the "Vandalia" at Naples—The City—Its Situation—The Neapolitans—Visit of the Authorities to General Grant—An Excursion to Mount Vesuvius—Italian Beggars—Eruptions of Mount Vesuvius—The Ascent of the Mountain—View of the Bay—The Crater—Return to the Ship—General Grant visits Pompeii—The Guide—Ancient Pompeii—Eruption of Vesuvius and Destruction of the City—Excavation of Pompeii—The Ruins—A Pompeiian Villa—Ancient Art—The Forum—The Theatres—The House of the Tragic Poet—An Official Reception at Naples—The "Vandalia" sails for Sicily—Arrival at Palermo—The City—A Christmas Dinner—General Grant's Aversion to Display—Departure from Palermo—The Straits of Messina—Mount Etna—Arrival at Malta—La Valetta—Visit of the Duke of Edinburgh—Hospitalities at Malta—Visits to the Governor and the Duke of Edinburgh—Departure from Malta—Life at Sea.

ON the 17th of December, 1877, the "Vandalia" cast anchor in the harbor of Naples. The weather was cold and raw, and Mr. B. Odell Duncan, the American Consul, who came on board to welcome the General, declared they had had no such weather for years. In spite of the unpleasant day, however, the General and his party landed, and made the tour of the city.

Naples is situated at the head of the bay of the same name, and faces Mount Vesuvius. It has a population of 500,000. The city appears to best advantage from the bay; once in its streets it does not seem so beautiful. It was founded in very ancient times by colonists from Greece, who named it Neapolis, or the New City. Long after it came under the Roman dominion it remained Greek in its language, manners, and customs. Under the Empire it was famed for its hot baths, its numerous and excellent theatres, its beautiful scenery and mild climate, and the luxury and effeminacy of its inhabitants.

"It is principally in respect to situation that this city surpasses most others. The streets are straight and paved with square blocks of lava laid in mortar, and said to resemble the old Roman

roads. Owing to the mildness of the climate, a great deal of business is carried on in the open streets, and while you are walking along you are accosted by numerous different traders. There is but little real magnificence in architecture; and though many of the buildings are on a very grand scale, they are generally overloaded with ornament. The houses resemble those of Paris, except that they are on a larger scale. The whole of the ground floor of these tenement buildings is occupied by storekeepers, while the upper portion is the dwelling of numerous families.

"The nobility are fond of great show and splendor. The females are proud, even when very poor. They never go out unless to ride, and bestow great pains and time upon their personal charms to fascinate the other sex. A correct idea of their moral habits and manners may be obtained from the tales of Boccaccio and La Fontaine. The principal promenade of the ladies is on their own roof, which is generally adorned with shrubs and flowers.

"Naples is not unprovided with fortifications, having on its northwest side the Castle of St. Elmo, Castello Nuovo, adjoining the royal palace, and the Castello dell' Ovo, on a rock which projects into the sea. Between the Palazzo Reale and the sea are situated the arsenal and the cannon-foundry. St. Elmo has extensive subterranean bomb-proof works. Naples has three ports: Porto Piccolo, the last remnant of the ancient port of Palacopolis, is now, however, only adapted for boats; the Porto Grande, formed by Charles II. of Anjou in 1302; Porto Militaire, a new harbor for ships of the royal navy commenced in 1826 by Francis I., and still in progress. A few modernized gates, together with the castles above mentioned, are all that remain of the mediæval fortifications.

"Naples has three hundred churches. Some of them are remarkable for their architecture and works of art. They contain a collection of tombs which surpass those to be found in any other city of Italy."

Upon returning to the "Vandalia," General Grant gave orders for an early start the next morning on a visit to Mount Vesuvius.

On the morning of the 18th, the military and civil authorities

NAPLES, SHOWING MOUNT VESUVIUS IN THE DISTANCE.

came on board the "Vandalia" to pay their respects to General Grant, and thus delayed the party an hour or two beyond the time appointed for starting. It was not until ten o'clock that a start was made. The party consisted of General and Mrs. Grant and their companions, and several officers of the "Vandalia." We quote the following account of the excursion from Mr. John Russell Young's letter to the *New York Herald:*

"It was ten before we were under way, the General and party in the advance, with our courier, whom we have called the Marquis, on the box, and Mrs. Grant's maid bringing up the rear. We drove all the way. You will understand our route when I remind you that the Bay of Naples is something like a horseshoe. On one side of the shoe is the city, on the other is Vesuvius. Therefore to reach the mountain we have to drive around the upper circle of the shoe. The shores of this bay are so populous that our route seemed to be one continuous town. We only knew that we were passing the city limits when the guard stopped our carriage to ask if there was anything on which we were anxious to pay duty. As there was nothing but a modest luncheon, we kept on, rattling through narrow, stony streets. Beggars kept us company, although from some cause or another there were not as many as we supposed. Perhaps it was the new government, which we are told is dealing severely with beggars; or more likely it was the weather, which is very cold and seems to have taken all ambition out of the people. Still we were not without attentions, and from streets and by-roads a woman or a man, or sometimes a blind man led by a boy, would start up and follow us with appeals for money. They were starving or their children were starving, and lest we might not understand their distress, they would pat their mouths or breasts to show how empty they were. For starving persons they showed great courage and endurance in following our carriage. The General had an assortment of coins, and, although warned in the most judicious manner against encouraging pauperism, he did encourage it, and with so much success that before he was halfway up the mountain he was a pauper himself to the extent of borrowing pennies from some of his companions to keep up the demands upon his generosity.

"What we observed in this long ride around the horseshoe was that Naples was a very dirty, a very happy, and a very picturesque town. We learned that the supply of rags was inexhaustible. I never knew what could be done with rags until I saw these lazzaroni. They seem to have grown rags, as a sheep grows his fleece, and yet there was no misery in their faces. Happy, dirty, idle, light-eyed, skipping, sunny—you looked in vain for those faces, those terrible faces of misery and woe, which one sees so often in London. I take it, therefore, that begging is an amusement, an industry, and not a necessity—that the Naples beggar goes out to his work like any other laborer. He is not driven to it by the gaunt wolves, hunger and disease. One scamp—a gray-bearded scamp, too—who followed us, was a baker, who made and sold loaves. He was standing at his counter trading when our carriage hove in sight. At once he threw down his loaves and started after us in full chase, moaning and showing his tongue and beating his breast, and telling us he was starving. Well, when he received his coin he went to his store, and I presume began to haggle over his bread. That coin was clear gain. He was not a beggar, but a speculator. He went into the street and made a little raise, just as brokers and merchants at home go into the 'street' and try an adventure in stocks. The Neapolitan speculator was a wiser man than his New York brother. He ran no risk. Even if he did not gain his coin the run did him good, and his zeal gave him the reputation of an active business man. I learned also on this trip to repress my appetite for macaroni. We saw macaroni in all forms and under all circumstances, dangling in the wind catching the dust. Give me a dish with the most suspicious antecedents rather than this macaroni from Naples.

"In the meantime our horses begin to moderate their pace and the streets to show an angle, and horsemen surround our carriage and tell us in a variety of tongues that they are guides, and, if we require it, will go to the summit. Women come to cabin doors, and hold up bottles of white wine—the wine called Lachrymæ Christi, by some horrible irreverence—and ask us to stop and drink. And already the houses begin to thin, and we

have fields around us and glimpses of the sea; and although the lazy volcano, with its puffs of smoke, looks as far distant as when we were on the deck of the 'Vandalia' miles away, we know that the ascent has begun, and that we are really climbing the sides of Vesuvius.

"While we are making this slow ascent let me recall some facts about Vesuvius, which are the results of recent reading—reading made with a view to this journey. In the times of fable these lava hills were said to have been the scene of a battle between the giants and the gods, in which Hercules took part. Here was the lake Avernus, whose exhalations were so fatal that the birds would not fly over its surface. Here, also, was the prison house of Typhon, although some critics assign him to Etna. But Etna, Vesuvius, and Stromboli are a trinity of volcanoes, evidently outlets to the one sea of fire, and any one would do for the prison house of a god. It was here that Ulysses came, as you will find in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*. Three centuries before the Christian era a great battle was fought at Vesuvius between the Romans and the Latins, the battle in which Decius lost his life. It was on Vesuvius that Spartacus encamped with his army of gladiators and bondsmen, in his magnificent but unavailing blow for freedom. Just now there are two cones or craters—one passive, the other active. We read in Dion Cassius of an eruption which does not speak of the present crater. The great eruptions are placed in the years 79, 203, 472, 512, 685, and 993. The eruption in 472 seems to have been the severest known since the shower of ashes that destroyed Pompeii. In the early eruptions there was nothing but ashes and stones. The first mention of lava was in 572. Sometimes the volcano has done nothing but smoke for a century or two. About three centuries ago a new peak, 440 feet in height, was formed in twenty-four hours, and there it is now before us as Monte Nuovo. There was no eruption, however, and the hill is as placid as one of your Orange hills in New Jersey. In the last century there was a good deal of movement, as we have, from the pen of Sir William Hamilton, the British Minister at Naples, accounts of eruptions in 1776, 1777, and 1779.

"There was another eruption in 1793, which Dr. Clarke described—volleys of immense stones. The doctor went as near the crater as possible, and was nearly suffocated by the fumes of sulphur. The lava poured down the sides in a slow, glowing, densely flowing stream. Thousands of stones were in the air. The clouds over the crater were as white as the purest snow. In a week the lava stopped, and columns of light red flame, beautiful to the view, illuminated the top. Millions of red-hot stones were thrown into the air, and after this came explosions and earthquakes, shocks louder than cannon, terrible thunder, with a 'noise like the trampling of horses' feet.' The next eruption was in 1822, when the crater fell, reducing the mountain's height about eight hundred feet. Since 1822 there have been several eruptions, the most important happening in 1861. Vesuvius is now a double mountain upon an extended base from thirty to forty miles in circumference, not more than one-third the base of Etna. Its height varies. In 1868 it was 4,255 feet; but since 1872 it has slightly diminished. Stromboli is 3,022 feet, but, although in constant motion, the stones nearly all fall back into the crater. Etna is 10,870 feet in height, but slopes so gradually and has so broad a base that it looks more like a tableland than a mountain. I did not see Stromboli, for although we sailed near it the mist and rain hid it from view. I have seen Etna, however, and think it far less imposing and picturesque than Vesuvius.

"In the meantime we are going up steadily. The horses go slower and slower. Some of us get out and help them by walking part of the way and taking short cuts. The few houses that we see on the roadside have evidently been built with a view to eruptions, for the roofs are made of heavy stone and cement. General Grant notes that where the lava and stones have been allowed to rest and to mingle with the soil good crops spring up, and here and there we note a flourishing bit of vineyard. Soon, however, vineyards disappear, and after the vineyards the houses, except an occasional house of shelter, into which we are all invited to enter and drink of the Tears of Christ. Our convoy of horsemen, who have been following us for a mile

or two, begin to drop off. The Marquis has been preaching to them from the box in various languages upon their folly in wasting time, and they heed his warnings. There are no beggars. It is remarked that beggars always prefer a dead level. One bright-eyed boy keeps at our side, a lad with about as dirty a suit of clothes and as pretty a pair of eyes as you could see even in squalid, smiling Naples. Well, there is something in the eyes, or it may be in the boyishness of their possessor, which quite wins one of the party, for when the Marquis insists that he shall join his fellow-mendicants in the valley below, a gracious protection is thrown over him, and he follows us up the road. I think the patronage must have pleased him, for he gathered a handful of wild flowers and presented them, and refused a coin which was offered in return; but the refusal of this coin did not prevent his acceptance of two or three others, and a good dinner included, an hour or two later in the day.

"Still we climb the hill, going steadily up. Those of us who thought we could make the way on foot repent, for the way is steep and the road is hard. All around us is an ocean of chaos and death. There, in all forms and shapes, lie the lava streams that did their work in other days, black and cold and forbidding. You can trace the path of each eruption as distinctly as the windings of the stream from the mountain top. We are now high up on the mountain, and beneath us is the valley and the Bay of Naples, with Ischia and Capri, and on the other horizon a range of mountains tinged and tipped with snow. In one direction we see the eruption of 1872; the black lava stream bordered with green. What forms and shapes! what fantastic, horrible shapes the fire assumed in the hours of its triumph! I can well see how Martial and Virgil and the early poets saw in these phenomena the strife and anger of the gods. Virgil describes Enceladus transfixed by Jove and the mountain thrown upon him, which shakes and trembles whenever he turns his weary sides. This is the scene, the very scene of his immortal agony. There are no two forms alike; all is black, cold, and pitiless. If we could only see one living thing in this mass of destruction; but all is death, all desolation. Here and there, where the rains have

washed the clay, and the birds, perhaps, may have carried seed, the grass begins to grow; but the whole scene is desolation. I thought of the earlier ages, when the earth was black and void, and fancied that it was just such an earth as this when Divinity looked upon it and said, 'Let there be light.' I thought of the end of all things, of our earth, our fair, sweet and blooming earth, again a mass of lava, rock and ashes, all life gone out of it, rolling through space.

"The presence of a phenomenon like this, and right above us the ever-seething crater, is in itself a solemn and beautiful sight. We all felt repaid with our journey; for by this time we had come to the journey's end, and our musings upon eternity and chaos did not forbid thoughts of luncheon. For the wind was cold and we were hungry. So when our illustrious captain intimated that we might seek a place of refuge and entertainment, a light gleamed in the eyes of the Marquis, and he reined us up at a hostelry called the Hermitage. This is the last resting-place before we reach the ascent of the crater. Here the roads stop, and the remainder of the journey must be made on foot. Just beyond the Hermitage is a Government institution known as the Observatory, a point where information for weather reports is gained. We thought when we came into these upper regions that we were in an atmosphere too pure for the beggars. We were congratulating ourselves upon this circumstance coming up the mountain side, but on descending we had a beggar or two to await us. I suppose they belonged to the hostelry, and were simply speculating upon us like our friend the baker, whom we had left haggling over his loaves far down in Naples. Some of us, the General certainly, had come this distance meaning to climb the crater. But it was very cold, and we had delayed our departure from the ship, so that the day was well on. So, instead of climbing the rocks and looking into a sulphurous crater, we organized a kind of picnic in the Hermitage. The house seemed to have been an inquisition or a dungeon—the rooms were so large, the walls were so thick, there were such mysterious, narrow passages and chambers. But people who build houses under the rim of Vesuvius must build for fire and flame,

and showers of ashes and stones, and the Hermitage could stand a severe eruption before it became untenable. A slight crackling fire of twigs was made on the hearth, and a brazier of burning coals was brought into the room. We were some time in comprehending the brazier, but when its uses became apparent, it was comforting enough. There, in quite a primitive fashion, we had our luncheon, helping ourselves and each other in good homely American fashion, for we were as far from the amenities of civilization as though we were in Montana. Then after luncheon we walked about, looking at the crater, where fumes were quite apparent—at the world of desolation around us, some of it centuries old, but as fresh and terrible as when it burst from the world of fire beneath us. But there was still another picture—one of sublime and marvellous beauty. There beneath us, in the clear, sunny air—there was Naples, queen among cities, and her villages clustering about her. Beautiful, wondrously beautiful, that panorama of hill and field and sea, that rolled before us thousands of feet below! We could count twenty villages in the plain, their white roofs massed together and spangling the green plain like gems. There were Capri and Ischia—their rugged outlines softened by the purple-golden glow of the passing day—lying at the mouth of the bay, as if to guard this rich valley. There was Naples, her rags and dirt quite veiled, and only her beauty to be seen. There was Misenum, where Pliny saw the destruction of Pompeii. There was Nisita, where Brutus took refuge when he fled from the murder of Cæsar. There was Sorrento, where Tasso lived. Every village has its history and associations, for these plains and islands and promontories have been for ages the seats of a brilliant and glorious civilization—a civilization which even now only shows the beauty of decay. The splendor of a Roman imperial civilization has gone from Italy. Ages of darkness and superstition and despotism have rested upon her like the ashes which cover Pompeii. Let us hope that a new era is coming, which, based upon freedom and patriotism, will far excel even that of the Cæsars. These were our thoughts as we stood in the cold winds studying the magnificent scene. And thinking of the living, we thought of the dead—of the cities of the plains which

perished one thousand seven hundred years ago. The romance that surrounds Naples only deepens the tragedy of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and we found our thoughts ever turning from the glory and majesty of all we saw to those buried cities of the plains, as we were hurried home again—home to our graceful vessel whose lights awaited us in the harbor."

On the 19th of December, General and Mrs. Grant, accompanied by Jesse Grant, Mr. John Russell Young, Mr. B. Odell Duncan, Captain Robeson, of the "Vandalia," Lieutenants Strong, Rush, and Miller, and Engineer Baird, visited the ruined city of Pompeii. Mr. Young, in a letter to the *New York Herald*, thus describes the visit:

"We arrived at Pompeii early in the morning considering that we had to ride fourteen or fifteen miles; but the morning was cold enough to be grateful to our northern habits, and there was sunshine. Our coming had been expected, and we were welcomed by a handsome young guide, who talked a form of English in a rather high key, as though we were a little hard of hearing. This guide informed us that he had waited on General Sheridan when he visited Pompeii. He was a soldier, and we learned that the guides are all soldiers, who receive duty here as a reward for meritorious service. There was some comfort in seeing Pompeii accompanied by a soldier, and a brave one. This especial guide was intelligent, bright, and well up in all concerning Pompeii. We entered the town at once through a gate leading through an embankment. Although Pompeii, so far as excavated, is as open to the air as New York, it is surrounded by an earthen mound resembling some of our railway embankments in America. Looking at it from the outside you might imagine it an embankment, and expect to see a train of cars whirling along the surface. It is only when you pass up a stone-paved slope a few paces that the truth comes upon you, and you see that you are in the City of Death. You see before you a long, narrow street running into other narrow streets. You see quaint, curious houses in ruins. You see fragments, statues, mounds, walls. You see curiously painted walls. You see where men and women lived and how they lived—all silent and all dead—and there comes over you that appalling story

which has fascinated so many generations of men—the story of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

"You will say, 'Yes, every schoolboy knows that story;' and I suppose it is known in schoolboy fashion. It will complete my chronicle of General Grant's visit if you will allow me to tell it over again. In the grand days of Rome, Pompeii was a walled city numbering about twenty thousand inhabitants. It was built on the sea-coast, and was protected from the sea by a wall. I should say in extent it was about as large as the lower section of New York, drawing a line across the island from river to river through the City Hall. It was an irregular five-sided town, with narrow streets. Its inhabitants were, as a general thing, in good standing, because they came here to spend their summers. I suppose they had about the same standing in Roman society as the inhabitants of Newport have in American society. Pompeii was an American Newport, a city of recreation and pleasure. It is said the town was founded by Hercules, but that fact you must verify for yourself. It was the summer capital of luxurious Campania, and joined Hannibal in his war against Rome. Hannibal proposed a kind of Southern Confederacy arrangement, with Capua as capital. After Hannibal had been defeated Capua was destroyed and Pompeii spared—spared in the end for a fate more terrible. Cicero lived near Pompeii, and emperors came here for their recreation. In the year 13 the city had an omen of its fate by an earthquake, which damaged the town seriously, throwing down statues, swallowing up sheep—so appalling 'that many people lost their wits.' In 64, when Nero was in Naples singing, there was another earthquake, which threw down the building in which his majesty had been entertaining his friends. This was the second warning. The end came on the 24th of August, 79, and we know all the facts from the letters written by Pliny the Younger to Tacitus—letters which had a mournful interest to the writer, because they told him that Pliny the Elder lost his life in the general desolation. Pliny tells how he was with his uncle, who commanded the Roman fleet at Misenum. Misenum is just across the bay from Pompeii—twenty miles, perhaps, as the crow flies. On the 24th of August, Pliny the Elder

was taking the benefit of the sun—that is to say, he had anointed his person and walked naked, as was the daily custom of all prudent Romans. He had taken his sun-bath and retired to his library, when he noticed something odd about Vesuvius. The cloud assumed the form of a gigantic pine tree and shot into the air to a prodigious height. Pliny ordered his galley to be manned, and sailed across the bay direct for Vesuvius, over the bay where you may now see fishing boats and steamers.

"A letter from some friends whose villas were at the base of the mountain warned him that there was danger; but like a Roman and a sailor he sailed to their rescue. As he drew near the mountain the air was filled with cinders. Burning rocks and pumice-stones fell upon his decks, the sea retreated from the land, and rocks of great size rolled down the mountain. His pilot begged him to return to Misenum and not brave the anger of the gods. 'Fortune,' he said, 'favors the brave—carry me to Pomponianus.' Pomponianus was what we now call Castellamare, a little fort from which the fish come. Here the eruption fell upon him. The houses shook from side to side, the day was darker than the darkest night. The people were in the fields with pillows on their heads, carrying torches. The fumes of sulphur prostrated Pliny and he fell dead. The scene of the actual destruction can be told in no better words than those of the younger Pliny, who watched the scene from Misenum. Remember it was twenty miles away, and you can fancy what it must have been in Pompeii. 'I turned my head,' writes Pliny, 'and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed, while we had yet any light, to turn out into the high road, lest we should be pressed to death in the dash of the crowd that followed us. We had scarcely stepped out of the path when darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up and all the lights are extinct. Nothing then was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children and the cries of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that

of his family; some wishing to die from the very fear of dying, some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater imagining that the last and eternal night had come which was to destroy the world and the gods together. Among these were some who augmented the real terrors by imaginary ones, and made the affrighted multitude falsely believe that Misenum was actually in flames. At length a glimmering light appeared which we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flame, as in truth it was, than the return of day. However, the fire fell at a distance from us. Then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud of smoke, the real day returned, and even the sun appeared, though very faintly and as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes, which were extremely weakened, seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes as with a deep snow.'

"This was in the latter part of August, 79, and Pompeii slept in peace for more than sixteen hundred years. Ashes twenty feet deep covered the town, and it is believed about ten thousand persons perished. In 1748 the first excavations were made by the Bourbon Charles III. The villa of Diomedes was opened in 1771. It was in this villa that a group of eighteen skeletons was found. It was not until 1806, when the French took Naples, that the work was pursued with any intelligence. About one-third of the town has already been opened, and the excavation goes on under judicious superintendence.

"Our first visit was to the museum, a carefully arranged collection. Here you may see windows and doors as they came from the ruins. There are also casts of eight human bodies, the faces and forms expressing the agony of the last moment. One is that of a finely formed woman, her brow resting upon her arm, lying in an easy attitude of repose. Some had their clothing on, others scarcely a vestige of clothing. Some were in attitudes of despair and combat, as though they would resent Death when he

came. There were skeletons of animals and skulls. There were vases as they came from the opened chambers, rainspouts in terra-cotta, helmets, bucklers, and swords that belonged to the gladiators. There was bread as found in the oven, and a dish in which the meat was roasting. There was a pot in which were the remnants of a sucking pig, the skeleton of the pig clearly traceable. There were barley and olives and various kinds of food. Almonds, pears and figs, pouches of coin, sandals, garments, rings and trinkets, amulets that were to keep off the evil eye. All was here arranged as found in the ashes of the buried city. And all was so real—so horribly real—I cannot express the impression which came over us as we passed from the gate into the very streets of the buried town—the very streets of this bright, gay, luxurious town. We could not realize the solemnity of Pompeii. It seemed so natural that we should come here—so natural that we should be at home, so natural that this should be a living and not a town that had been buried and risen again—that our visit seems a day's holiday in a charming country town, and not a mournful march through a town of ashes and death.

"Here, for instance, is the home of our friend, M. Arrius Diomedes. Our friend is a patrician, a great man in Rome, who came to his villa by the sea for summer air and repose after the cares of the capital. I am certain that he would receive us with true Roman courtesy did he know of our arriving. But he has vanished into the night, and all we have is the gracious word '*Salve*,' in mosaic, on the door-sill. Here it is in indelible mosaic—curiously worked, is it not? You push the ashes away with your foot, for somehow our patrician friend is not as well served with all of his slaves. You push the ashes aside and read the warm word of welcome, its white stones smiling as though they would anticipate the greeting of the master. So, encouraged, we trace our way into this suburban villa. The street through which we have just passed is the Street of the Tombs, but let us draw no inhospitable omen from that, for our Roman friends are stoics and find no terror in death. There is much dust and ashes, and roofs that might be mended, and the villa of M. Arrius Diomedes has changed somewhat since his retreating footsteps pressed for

the last time the welcoming word on his door-sill. We can examine this house at our leisure, if we are curious to see how our noble friends lived in the golden days when Cæsars reigned. You note that there is a slight ascent to the house, the doorway being as much as six or seven feet above the roadway. Well, this is as should become a patrician, and a man like Diomedes does not choose to live under the staring gaze of gladiators and tragic poets, and the riffraff of people who flock about Pompeii. You go up to the porch by an inclined plane, and pass through the peristyle into an open court-yard, where the rain was gathered. On one side the descending staircases point the way to the rooms devoted to the humbler offices of this princely house. Around us are rooms, say twenty in all, which open on the court-yard. In one corner are the rooms for bathing, for our host belongs to a race who do honor to the gods by honoring the body which the gods gave them.

"Here are cooling chambers, warm chambers, an anointing room, a furnace. If you do not care to go through the process of a bath, you may anoint yourself and walk in the sun. Here is a chamber fitted for the purpose—a gallery lighted by windows looking out upon the trellises, where I am sure the roses would be creeping in luxuriant bloom were our friend only here to look after his home. The roses have faded, but if you pass into a small room to the right you will see why this gallery was built. Out of that window—which unfortunately is wanting in glass—out of that window, through which you may gaze while your slave anoints your person and perfumes your tresses, you may see beyond the gardens the whole sweeping Bay of Naples as far as Sorrento. After you have enjoyed your bath, and care to discipline your body further, here is another room, upon which the sun beats with undisputed power, a room given to in-door games and amusements. Here is the eating-room, commanding a view of a garden, and here is a room which was once the library—a library of papyrus volumes—where we can fancy our friend studying the sciences with Pliny, or verifying a quotation with Cicero. The papyrus rolls are not here, to be sure, although some of them are up in the Naples Museum, and since we have

this modern fashion of printing we shall not envy M. Diomedes his few cherished scrolls. And if you ask for the ladies, you are pointed to the staircase leading to the gymnasium, or the door leading to the venerium, where I am afraid we should not under ordinary circumstances be welcome. You see our friend has exclusive notions about the ladies, and prefers to dispense his own hospitalities. Beyond these rooms is a garden, a garden enclosed by walls, and over the walls should be a trellis of flowers. Under the walls is a portico, where M. Diomedes and his friends can walk when it rains. Here should be a fountain, rather here is the fountain, but the waters somehow have ceased to flow. But you may put your fingers into the very spout and admire the grain of the marble, for the work came from the hands of cunning workmen. If you open this door—alas! I am afraid it is open, with no prospect of its being closed—if you open this gate you will find that it is the rear of the villa and looks out upon the vineyards, the gardens and the sea. This garden should be full of mulberries and figs, and if the gardening slaves were diligent, we should now be walking, not in ashes, but under a shady wall of vines, and breathing the perfume of the violet and the rose.

"You will observe, if time is not pressing, that our friend was fond of the arts, and that the walls of these rooms are decorated with care. This is none of your whitewashing—none of your French paper and modern English decorations, all running to pale green and gray. Our noble host lived in the land of sunshine, and drew his colors from the rainbow. To be sure, the colors do look fresh—so fresh as to make you wonder if they are already dry. But time will give them the Titian and Rembrandt tint; time will mellow them, if we only wait long enough. When a Roman nobleman builds a home like this, a home possessing all that taste, and luxury, and wealth can wish—if, I say, a Roman patrician like Marcus Arrius Diomedes plants all these gardens and constructs so luxurious a home, you must not be impatient at the glowing colors. Perhaps, if you are an artist, you will note the poverty of his invention in the matter of colors—red, blue, green, yellow, and black. These are all that seem to have occurred to his craftsmen. And you will object to many of

his pagan themes. But do not forget, I pray you, that our friend is a pagan, and that you will find in this home, and the homes of his neighbors and kinsmen, many things to offend a taste educated up to the moral standard of Boston and New York. But, happily, we are neither missionaries nor critics, but friends—friends from far America—who have heard much of Pompeii, and have come to call upon this opulent citizen. See with what minute care this house is decorated. The floors are of mosaic—white stones on a black ground, or black stones on a white ground, describing plain geometrical lines and curves. If you study closely this mosaic work you will find it of marble (black and white) and red tiles, buried in mortar. If you pass on you will see even finer work.

"Here, for instance, is a group of dancers and musicians, masked figures, playing upon the tambourine, the cymbals, and the pipe. What skill, what patience in the fashioning, in the folding drapery, the movement of the limbs, harmony of motion! You note that the walls are all painted; and if you do not like the glaring colors in some rooms, pause for a moment before this figure, a female form floating into space. The lips are open in the ecstasy of motion, the limbs are poised in the air, and the light drapery, through which the sun shines, seems to toy with the breeze; the bosom almost heaves with life and youth. It means nothing, you say. You miss the sweetness of the later schools; you see nothing of the divine, seraphic beauty which lives in the Madonnas of Raphael; you miss the high teachings of our modern art—the mother's love in the Virgin's face, the love that embraceth all things in the face of the suffering Redeemer. You miss this, and long for that magic pencil which told, as in a poem or an opera, of the splendors of ancient and modern Rome. You say that our friend knew only of fauns and satyrs and beastly representations of lecherous old Silenus and that drunken brute Bacchus; that even his Venus was a degradation rather than an idealization of woman; that his art was physical, and became an apotheosis of strength and vice and passion. You ask what possible use, either as entertainment or study, can there be in a bearded Bacchus, or in many other things that I am not per-

mitted to describe? This art is not our art, and as we study it and admire much of its taste and skill and truth to nature, we cannot but feel, and with grateful hearts, that the Pompeiian age is dead, and that we come in a new age; that the gods whom our friend worshipped have faded into night, and that a nobler, higher faith has taken their place, giving purity to our art. This we owe to the work done by Jesus Christ. And if you marvel that our friend Marcus Arrius Diomedes did not feel the same influence, remember that our friend is a Roman, a patrician, and a man of great wealth and station, and not a man to shape his tastes after the canons of a Jewish carpenter, crucified just seventy-nine years ago, and of Jewish fishermen who followed him, and have been meetly punished for their follies and crimes.

"But our friend Diomedes does not come, and I am afraid there is no use in waiting. Pompeii is a most interesting town, and there are a thousand other things to be seen—the Forum, for instance, the amphitheatre, the temples of Jupiter and Venus, the Exchange, the tombs. How real it all seems! Here are the narrow streets, with stepping stones to keep us out of the running water as we cross. Here is the wide street, the Broadway of the town, and you can see the chariot ruts worn deep into the stone. The General notes that some of the streets are out of repair, and it is suggested that Tweed was not the first magistrate who failed to pave the roads. Here are the shops on the highway, shops in which you may buy and sell to your heart's content, if we can only believe the signs on the walls. One irritable merchant (I suppose he has amassed a large fortune and retired from business) informs the public that there must be no lounging about his shop, and that if people do not mean business they had better go elsewhere. If you think my translation is a free one, I will give you the exact inscription: '*Otiosis locus hic non est, discede morator*'—'Loiterer, pass on; this is no place for idlers.' Passers-by are warned against committing trespass by two large serpents painted on the walls; and if we are disposed to seek other entertainment in Pompeii, not having found M. Diomedes at home, here is a tavern, the Elephant Snake Inn I suppose it should be called, having as its sign an elephant in the folds of a

serpent. The sign also informs us that within may be found a triclinium or dining-room, 'with three beds and other conveniences.' Politics seem to be running high in this luxurious town. Here is an advertisement in which Philippus beseeches favor and patronage that he may be made a duumvir of justice. Sometimes these inscriptions take the form of compliment and adulation. The candidate, instead of beseeching suffrage of the unterrified, the high-minded people, seeks the aid of some high-placed citizen, just as a century or two ago our tragic poets and comedians used to address their wishes to some mighty duke or most ducal lord and king. You note that in spite of the paganism, and other things in which we have improved, there was a great deal of human nature—of Massachusetts and Brooklyn human nature—in these Pompeiians. In those days people wrote on the walls, as home idiots do now, their names and inscriptions, verses from a poem, jibes from a comedy. Here is an advertisement setting forth that Julia Felix, daughter of Spurius, has to let a bath, a venerium, nine hundred shops with booths and garrets, for a term of five years from the 6th of August. Mme. Julia wishes likewise tenants with references, as she has no desire to deal with immoral persons. Another scribe named Issus seeks the patronage of the ædile as one 'most deserving.' We note as we go on that this was a city of fountains, and that superstition was rife, there being on nearly every house some engraved charm to protect the inhabitants from the evil eye. I wish these charms were all as innocent and proper in their character as our dear old homely horseshoe, which has protected so many generations from the perils of witchcraft.

"The sun is shining as we pass from the narrow streets and come upon the Forum. The heart leaps as we look upon this scene of the elegance and the strife and the patriotism of twenty centuries ago. The sun shines upon many a broken column, upon entablatures falling into decay, upon plinths and molds that retain only a faint semblance of their former beauty. I have seen a picture called 'Pompeii Restored,' with special reference to the Forum. I see an oblong space like that in the court-yard of the Louvre. This space is surrounded by columns forming an

arcade, and galleries above the arcade. On one side was the temple of Mercury, on the other the Pantheon. This space is five hundred and twenty-four feet long and one hundred and fifty feet wide. On the other side is the temple of Jupiter and the temple of Venus. The temple of Jupiter borders on a road spanned by triumphal arches—one to the immortal glory of Nero, that great emperor who one day rode in triumph down the very road over which we are sauntering this morning in the wake of a nimble and loud-talking guide.

"This Temple of Jupiter is the home of the presiding deities of Pompeii, if any of us choose to go in and worship. But I am afraid we are more interested in the prison where the skeletons of the prisoners were found, the shackles still confining them. Here is the Pantheon, or what we are at liberty to call a Pantheon until the men of science really determine whether it is so or not, or, as is supposed, a temple of Vesta. I am afraid it makes very little difference now what it is, as it is incontinently a ruin. Another building about which there is doubt is called the Senaculum, where the senators met. These various temples were decorated with a profusion which I have not space to catalogue. Statues, endless statues, and busts, paintings, sacred utensils, altars, and columns—what a world of wealth and labor was expended upon the worship of these pagan gods! What a strange religion it must have been! Here are dancing figures, battles with crocodiles, devotees performing sacrifice to Priapus. Here, more apt than the others to-day at least, is Penelope discovering Ulysses. In the room of one of the priests of the Temple of Venus was a painting of Bacchus and Silenus, which must have inspired a frail kind of devotion. Around the Forum are pedestals on which were exalted in their day the statues of the men and the gods Pompeii delighted to honor. If we marvel at the extreme expense lavished on the Forum, especially as compared with the other parts of the town, we must remember that in these ancient days the Forum was where the Roman citizen passed most of his time. He spent his days at the baths, the theatre, and the Forum, and, as a consequence, whenever you find any remains of the old Rome, you find that the bath, the theatre, and the Forum were the centres of display.

"We might spend more time with the temples, but I am afraid the religion of Pompeii is not severe enough to inspire our awe. There is a temple to Fortune, built by one Marcus Tullius, supposed descendant of Cicero. There are temples to Isis and Esculapius—that of Isis being in excellent preservation. These priests were severer in their devotions than our friends who held out at the other establishments. They were celibates, who lived mainly on fish, never eating onions or the flesh of the sheep or hog. I suppose they were faithful in some respects, for the skeletons of two were found in this very temple, one attempting to break a door with an axe and another at dinner. As one of the rules of this order was perpetual devotion before the statue of the deity, it is supposed they were at their prayers when the hour came. Let us honor them for that, and trust that even fidelity to poor foolish Isis will not be forgotten in the day when all remembered deeds are to have their last account.

"But almost as dear to Pompeii as her baths and Forum were the theatres. Here is a building which is known as the school of the gladiators. All the evidences show that Pompeii excelled in gladiatorial displays. Why not? Her people were rich and refined, and in no way could a community show its wealth so much as by patronizing the gladiators. The school shows that there were accommodations for as many as one hundred and thirty-two in that building alone. Inscriptions show that in some of the public displays as many as thirty or thirty-five pairs of gladiators exhibited at one time. We did not visit the large amphitheatre, the small theatre being sufficient for our purpose. The ancient theatres were always open to the sun, this being a climate blessed with the sun. They were planned very much like our own. Where plays were performed, there was a stage, an orchestra, rows of shelving seats made of cement or stone, aisles and corridors and lobbies, just as you find them in Wallack's or Drury Lane. The mask played a prominent part in these plays, no object being more common among the discoveries of Pompeii than the tragic and the comic mask. The plays were mainly from the Greek, and one can imagine and almost envy the multitudes who swarmed along these benches and wit-

nessed the tragedies of Æschylus. There is room enough in this theatre (the one which General Grant and his party so calmly surveyed) to contain five thousand people. Beyond this is a small theatre, which would hold fifteen hundred persons. The amphitheatre is at the outside of the town, and from the plans of it the writer studied, our party being too weary to walk the distance, it was a counterpart of the bull-rings which you see in Spain at the present day. The amphitheatre was the popular place of amusement in Pompeii, as the bull-ring is to-day in Madrid and Seville. It had accommodations for the whole population. In the centre was an arena, and in the centre of the arena an altar dedicated to Pluto or Diana, or some of the Jupiter species. It was here that the gladiators fought. Sometimes they fought with wild beasts who were introduced into the arena.

"We have representations in the museum of combats between gladiators and the bull, the lion and the panther. In some of these pictures the man is unarmed. Others show a gladiator in the attitude of a Spanish matadore in a bull-ring, fighting a bear. The gladiator holds the cloak in one hand and the sword in the other, precisely as Señor Don Larzuello goes down the arena in Madrid to fight an Andalusian bull. There are frescoes showing how men fought on horseback, the men armed with helmets, spears, and oval bucklers about large enough to cover the breast. The most frequent pictures are those of gladiators on foot, wearing winged helmets, buskins of leather, on the thighs iron guards, greaves on the knees, the other parts of the body naked. You remember, no doubt, the picture of Gérôme, representing the arena—one gladiator prostrate, the other over him with sword extended, awaiting the signal from the emperor as to whether he would slay his foe. The signal was given by the spectators turning their thumbs if they want death. It was the wounded man's privilege to ask for life, which he did by raising his finger in supplication. In most of these pictures we have the raised finger in entreaty. Some show that the prayer has been refused, and the sword of the victor is at the throat of the victim. In this amphitheatre the Christians were thrown to the lions, and

the ashes still encumber the door through which the ghastly bodies of the slain were dragged after they had been 'butchered to make a Roman holiday.'

"It is in these remnants of Pompeiian splendor that we see the cruelty of the old Roman life. We turn from it with a feeling of relief, as it is not pleasing to think that such things ever were possible in a world as beautiful and refined as that surrounding Pompeii. We pass to happier scenes, glimpses of the real life as it was two thousand years ago. The value of these ruins is in the truthfulness of what we see around us. We tire of temples, and fauns, and shows. How did these people live? We see that there was little or no poverty in Pompeii. If there was any Five Points or Seven Dials quarter, it has not been excavated. This was a happy summer town, where people came to find their pleasures. There was the house of unspeakable shame, which the guide, with glistening eyes, pointed out to the General as the special object of interest to tourists. But our General had no interest in scenes of shame and vice, and declined to enter the house. We sauntered about from street to street, and looked at the house called the house of the Tragic Poet. It is here that Bulwer Lytton places the home of Glaucus, in his 'Last Days of Pompeii.' We pass a lake house where the mills are ready to grind corn, and our guide explains how it was done in the ancient days—'Pretty much,' the General remarks, 'as it is done in primitive settlements now.' Here is an arcade which was supposed to be a market. Here is a subterranean passage leading to a dungeon. In the roof was a hole through which the judge announced to the prisoners their fate. We can fancy Christian martyrs clustering under these walls, and fearing not even the lions, in the blessed hope of that salvation whose gospel had only come from the shores of Galilee. We see ruined tombs and evidences of cremation, and house after house, streets and houses without end, until we become bewildered with the multitude and variety of sights. The impression made by the journey may be summed up in a remark of General Grant, that Pompeii was one of the few things which had not disappointed his expectations, that the truth was more striking than

imagination had painted, and that it was worth a journey over the sea to see and study its stately, solemn ruins.

"The Italian authorities did General Grant special honor on his visit to Pompeii by directing that a house should be excavated. It is one of the special compliments paid to visitors of renown. The guide will show houses that have been excavated in the presence of Murat and his queen, of General Championnet, and Joseph II., of Admiral Farragut and General Sherman, and General Sheridan. These houses are still known by the names of the illustrious persons who witnessed their exhumation, and the guide hastens to point out to you, if you are an American, where honor was paid to our countrymen. When Sherman and Sheridan were here, large crowds attended, and the occasion was made quite a picnic. But General Grant's visit was known only to a few, and so when the director of excavations led the way to the proposed work, there were the General and his party and a group of our gallant and courteous friends from the 'Vandalia.' The quarter selected was near the Forum. Chairs were arranged for the General, Mrs. Grant, and some of us, and there quietly, in a room that had known Pompeiian life seventeen centuries ago, we awaited the signal that was to dig up the ashes that had fallen from Vesuvius that terrible night in August. Our group was composed of the General, his wife and son, Mr. Duncan, the American Consul in Naples, Commander Robeson, of the 'Vandalia,' Lieutenants Strong, Miller and Rush, and Engineer Baird, of the same ship. We formed a group about the General, while the director gave the workmen the signal. The spades dived into the ashes, while with eager eyes we looked on. What story would be revealed of that day of agony and death? Perhaps a mother, almost in the fruition of a proud mother's hopes, lying in the calm repose of centuries, like the figure we had seen only an hour ago dug from these very ruins. Perhaps a miser hurrying with his coin, only to fall in his door-way, there to rest in peace while seventeen centuries of the mighty world rolled over him, and to end at last in a museum. Perhaps a soldier fallen at his post, or a reveller stricken at the feast. All these things have been given us from Pompeii, and we stood watching the nimble

spades and the tumbling ashes, watching with the greedy eyes of gamblers to see what chance would send. Nothing came of any startling import. There were two or three bronze ornaments, a loaf of bread wrapped in cloth, the grain of the bread and the fibre of the cloth as clearly marked as when this probable remnant of a humble meal was put aside by the careful housewife's hands. Beyond this, and some fragments which we could not understand, this was all that came from the excavation of Pompeii. The director was evidently disappointed. He expected a skeleton at the very least to come out of the cruel ashes and welcome our renowned guest, who had come so many thousand miles to this Roman entertainment. He proposed to open another ruin, but one of our 'Vandalia' friends, a very practical gentleman, remembered that it was cold, and that he had been walking a good deal and was hungry, and when he proposed that, instead of excavating another ruin, we should 'excavate a beefsteak' at the restaurant near the gate of the sea, there was an approval. The General, who had been leisurely smoking his cigar and studying the scene with deep interest, quietly assented, and, thanking the director for his courtesy, said he would give him no more trouble. So the laborers shouldered their shovels and marched off to their dinner, and we formed in a straggling, slow procession, and marched down the street where Nero rode in triumph, and across the Forum, where Cicero may have thundered to listening thousands, and through the narrow streets, past the wine-shops filled with jars which contain no wine—past the baker's, whose loaves are no longer in demand—past the thrifty merchant's, with his sign warning idlers away, a warning that has been well heeded by generations of men—past the house of the Tragic Poet, whose measures no longer burden the multitude, and down the smooth, slippery steps that once led through the gate opening to the sea—steps over which fishermen trailed their nets and soldiers marched in stern procession—into the doors of a very modern tavern. Pompeii was behind us, and a smiling Italian waiter welcomed us to wine and corn, meat and bread, olives and oranges. Around his wholesome board we gathered, and talked of the day and the many marvels we had seen."

On the 19th of December, General Grant went ashore to return the visits of the Neapolitan officials. As he left the "Vandalia" the yards were manned and a salute fired, which was returned by the flagship of the Italian Admiral. Upon landing, General Grant was met by the General commanding the district, who had a regiment paraded in his honor. In company with the Italian officials, General Grant visited the naval and military schools, and the palace, after which he attended a reception at the residence of Mr. Duncan, the American Consul.

The 20th and 21st were passed at Naples. On the 22d the "Vandalia" sailed from Naples for Sicily, and at noon on the 23d of December dropped anchor in the harbor of Palermo.

Palermo is the principal city of Sicily, and contains a population of 219,398 souls. It lies on the southwest side of an extensive bay, and is regularly built. It stands in a wide and beautiful plain, bounded by lofty mountains.

"In front of the city, commanding delightful views of sea, shore, and mountain, is the Marini, a raised terrace or platform, extending a mile along the bay; it is 250 feet wide, and one of the finest public promenades in Palermo. Immediately below this there is a beautiful drive, formerly adorned with statues of the Bourbon kings. They were thrown down in the Revolution of 1848. At the east end of this walk is the Villa Giulia, or the Public Garden, laid out in walks interspersed with statues, fountains, and summer-houses. There is one lone fountain where the water falls over green niches, in which fresh nosegays are placed every day; the effect of these flowers, seen through the falling crystal, is truly delightful. Adjoining this garden is the Botanical Garden, which contains a large collection of very valuable plants.

"Two large streets, the Strada Nuovo and Strada Toledo, each upward of a mile in length, intersect each other at right angles, dividing the city into four equal parts, and leading to the four principal gates. These four different parts or quarters of the city are known by their respective names of Loggia, Albergaria, Kalsa, and Capo.

"The main street of Palermo, the Toledo, is perfectly straight, and passes through the city from Porta Felice to Porta Nuova.

It preserves in its aspect, as well as its name, evident tokens of Spanish presence. Indeed, many influences are visible: the Greeks, the Carthaginians, who made Palermo the capital of their Sicilian dominions; the Romans, the Saracens, the Normans, and the Spaniards, have held her successively. Palermo may have forgotten her ancient rulers, but she has kept vivid traces of her modern masters. The streets are well paved with large flat blocks of lava, and are lined throughout their whole length with handsome buildings in the Doric, Ionian, and Corinthian orders, and enriched with statues and fountains.

"Nearly all the finest mansions have miserable shops at the base, and when the occupant is short of room he usurps the sidewalk, making the foot-passenger walk in the middle of the street among the carriages. Nearly all these houses have large, picturesque balconies, where the ladies spend a large portion of their time. They are generally on the upper floor, and are mostly hired by nuns, who have underground passages that lead from their cloisters; they come here to breathe the fresh evening air after the heat of the day. The balconies are so closely grated that it is impossible to see them.

"Palermo has a great number of convents and churches. There is said to be about seventy-five of the former. The churches, especially those that line the Toledo, are almost all magnificent—immense amounts have been lavished in splendid marbles and costly alabasters. Many of them are absolutely covered with mosaics; the floors, chapels, and columns, of inlaid marble; and the altars and tabernacles of precious stones, lapis lazuli, verd-antique, malachite, and jasper. They are nearly all built with an elevated façade, a long nave, and two side aisles, bounded by lateral chapels, dedicated to various saints, and decorated with pillars, paintings, statues, and flowers.

"The Cathedral is a beautiful specimen of the Sicilian-Arab-Norman style; it is situated at the end of the Toledo, in a wide Piazza. It was erected by Archbishop Waller near the close of the Twelfth Century. The interior has been desecrated by whitewash. It contains some very good paintings; a statue of St. Rosalie, the patron saint of Palermo; the tombs of Roger,

the founder of the Norman kingdom of Sicily, that of Ferdinand II. and his wife Constance, etc., etc.

"The Royal Palace, the residence of the viceroy, stands on a large square near the Porta Nuova; it was begun by the Saracens, continued and finished by the Normans. One of the chambers of this palace contains the portraits of the Spanish, Neapolitan, and Sicilian viceroys. The apartments immediately above the viceroy's are kept in constant readiness for the king whenever he chooses to visit Sicily. During the Revolution of 1848 the population threw all the furniture out of the windows and destroyed it. They also destroyed one of the two ancient bronze Rams found at Syracuse. The palace contains a gallery of pictures and a good armory. On its summit is the observatory from which Piozza discovered the planet Ceres. There is a beautiful view of the city and harbor from this point."

On the 24th—Christmas Eve—the captains of the ships in port plying between Palermo and New England came on board the "Vandalia" to pay their respects to General Grant. On Christmas morning the ships in the harbor were gayly dressed with flags and bunting in honor of the General. At noon the Prefect of Palermo came on board in his state barge, and was received with a salute of fifteen guns. He tendered to General Grant the cordial hospitalities of the city, but as the duration of the General's stay would not permit him to accept them, they were declined with thanks. After the Prefect's departure, the General and Captain Robeson went on shore, and spent a few hours sauntering through the city. In the evening there was a pleasant dinner in the ward-room of the "Vandalia," given by the officers of the ship in honor of General and Mrs. Grant. At night there was a display of fireworks from the shipping in the harbor.

On the 26th, the General returned the visits that had been paid him. "This," says Mr. Young, "is one of the duties—I was nearly writing penalties—of our trip. The incognito of General Grant is one that no one will respect. He declines all honors and attentions, so far as he can do so without rudeness, and is especially indifferent to the parade and etiquette by which his journey is surrounded. It is amusing, knowing General

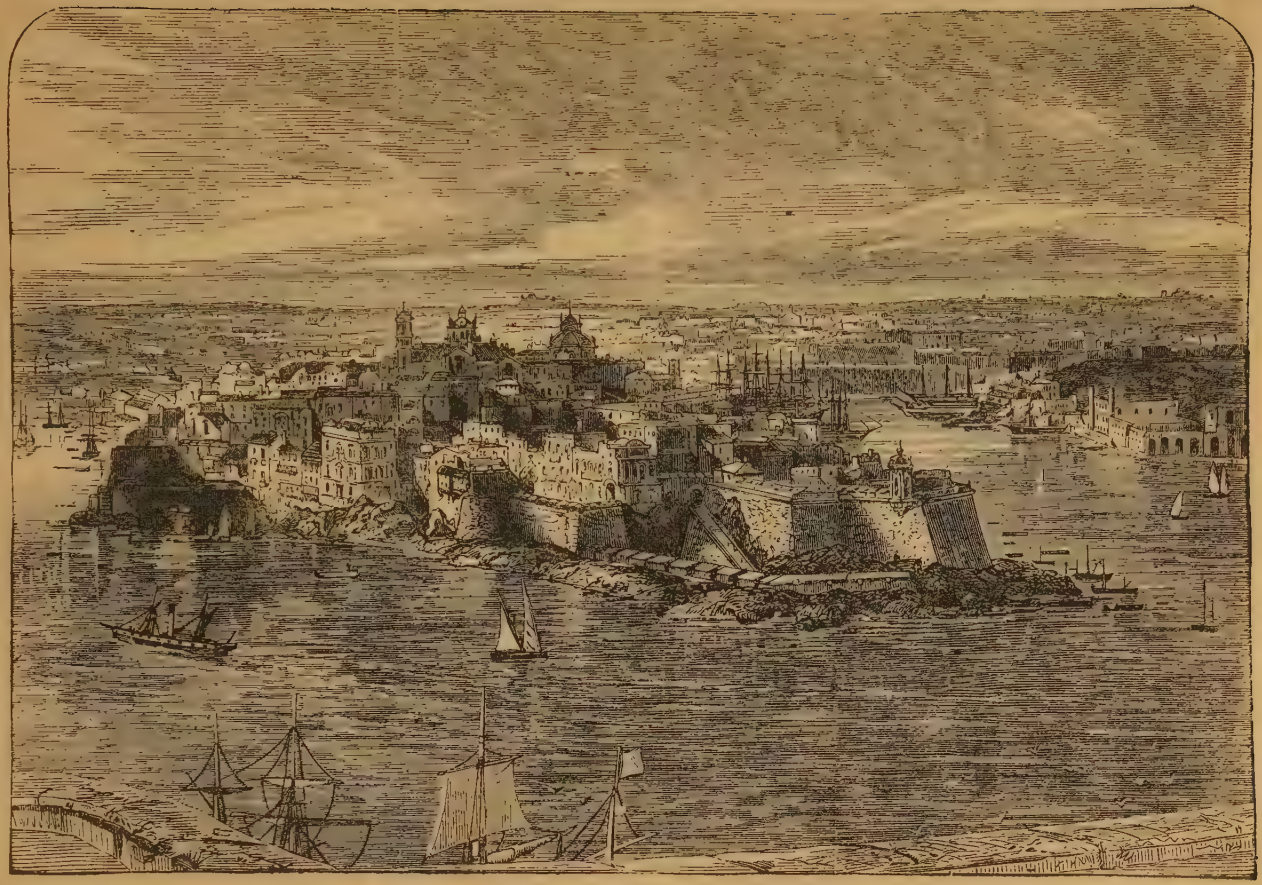
Grant's feelings on this subject, to read the articles in English and home papers about his craving for precedence and his fear lest he may not have the proper seat at table and the highest number of guns. General Grant has declined every attention of an official character thus far, except those whose non-acceptance would have been misconstrued."

From Palermo the "Vandalia" sailed for Malta, passing through the Straits of Messina. The passage of the straits was made by daylight, and the travellers had a fine view of the shores of the mainland of Italy and of Sicily. Messina and Reggio were passed in full sight, and a splendid view of Mount Etna was obtained. The famous volcano remained in sight until nightfall.

Malta was reached about one o'clock in the afternoon of December 28th. This famous island lies in the Mediterranean, and belongs to Great Britain. It is situated about fifty miles south of Sicily, and contains a population of 110,000 souls. It is naturally a barren, rocky island, seventeen miles long and nine broad. It has been made by the industry of its people an exceedingly fertile place, and cotton, wheat, barley, grapes, oranges, lemons, and other products are grown in great profusion.

The principal city and port of the island is Valetta, named after John de la Vallette, who was Grand Master of the Knights of St. John, who formerly owned the island, and who built the town in the sixteenth century. The streets of the city are regular and well-paved, but "from the declivity on which some part of the city is built, many of them are steep, with side-walks composed of stairs. They are kept remarkably clean, being swept every morning. The houses, which are built of stone, and are generally of three stories, have all flat-roofed terraces, which serve the double purpose of being an agreeable resort for a walk and a receptacle for the rain which falls during the winter, from whence it runs into the cistern with which every dwelling is provided.

"Valetta is built upon a tongue of land extending into a bay, forming two splendid harbors; one called the Great Harbor, the other the Quarantine Harbor. The former is used for govern-



THE CITY AND HARBOR OF LA VALETTA, MALTA.

ment vessels alone, the latter for foreign vessels and those in quarantine. The city is closed by three gates: Porta Reale, which leads to the country; Porta Marsamuscetto, which leads to the Quarantine Harbor, and through which all strangers enter the city; and the Marina Gate, from the Great Harbor.

"The fortifications which surround the town are very high, and many of them formed out of the solid rock. The walls measure about fifteen feet wide, and are composed chiefly of the common limestone of the country; their whole circumference is two miles and a half. The ditch which crosses the peninsula from the Quarantine to the Great Harbor, cutting off all communication with the city, is about 1,000 feet long, 120 deep, and 120 wide; this is crossed by five bridges. Beyond the counterscarp are many outworks and a glacis built in the same massive style, and well supplied with cannon, rendering the city one of the best fortified in the world."

The population of Valetta is about 70,000.

As the "Vandalia" came to anchor in the harbor, she fired a salute of twenty-one guns in honor of the port she was visiting. Immediately a boat put off from the English iron-clad "Sultan," the nearest vessel, and her commander, the Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of Queen Victoria, came on board to welcome General Grant to Malta. He was received at the gangway by Captain Robeson, and presented to General Grant. The Duke was dressed in his uniform as a Captain in the British navy, and wore on his breast the star of the Order of the Garter. "The General advanced and greeted the Duke, and presented the gentlemen with him, and they retired to the cabin. They remained in conversation for the best part of an hour, talking about Malta, its antiquities, its history, England, education, the Eastern question, the weather, and Besika Bay. His royal highness said he had orders to sail, and supposed his destination was Smyrna. He had had his time at Besika Bay, and did not regard the return with any enthusiasm. He spoke of the visit of his brother-in-law, the Grand Duke Alexis, to America, and of the gratification of the family at the reception by our people. The duke is the pattern of a sailor, and has all the ease and off-hand grace of his

family. On taking his leave his royal highness asked the General and family to visit him at his palace of San Antonio and take luncheon. The palace of San Antonio is about four miles from the town. It is surrounded by orange groves and walls, and is noted as the only large garden on the island. The drive was through an interesting, glaring country, the perpetual glare almost dimming our eyes. When we reached the palace the duke and duchess received the General and party. After luncheon his royal highness escorted them through the orange groves. At noon General Grant visited the Governor-General of Malta. On leaving, the General was saluted with twenty-one guns. A regiment was drawn up in front of the palace as a guard of honor. The governor, a famous old English general, Van Straubeuzee, wore the order of the Grand Cross of the Bath. He received the General and party at the door of the palace, surrounded by his council and a group of Maltese noblemen. After presentation to Lady Van Straubeuzee the same ceremonies were repeated. In the evening there was a state dinner to the General and party at the palace, including among the guests Commander Robeson and Lieutenant-Commander Caldwell, of the 'Vandalia,' as well as the captain and executive officer of the 'Gettysburg.' At the dinner General Grant's health was proposed, which was responded to in the heartiest manner. We all then went to the opera, and on the entrance of the General the company sang the 'Star-spangled Banner,' Miss Wheelock, of Boston, singing the air. The cheering was enthusiastic, and the reception of the General cordial in the last degree."

On the following day a pleasant visit was made to the Duke of Edinburgh on board the "Sultan." On the 31st, the "Vandalia" steamed out of the harbor of Valetta, and turned her head toward the coast of Egypt.

The sail across the Mediterranean was very pleasant. "Our company," said Mr. Young in his letter to the *Herald*, describing the voyage, "is composed of General Grant, his wife, his son Jesse R. Grant, a maid, and a courier, Mr. Hartog, who has been with the General on his journey. The General occupies the cabin, which he shares with the Captain. It is a commodious cabin,

prettily decorated. The General has a commodious little room in the bow of the ship; his son lies in a swinging cot, and takes his rest like the clock pendulum. The steady routine goes on around us. On a man-of-war, life moves to the beat of the drum. The hours, the watches, the calls, the drill, the discipline, the ceremony—the sense of command and the sense of obedience—all this is so new to us that it becomes interesting. Life on board of a man-of-war is like being a cog in a wheel—you go around and around and cannot help yourself. You rise by the beat of the drum; the drum beats when you go to sleep. Its alarm summons you to dinner. Everything is strict, steady, precise.

"Our General fell into his sea-life quite readily. He seemed to welcome the sea with the rapture of a boy going home for a holiday. He is not an early riser, but keeps up the American custom of a breakfast at ten. After breakfast he takes up a newspaper, if he can find one, and a cigar. My friend Mark Twain will be glad to know that the General read with delight and appreciation his 'Innocents Abroad.' In Naples one of us discovered an English version of the 'Nasby Papers,' which was a boon. About noon, if the weather is calm, the General comes on deck, and converses or studies the sea and the scenery. Dinner comes at six o'clock, and after dinner there is talk. When the General is in the mood, or when some subject arises which interests him, he is not only a good, but a remarkably good talker. His manner is clear and terse. He narrates a story as clearly as he would demonstrate a problem in geometry. His mind is accurate and perspicacious. He has no resentments, and this was a surprising feature, remembering the battles, civil and military, in which he has been engaged. I have heard him refer to most of the men, civil and military, who have flourished with him, and there is only one about whom I have seen him show feeling. But it was feeling like that of the farmer in the school-book who saw the viper which he had warmed to life about to sting him. I do not mention names, because I have no wish to excite controversies, such, for instance, as the controversy over Sumner. I will only allude to the Sumner business so far as to

say that I think General Grant has been rather severely used in the matter. I have never heard General Grant speak with bitterness of Mr. Sumner. He told his story of the removal of Mr. Motley, and only told it, if I may quote his own words, when he had been charged by the friends of Mr. Sumner with having killed Mr. Motley. I had known General Grant fairly well before I became the companion of his travels, and had formed my own opinion of his services and character. A closer relation strengthens that opinion. The impression that the General makes upon you is that he has immense resources in reserve. He has in eminent degree that 'two o'clock in the morning courage' which Napoleon said he alone possessed among his marshals and generals. You are also impressed with his good feeling and magnanimity in speaking of comrades and rivals in the war. In some cases—especially in the cases of Sherman and Sheridan, MacPherson and Lincoln—it becomes an enthusiasm quite beautiful to witness. Cadet days are a favorite theme of conversation, and after cadet life the events of the war."

CHAPTER VII.

EGYPT AND THE NILE.

The Coast of Egypt—The Harbor of Alexandria—The City—Modern Alexandria—Arrival of the "Vandalia" at Alexandria—A Royal Welcome to General Grant—Official Visits—Photographs—Leaving the "Vandalia"—Arrival at Cairo—General Grant the Guest of the Khedive—The Palace Kassr-el-Noussa—Visit to the Khedive—Hospitalities in Cairo—Description of Cairo—The Mosques—The Bazaars—General Grant Visits the Pyramids—The Khedive Places a Government Steamer at General Grant's disposal for the Nile Voyage—The Departure—Up the Nile—The Party on Board—Brugsch-Bey—The Boat—The Crew—Life on the Nile—The Desert—The Arabs—Siout—A Hearty Welcome—The Town—An Egyptian Dinner—Arrival at Girgeh—Meeting with Friends—Visit to Abydos—A Donkey Ride—Arab Boys—The Oldest City in the World—An Arab Host—General Grant at Thebes—The City of Rameses—The Statues of Memnon—Luxor—The Great Temple—Medeenet Aboo—Dinner with the Consul—Karnak—The Temple—The Sacred Lake—Assouan—Nubia—Shopping at Assouan—Visit to Philæ—The Voyage down the Nile—Visit to Memphis—The Serapeum—Return to Cairo—Departure for Port Said—On Board the "Vandalia" Again.

ON the 5th of January, 1878, the coast of Egypt was sighted, and on the same day the "Vandalia" cast anchor in the harbor of Alexandria.

"From whichever side it is approached the coast of Egypt is so exceedingly low, that the highest parts only begin to be seen at the distance of about eighteen miles, and the line of the coast itself is not discernible till within thirteen or fourteen. Though there is water to the depth of six fathoms close to the Pharos, and from five and a half to four along the whole shore to the point of Eunostus, at the entrance of the western harbor, and at one and a half miles off not less than twenty fathoms, it is exceedingly dangerous to approach at night. There is, however, very good holding ground in the roads; and ships anchor, or lay to, about a mile off shore. The first objects perceived from the sea are Pompey's Pillar, the forts on the mounds constructed by the French, and the detached forts added by Mohammed Ali, the Pharos and new lighthouse, and the buildings on the Ras et Teen (the 'Cape of Figs'), between the two ports; and on nearing

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF EGYPT, SHOWING THE PLACES VISITED BY GENERAL GRANT.

the land, the obelisk, the Pasha's hareem and palace, the houses of the town, the masts of ships, and the different batteries (which have been lately much increased), the windmills to the west, and the line of coast extending to Marabut Point, begin to be seen. There is nothing at all remarkable in the view of Alexandria from the sea . . . the town looks like a long, horizontal streak of whitewash, mingled with brown, and crossed perpendicularly with the sharp lines of ships' masts.

"The old lighthouse, which occupies the site of the ancient Pharos, on a rock joined to the land by a causeway, had long been pronounced insufficient for the safety of vessels making the coast, both from its want of height and the bad quality of the light itself, especially in foggy weather, when it could scarcely be seen till a vessel had neared the land. Its distance from the western harbor was an additional cause of complaint. To remedy these inconveniences, Mohammed Ali erected the lighthouse on the point of Eunostus, and the present Khedive has perfected his grandfather's work by placing in it a twenty-second revolving light, visible at a distance of twenty miles.

"Vessels can only enter the harbor in daylight; if they arrive after sunset they are obliged to lay-to till the next morning. None may enter without a pilot, whose guidance is considered necessary to take them through the complicated channels of the port. Sometimes, if the weather is very rough, a ship may have to wait outside a day or more, as either a pilot will not come out, or the ship itself may draw too much water to admit of her passing over the principal shoal when the waves are running very high."

As the "Vandalia" entered the harbor she was greeted with loud cheers from the ships in port, and a thundering salute from the batteries and Egyptian men-of-war, while the bands on the Egyptian vessels played American national airs.

Alexandria is a city of great antiquity. It was founded by Alexander the Great, who named it after himself. Its history is deeply interesting. It passed, with Egypt, into the hands of the Ptolemies, and was their capital. It was wrested from them by the Romans, who yielded it to the Saracens, since which time it has been under Moslem rule. It was a magnificent city in

ancient times, and contained many noble edifices. But few of these remain, the city having suffered severely from wars and internal disturbances. "Alexandria," says a recent writer, "is a cosmopolitan city of French houses, Italian villas, Turkish latticed windowed buildings, and native mud-hovels, where every tongue is commonly spoken, and every coin is in common circulation. A city of extremes and contrasts. Deluged in winter by rain, and at times even pinched by cold: it is annually scorched for five months by a fierce sun, dusted by desert sand, and parched by drought. Excellent European shops of all descriptions stand amongst Eastern coffee-houses and bazaars. Inhabited by men of all nations, a fancy ball could scarce produce a more incongruous crowd than that which fills its streets. English and Greek sailors jostle their way through a throng of Italian and French merchants, German mechanics, Maltese servants, Turkish and Egyptian women, donkeys with their boy-masters, and camels with their Arab drivers. More beautiful women may be seen in it any day than anywhere out of London, and others, poor things, more ugly and squalid than even London can produce. Then passes a carriage full of Greeks, who contradict our insular prejudices in favor of English beauty, and then an artificial product of the Boulevards is knocked by a donkey off her high heels into a puddle. And what puddles! In this, the old part of the town, there is no road properly speaking, and no pathway. Man, woman, or beast, each takes the way which offers, and makes the best of the open space. The road was once, like everything in Egypt, well, even prodigally, made, and then left to take care of itself. After the manner of roads, it gave unevenly, and the weak parts had become quagmires, the strong rocks. The ruts were not ruts, but rather chains of ponds filled with mud which was water, and with water which was mud. Between the ponds the remnants of the old road served as embankments, and at each moment our carriage hauled painfully up one of these, poised itself dripping at the top before making another plunge into the sea below."

The population of Alexandria is about 225,000, of which about three-fourths are native, and one-fourth foreign.

The city of Alexandria forms an independent government, apart from the province in which it is situated. It has its own governor, who is assisted in all matters relating to the internal administration of the town by a municipal council. The formation of this body is of very recent date. It is composed of half natives and half Europeans; and, if the objects for which it was established can be thoroughly carried out, it will contribute very essentially to the improvement of the town, and the general well-being of the inhabitants.

Alexandria is admirably situated between the west mouth of the Nile and Lake Mareotis, and is connected with the Rosetta mouth of the Nile by the Mahmondieh canal, reopened in 1819 by Mehemet Ali.

"The modern city is partly built on the celebrated island of Pharos and the isthmus that connects it with the main land. The ancient city was built in the main land opposite the present site. Alexandria has two ports—that on the west, which is the best, is called the old harbor, that on the east the new.

"Since the opening of the canal, Alexandria has increased wonderfully in size, and regained much of that commercial importance for which it was in ancient times so celebrated."

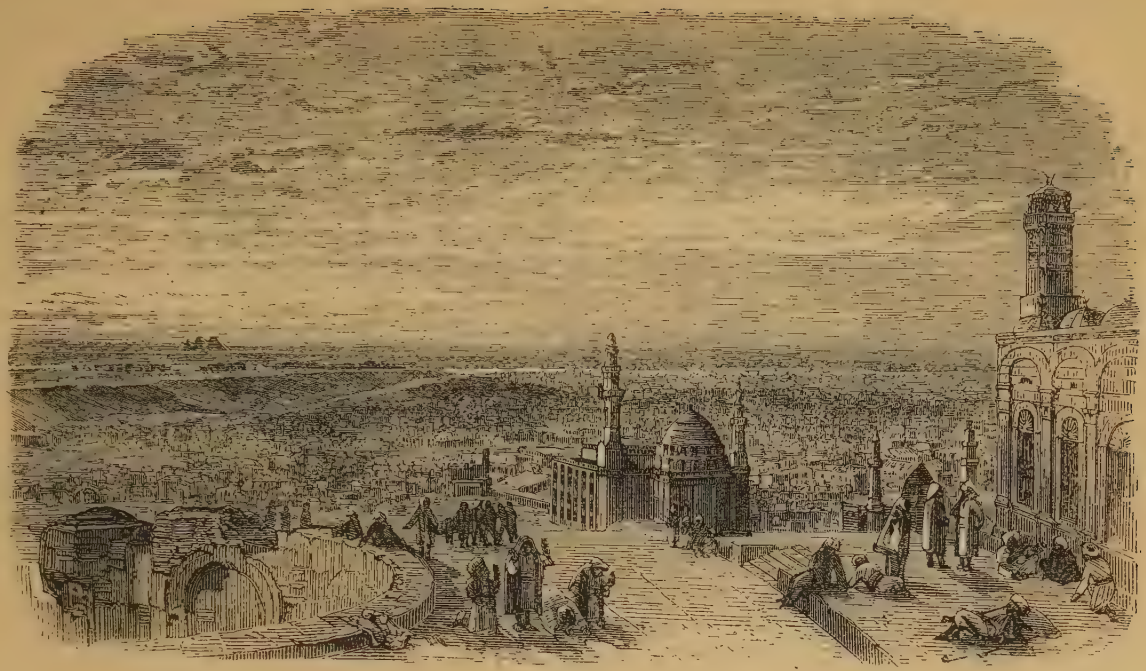
The "Vandalia" had hardly anchored in the harbor of Alexandria, says Mr. Young, in his letter to the *New York Herald*, "when the governor of the district, the admiral and the generals, pachas and beys, the Consul General, Mr. Farman; the Vice Consul, Mr. Salvago; Judges Barringer and Morgan, and the missionaries, all came on board. The receptions lasted an hour, and as each officer was saluted according to his rank and the salutes were returned, there was smoke enough in the air for a naval engagement, and we could almost fancy another battle of the Nile like that fought only a step or two up the coast one eventful day, nearly eighty years ago. The governor, in the name of the Khedive, welcomed General Grant to Egypt, and offered him a palace in Cairo and a special steamer up the Nile. It is Oriental etiquette to return calls as soon as possible, and accordingly in the afternoon the General, accompanied by his son, Commander Robeson, Chief-Engineer Trilley, and Lieutenant Handy,

of the navy, landed in the official barge. As this was an official visit, the 'Vandalia' manned the yards and fired twenty-one guns. These salutes were responded to by the Egyptian vessels. A guard of honor received the General at the palace, and the reception was after the manner of the Orientals. We enter a spacious chamber and are seated on a cushioned seat or divan, according to rank. The pacha—who has a Greek face, and I presume is a Greek—offers the company cigarettes. Then compliments are exchanged, the pacha saying how proud Egypt is to see the illustrious stranger, and the General answering that he anticipates great pleasure in visiting Egypt. The pacha gives a signal, and servants enter bearing little porcelain cups about as large as an egg, in filagree cases. This is the beverage—coffee—or, as was the case with this special pacha, a hot drink spiced with cinnamon. Then the conversation continues with judicious pauses, the Orientals being slow in speech and our General not apt to diffuse his opinions. In about five minutes we arise and file down-stairs in slow, solemn fashion, servants and guards saluting, and the visit is over.

"The General and Mrs. Grant went to dine, and in the evening we had a ball and a dinner at the house of our Vice-Consul, Mr. Salvago. This was an exceedingly brilliant entertainment, and interesting in one respect especially, because it was here that the General met my renowned friend and colleague, Henry M. Stanley, just fresh from the African wilderness. The General had heard of Stanley being in town, and had charged me to seek him out and ask him to come on board and dine. My letter missed Stanley, and we met at the consul's. Stanley sat on the right of the General, and they had a long conversation upon African matters and the practical results of the work done by our intrepid friend. The Consul-General proposed the health of General Grant, and Judge Barringer proposed that of Mrs. Grant, who, by the way, was prevented by fatigue from coming. Then a toast was proposed in honor of Stanley, who made a grateful response, saying it was one of the proudest moments in his life to find himself seated by our guest. Stanley looks quite gray and somewhat thinner than when I saw him in New York,

just before his departure, three years ago. I gave him all the news I could remember about friends in New York and elsewhere. Next morning Mr. Farman, our Consul-General, and myself saw him on board the Brindisi steamer, which was to carry him to Europe—to new honors and the enjoyment of a well-earned and enviable renown. The entertainment at Mr. Salvago's at an end, we returned on board. The next day was Sunday. The General, accompanied by Mr. Young, landed, meaning to stroll about the town. Walking is one of the General's favorite occupations, and he never sees a town until he has gone ashore and lost himself. His eye for topography is remarkable; but that is a military quality, after all, and in Alexandria, one of the most huddled-up and bewildering towns, he had a fine opportunity for the exercise of his skill. Then there was an informal luncheon, as became the Sabbath, with Mr. Gibbs, the director of the telegraph; Commander Robeson and Lieutenant-Commander Caldwell forming the other members of the party. The event of Monday, January 7th, was that we formed a group on the quarter-deck, and had our photographs taken, the General and family in the centre, and around them the wardroom, steerage, and warrant officers of the 'Vandalia.'

"This event closed our life on the 'Vandalia' for a month at least. It was only *au revoir* and not good-by, but there was just enough of the feeling of parting to give a tinge of sadness to the mass of trunks and bundles which the sailors, under the orders of the Marquis, were arranging on deck. We were to do Cairo and the Nile, we were to be gone three weeks, and we were to return. But the only one of the party who really wanted to leave was our noble friend, the Marquis, whose spirits have been steadily rising since he came to land and heard the rumor of the Khedive's hospitality. As he takes command of the baggage and directs the sailors in their handling of it, you see in his eye the enthusiasm of one born to command when in his own element. When he pushes off in the tug, trailing the luggage in a boat behind him, there is a disposition to fire a salute, but the regulations are not elastic, and the Marquis with his important command has only a silent adieu. We are not long in



VIEW OF CAIRO FROM THE CITADEL.

following him. We have a special train at our command, and the captain and a group of the officers are going up to attend the presentation to the Khedive. The governor of the province, with his retinue, met the General, and at eleven the train, a special one, started. Judge Barringer and wife were of the company, and the run to Cairo was made in four hours. The General studied the scenery closely, and noted the resemblance in some portions to prairie land in Illinois. Mrs. Grant was more impressed with the poetry of the scene—with the Biblical associations that cluster about this strange land. The officers formed a merry company in their compartments, while the Marquis was in an advanced section, holding guard over a lunch-basket. The Marquis is a great admirer of the Khedive, and expresses himself earnestly in favor of a government which welcomes its guests to a palace. He takes no interest in the ruins, believing Cairo to be more interesting because of the cafés, which remind him of Paris, than the Pyramids, which he regards as entirely useless. At three o'clock we come to Cairo. There is a guard, a carpet way, and a group of officers and civilians. The General, looking at the group, recognizes old friends. 'Why,' he says, 'there's Loring, whom I have not seen for thirty years;' and 'There's Stone, who must have been dyeing his hair to make it so white.' The cars stop, and General Stone enters, presenting the representative of the Khedive. This officer extends the welcome of his highness, which General Grant accepts with thanks. General Loring comes in, and receives a hearty greeting from his old friend in early days and his enemy during the war. General Stone and General Grant were at West Point, and are old friends, and their meeting is quite enthusiastic. The General asks General Loring to ride with him, while General Stone accompanies Mrs. Grant, and so we drive off to the Palace of Kassr-el-Noussa—the palace placed at General Grant's disposal by the Khedive. Commander Robeson and Lieutenant Rush accept the General's invitation to reside in the palace while they are in Cairo, and the remainder of the party find homes in the hotel.

"The General dined quietly with his family, and next day called

on the Khedive. The hour fixed for the reception was eleven, and a few minutes before that hour the state carriages called at the palace. The General wore plain evening dress, and was accompanied by the following officers: Commander H. B. Robeson, commanding the 'Vandalia;' Joseph Trilley, chief engineer; George H. Cooke, surgeon; Lieutenant E. T. Strong, Lieutenant J. W. Miller, Paymaster J. P. Loomis; G. W. Baird, engineer; H. L. Hoskinson, ensign; B. F. Walling and E. S. Hotchkin, midshipmen; E. R. Freeman, engineer. Jesse R. Grant and Consul-General Farman accompanied the General. We reached the palace shortly after eleven. There was a guard of honor, and the officers of the household were ranged on the stairs. The General entered, and was met by his highness the Khedive at the foot of the stairs. The General, his son, and Mr. Farman went into an inner room, where the ceremonies of the formal presentation took place. The officers then entered, and were received by his highness, who expressed his gratification at seeing so many representatives of the navy. This reception lasted about half an hour, the Khedive showing the General the pictures on his walls painted in commemoration of the opening of the Suez Canal. We then returned to the palace. We had scarcely entered when the carriage of the Khedive was announced. The General received the Khedive, who was accompanied by his secretary for foreign affairs, and welcomed him in the grand saloon, where Mrs. Grant also received his highness. The officers of the 'Vandalia' were present, and their striking uniforms, the picturesque costume of the Khedive and his attendants, and the splendid, stately decorations of the room in which they assembled, made the group imposing. In the course of this conversation General Grant spoke of General Stone, now chief of staff to the Khedive. He said he had known General Stone from boyhood, and did not think he had his superior in our army; that he was a loyal and able man, and he was pleased to see him holding so important a command. The Khedive said he was very much pleased with General Stone, that he found him a most useful as well as a most able man, especially fitted to organize troops, and had made him a member of his privy council. At the close of

the interview General Grant escorted the Khedive to his carriage. Official calls were then made upon the two sons of the Khedive, who at once returned the calls, and so ended our official duties.

"Judge Batcheller, the American member of the International Tribunal, gave General and Mrs. Grant a reception and a dance, which was a most attractive affair. The Khedive intended to give the General a dinner and reception, but the death of the King of Italy threw his court into mourning, and this dinner will take place after our return from the Nile. The Consul-General, E. E. Farman, gave a dinner at the New Hotel. The guests were General Grant, Mrs. Grant, Jesse R. Grant, Judge and Mrs. Barringer, Judge and Mrs. Batcheller, M. Comanos and Mme. Comanos, General Charles P. Stone, Mrs. Stone and Miss Stone, General Loring, Colonel Dye, Mme. Colestone, Colonel Graves, Colonel Mitchell, Rev. Dr. Lansing and Mrs. Lansing, M. and Mme. de Ortega Morejon, Judge and Mme. Hagens, Mr. Tower, Admiral Steadman, Mr. Van Dyck and Dr. George H. Cooke, of the 'Vandalia.' The members of the Khedive's household and family who were invited could not come because of the mourning for the King of Italy. The dinner was worthy of the best kitchens in Paris, and gave the guests a good idea of the culinary resources of Egypt. At its close toasts were drunk to the Khedive and President."

Cairo, the capital of Egypt, is situated on the right or east bank of the Nile, in the sloping plain lying between that river and a projecting angle of the Mokattam Hills. It was founded by Gowher, a general of El Moëz, or Aboo Tummim, the first of the Fowátem or Fatemite dynasty who ruled in Egypt. It was founded in A. D. 969.

"Cairo was the residence of the caliph, and capital of his dominions, until the overthrow of the Memlook sovereignty in Egypt by Sultan Selim in 1517, and the abolition of the nominal Abbaseeyah caliphate. It then became the capital of the Turkish province of Egypt, and continued so until its capture by the French after the so-called battle of the Pyramids in 1798. Their occupation lasted three years, when the city was again taken by the Turks and English in 1801. In 1811 Mohammed Ali, by his

massacre of the Memlooks in the citadel, attained almost absolute power in Egypt, and Cairo became once more the capital of a virtually independent kingdom. Many improvements in the state of the city were made in his reign, but the greatest changes have taken place since the accession of the present Khedive in 1863. New streets have been opened through the centre of the city, new quarters laid out and designed, and the general aspect in many parts completely changed.

"In shape, Cairo is an irregular oblong, about three miles in length and two miles in breadth, and occupies an area of more than three square miles, an extent which will be considerably increased when the new quarter of Ismaileeyah is completed, and all the ground lying between the city and its suburb Boolák covered with houses. The capital of Egypt is seated like a bird on a hill, the whole of which it covers with outspread wings. . . . High above all stretches upwards the citadel, with the dome and minarets of its magnificent mosque. The grand site has been most happily occupied, and suddenly seen as the city was by us, with the last rays of the evening light flitting over the buildings, and every line of the architecture clearly and sharply defined against the darkening sky, it appeared more like a dream of fairy-land, or a scene in a play, or a picture of Turner's, than a real and living town. In addition also to the perfection of its own site, Cairo possesses with London, with Paris, Vienna, and many a capital, the advantage of being placed amid some of the prettiest scenery in the country over which it rules.

"The whole of the Oriental part of the city is divided into quarters, separated from each other by gates, which are closed at night. A porter is appointed to each, who is obliged to open the door to all who wish to pass through, unless there is sufficient reason to believe them to be improper persons, or not furnished with a lamp, which every one is obliged to carry after the E'sher. The majority of these quarters consist of dwelling-houses, and are known by a name taken from some public building, from some individual to whom the property once belonged, or from some class of persons who live there: as the Hart es Suggain, 'Quarter of the Water-carriers;' the Hart en Nassára, or Hart el

Kobt, 'the Christian,' or 'Copt, quarter;' the Hart el Yahóod, 'Jews' quarter;' the Hart el Frang, 'Frank quarter;' and the like.

"The Copt quarter occupies one side of the Esbekeeyah. It is built much on the same principle as the rest of the town; but some of the houses are very comfortably fitted up, and present a better appearance than is indicated by their exterior. It has a gate at each end, and others in the centre, two of which open on the Esbekeeyah. The Copt quarter stands on the site of the old village of El Maks.

"The Jews' quarter consists of narrow dirty streets or lanes, while many of the houses of the two opposite sides actually touch each other at the upper stories. The principal reasons of their being made so narrow are to afford protection in case of the quarter being attacked, and to make both the streets and houses cooler in summer.

"The old Frank quarter is usually known to Europeans by the name of the Mooskee, supposed to be corrupted from Miskawee. This last is said to have been given it in very early times (according to some, in the reign of Moëz, the founder of the city), in consequence of its being the abode of the water-carriers; and, according to the same authority, when the city was enlarged, and their huts were removed to make way for better houses, the streets which extended through this quarter (from what is now the Darb el Barábra to the Hamzowee) still retained the name of Darb al Miskawee. This, however, appears not to have been the real origin of the name; and some derive it from misk, 'musk,' but for what reason does not appear. It was here that the first Franks who opened shops in Cairo were permitted to reside, in the reign of Yoosef Saláh-ed-deen (Saladin). But the number of houses occupied by them in later times having greatly increased, the Frank quarter has extended far beyond its original limits, and the Mooskee now includes several of the adjacent streets. This quarter is sometimes called by the natives the 'Hart el Frang.'

"The Esbekeeyah is now considered as a separate quarter, and the ground to the west of it, in which houses are rapidly springing

up, is called Ismaileeyah. To the south is the quarter of Abdeen. These three are now the fashionable quarters. The whole of the Esbekeeyah and of the Ismaileeyah, and part of Abdeen, are provided with good roads and pavements, and lighted with gas. This last improvement renders the carrying of a lantern (*fanóos*) at night no longer necessary nor obligatory in these quarters.

"For administrative purposes Cairo is now divided into ten quarters or Toomns: Esbekeeyah, Bab esh Shareeyah, Abdeen, Darb el Gammameez, Darb el Ahmar, Gemeleeyah, Shessoon, Kaleefa, Boolák, and Old Cairo.

"Cairo, like Alexandria, forms a government distinct from the province in which it is situated. It has its own governor, who is assisted by a deputy. Police cases are decided by the Zábit, or prefect of police, whose office is at the Zaptieh, close to the street leading to the palace of Abdeen. An attempt has been made to establish a municipal police, but with no great success. The same rule in criminal cases holds good here as at Alexandria: if the defendant is a foreigner he must be taken before his own consular court. Civil cases between natives and foreigners and foreigners of different nationalities are decided by the new mixed tribunals.

"Cairo is said to contain 500 mosques. Many of them are in ruins, but the greater number of those that are still in repair, and used for the daily prayers, must be apparent to any one who passes through the streets, or sees their numerous minarets from without.

"The mosques of Cairo are so numerous that none of them is inconveniently crowded on Friday; and some of them are so large as to occupy spaces three or four hundred feet square. They are mostly built of stone, the alternate courses of which are generally colored externally red and white. Most commonly a large mosque consists of porticos surrounding a square open court, in the centre of which is a tank or fountain for ablution. One side of the building faces the direction of Mekkeh, and the portico on this side, being the principal place of prayer, is more spacious than those on the other three sides of the court: it generally has two or more rows of columns, forming so many

aisles, parallel with the exterior walls. In some cases this portico, like the other three, is open to the court; in other cases it is separated from the court by partitions of wood, connecting the front row of columns. In the centre of its exterior wall is the 'Mehráb' (or niche), which marks the direction of Mekkeh; and to the right of this is the 'Mimbar' (or pulpit). Opposite the Mehráb, in the fore part of the portico, or in its central part, there is generally a platform called 'dikkeh,' surrounded by a parapet, and supported by small columns; and by it, or before it, are one or two seats, having a kind of desk to bear a volume of the Kur-án, from which a chapter is read to the congregation. The walls are generally quite plain, being simply whitewashed; but in some mosques the lower part of the wall of the place of prayer is lined with colored marbles, and the other part ornamented with various devices executed in stucco, but mostly with texts from the Kur-án (which form long friezes, having a pleasing effect), and never with the representation of anything that has life. The pavement is covered with matting, and rich and poor pray side by side; the man of rank or wealth enjoying no peculiar distinction or comfort, unless (which is sometimes the case) he has a prayer-carpet brought by his servant and spread for him.

"The large mosques are open from daybreak till a little after the 'eshè, or till nearly two hours after sunset. The others are closed between the hours of morning and noon prayers; and most mosques are also closed in rainy weather (except at the times of prayer), lest persons who have no shoes should enter, and dirty the pavement and matting. Such persons always enter by the door nearest the tank or fountain (if there be more than one door), that they may wash before they pass into the place of prayer; and generally this door alone is left open in dirty weather. The mosque El-Azhar remains open all night with the exception of the principal place of prayer, which is called the 'maksoorah,' being partitioned off from the rest of the building. In many of the large mosques, particularly in the afternoon, persons are seen lounging, chatting together, eating, sleeping, and sometimes spinning or sewing, or engaged in some other simple

craft; but notwithstanding such practices, which are contrary to the precepts of their prophet, the Muslims very highly respect their mosques. There are several mosques in Cairo (as the Azhar, Hassaneyn, etc.) before which no Frank, nor any other Christian, nor a Jew, were allowed to pass, till of late years, since the French invasion.

"The principal bazaars of Cairo are the Ghoreeyah and Khán

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

Khaléel. The former is called from Sultan el Ghóree, whose mosque and tomb terminate and embellish one of its extremities. There cottons and other stuffs, silks, fez caps, and various articles are sold; and in the Khan Khaléel cloth, dresses, swords, silks, slippers, and embroidered stuffs are the principal articles. The two market days at the latter bazaar are Monday and Thursday, the sale continuing from about 9 to 11. Various goods are sold by auction, the appraisers, or *dellárs*, carrying them through the market, and calling the price bid for them. Many things may be bought at reasonable prices on these occasions; and it is an amusing scene to witness from a shop. Crowds of people throng the bazaar, while the *dellárs* wade through the crowd, carrying drawn swords, fly-flaps, silk dresses, chain armor, amber mouth-pieces, guns, and various heterogeneous substances."

During their stay in Cairo General Grant and his party made the usual visit to the Pyramids. The distance from Cairo to the Pyramids is six miles in an air line, but is much greater by the road.

"The Pyramids seem equally large at a distance of six miles as at one. Arrived at the base of the great Pyramid of Cheops, and seeing the enormous size of the masses of stone of which it is composed, the sense of awe produced by these edifices is still farther increased.

"In addition to the three great Pyramids here, there are three small ones standing beside Cheops, and three small ones beside the third. The second and third are surrounded by traces of square enclosures, and are approached through enormous masses of ruins, as if of some great temple, while the first is enclosed on three sides by long rows of massive tombs.

"By an examination of the smooth casing of the top of the second Pyramid, and the magnificent granite blocks which form the lower stages of the third, we can imagine what they must all have been from top to bottom. The highly polished granite blocks which we see in the interior of the great Pyramid were no doubt the same material which composed its casing, and that the whole was covered with sculptures. In the distance we see the groups of Abou-Sir, Sakkara, and Dashur. In short, the whole country seems a vast cemetery, which extends all along the western ridge for twenty miles behind Memphis.

"Cheops, or the Great Pyramid, stands farthest north, and is the one usually ascended and entered by travellers. It is 780 feet high, rising from a base which measures 764 feet each way, and which covers eleven acres of ground! It is estimated that Cheops had employed 100,000 men for ten years to make the causeway from the Nile to the Pyramid for the purpose of conveying the stone, and 360,000 men twenty years to build the monument! To have some conception of the immense size of this Pyramid, it is well to remember that the tower of Strasbourg, the highest in Europe, is but 462 feet in height, and the cupola of St. Peter's in Rome 429 feet.

"Dr. Lepsius states, after his numerous researches in regard

to the Pyramids, that their construction began in the centre and was developed externally, after the manner of sapwood in trees. Thus a pyramid of medium size was first constructed, and successive layers were then added to it, each layer measuring sixteen or eighteen feet in thickness, and increasing the pyramid in size and elevation. To understand this, it must be remembered that each prince of the ancient monarchy, immediately after his ascension to the throne, began the construction of a pyramidical tomb, but always of moderate proportions, to insure its achievement in case of his death. So long as the reign continued, however, new layers were gradually added, so that the size of a pyramid depended on the length of the monarch's reign. Thus it may be understood why some are of such immense proportions, while others remain still in an embryo state. On the death of the kings, the Pyramids were enveloped in hard-polished stones, which hid the gradations of the stones, and covered, at the same time, the entrance to the gallery leading to the sepulchral chamber. This explanation is justified by well-known facts posterior to the monarchy, as the tombs in Upper Egypt present the same peculiarity.

"The sheik at the Pyramids furnishes two Arab guides to help to make the ascent; exercise yourself as little as possible; make them do all the work; each guide will take you by a hand; when half way up, there is a hollow in the corner of the Pyramid where you may rest, and where your guides will indirectly indicate your life is in their hands, and directly demand *backsheesh.* You having to pay the sheik one dollar for their services, will you refuse as directed? No! nine chances out of ten you give them something, as you know a *little slip*, and where would you be? Well, you give them some *backsheesh;* when you get to the top they will shout and jump, and clap you on the back, feel your legs, and 'good massar,' 'strong massar,' 'gi mi backsheesh.' Then you '*take something*,' feel good, look down at the glorious landscape spread before you, and—*gi em backsheesh*, and the chances are, while you are in the queen's or king's chamber, or down the well, they get something more from you. If you tell them, when you get through with them you will give them something, they will tell you, 'the sheik will take it away if he sees.'

"The summit is a platform about thirty-two feet square, but was formerly much smaller before the layer which hid the gradations was employed by the caliphs in the construction of Cairo. The view from the top is very fine. Before you may be seen the Nile winding its way through a carpet of verdure, on which are scattered the villages of Ghizeh, Fostât, and Boulak, and farther on rises Cairo with its minarets.

"The entrance to the Pyramids is invariably on the northern side. In the Great Pyramid we enter and descend through the gallery at an angle of twenty-five degrees until we arrive at a large block of granite which obstructs the passage. Up one side of this we are helped by the attending Arabs, and continue in another gallery, which rises at about the same angle that the other declined. The length of this rising corridor is about 113 feet, at the end of which it is much enlarged, and divides into two galleries. One of these is horizontal, and leads to the Chamber of the Queen. Returning to the point where the paths divide, a large opening may be seen on one side, called the Well; it was formerly a gallery of communication with a lower corridor, but is now partially closed. Of the two galleries which we have just mentioned, the second is called the Grand Gallery, and rises to the centre of the Pyramid, until it reaches a vestibule leading to the Chamber of the Sarcophagus. Here the royal remains were deposited. The sarcophagus, of red granite, still remains, but relic-hunters have proved too much for it; it is fast disappearing under their vandal touch. 'Tis said that Mehemet Ali remarked that, when Europeans were censuring the Turks for their ignorance in destroying so many relics of antiquity, they set a very bad example to those of whom they complain.

"The second Pyramid was built by Sen-Saophis, son of Cheops or Saophis, 2083 years B. C. Its base is 690 feet square and 447 high. It was first opened in the year 1200 by the Sultan El-Aziz-Othman, son of Saladin. An inscription to that effect may be found in the sepulchral chamber; the entrance was closed, however, immediately afterward. Belzoni was the first who, in 1816, discovered the gallery leading to the central cave, but the sarcophagus then contained nothing but earth. On the upper

portion of this pyramid, the outer covering of polished stones still remains, making it very difficult of ascent.

"The third Pyramid, built by Mencheres, is 333 feet square at the base and 203 feet high. This Pyramid, like the second, was opened and shut in the time of the caliphs. Colonel Wyse was the first to re-explore the interior in 1837. There is but one chamber in this Pyramid, in which was found a stone sarcophagus: this was lost in a vessel going to England; but a wooden coffin and a mummy found in the passage leading to the chamber are now in the British Museum.

"A short distance from the Pyramids is the Sphinx—as much greater than all other sphinxes as the Pyramids are greater than all other tombs. It is now so covered with sand that the only human part—the head and body—are visible. The whole figure is cut out of the solid rock with the exception of the forepaws, and worked smooth. The cap, or royal helmet of Egypt, has been removed, but the shape of the top of the head explains how it was arranged. The Sphinx was a local deity of the Egyptians, and was treated by all in former times with divine honors. Immediately under his breast an altar stood, and the smoke of the sacrifice went up into the gigantic nostrils, now vanished from his face. The size of the Sphinx, as given by Pliny, is, height 143 feet; circumference round the forehead, 102 feet. The paws of the leonine part extended 50 feet in front."

The Khedive placed a government steamer at the service of General Grant, for the Nile voyage, and after a few days' stay in Cairo, the party began the ascent of the famous river.

"On Wednesday, the 16th of January," says Mr. Young in his letter to the *New York Herald*, "we embarked on the Nile. As the hour of noon passed the drawbridge opened, farewells were said to the many kind friends who had gathered on the banks, and we shot away from our moorings, and out into the dark waters of the mighty and mysterious stream. One cannot resist the temptation of writing about the Nile, yet what can a writer say in telling the old, old story of a journey through these lands of romance and fable! The Khedive has placed at the disposal of the General one of his steam vessels, and she swings out into

the stream with the American flag at the fore. We have all been in a bustle and a hurry to get away. There was the leaving the palace, the massing of bundles, the command of the impedimenta. We were alert for the trip, and we had been feeding our imaginations with visions of Eastern life, with visions of the faded but glorious remnants of the ancient civilization. We bought each a Turkish fez, and some of us ventured upon the luxury of an Indian hat. Others went into colored spectacles, and the Marquis, a far-seeing man, who had been on the Nile and who was not in the best of spirits at leaving a palace to float for weeks between Arab villages, appeared with an astonishing umbrella. We had many friends to see us off—General Stone, Judge Batcheller, and Judge Barringer, with their wives, General Loring, and others. There were radiant mounds of flowers as remembrances to Mrs. Grant, and as much leave-taking as though we were bound from New York to Liverpool. Some one makes this suggestion, when the observation is made that we are about to undertake a journey as long as from New York to Liverpool and return. The General sits in a corner with Stone and Loring, talking about old days in the army, and making comments upon famed and illustrious names that the historian would welcome if I could only dare to gather up the crumbs of this interesting conversation. At noon the signal for our journey is given and farewells are spoken, and we head under full steam for the Equator.

ISMAIL, EX-KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

"Our party is thus composed: We have the General, his wife, and his youngest son, Jesse. The Khedive has assigned us an officer of his household, Sami Bey, a Circassian gentleman educated in England. Sami Bey is one of the heroes of our trip,

and we soon came to like him, Moslem as he is, for his quaint, cordial, kindly ways. I suppose we should call Sami Bey the executive officer of the expedition, as to him all responsibility is given. We have also with us, thanks to the kindness of the Khedive, Emile Brugsch, one of the directors of the Egyptian Museum. Mr. Brugsch is a German, brother to the chief director, who has made the antiquities of Egypt a study. Mr. Brugsch knows every tomb and column in the land. He has lived for weeks in the temples and ruins, superintending excavations, copying inscriptions, deciphering hieroglyphics, and his presence with us is an advantage that cannot be overestimated, for it is given to him to point with his cane and unravel mystery after mystery of the marvels engraved on the stones and rocks, while we stand by in humble and listening wonder. 'What a blank our trip would be without Brugsch!' said the General, one day as we were coming back from a ruin—a ruin as absolute and meaningless as the Aztec mounds in New Mexico, but which our fine young friend had made as luminous as a page in Herodotus. The Consul-General, E. E. Farman, formerly editor of *The Western New-Yorker*, is also of our party, and I have already spoken of the pleasant impression he made upon General Grant in Cairo. The General had so agreeable a time with the good boys of the 'Vandalia' that he asked Commander Robeson to come and bring with him as many of his officers as could be spared. He was anxious to have Robeson, and all kinds of schemes and persuasions were invented to secure him. When the gracious commands of the lady of our expedition were put upon him the commander paused, and I think for one whole evening he had resolved to go up the Nile. But the morning came, and it brought the cold fact that the commander had a ship to command, and that it was his duty to command it, and the Nile was in no sense a navigable water. So Robeson gave up the Nile, and sent three of his officers to accept the General's invitation—the Chief Surgeon, George H. Cooke, Lieutenant W. A. Hadden, and Ensign F. A. Wilner—who, with the writer (in all ten), form the party who make this Nile excursion. That is to say, we form that fragment of the party who live in the main

cabin. The Consul-General is accompanied by a kind of Arabian Sancho Panza named Hassan. I am afraid it is because the Consul-General is tall and thin, and Hassan is short and brown and stout, that we call the latter Sancho Panza. However, the comparison comes from illustrious lips, and was made one evening when our Consul-General and Hassan were coming over the plains of Dendoreh, mounted on donkeys. Hassan has been eighteen years in the legation. He speaks a ready, expressive, but limited English; wears an Arabian costume, including a cimeter, and is proud of two things—first, that he wears a gold American eagle mounted on a pin, with which he was decorated by Consul-General Butler; and second, that he captured John H. Surratt. Hassan is a Moslem, the husband of two wives, and believes in Dr. Lansing, the missionary, who educates his children.

"No one ever heard Hassan speak ill of a consul-general. For eighteen years he has seen dynasties rise and fall, from De Leon to Hale, from Butler to Farman, and he has only good words for them all, living and dead. Hassan is proud of his mission as a member of the General's party, and walks the deck sabred and turbaned like Othello. The Marquis makes no secret of the fact that his heart is in our palace of Kassr-el-Noussa. He would gladly have waited there until our return, but I suppose it never occurred to the General, and so he paces the deck with colored glasses, and an umbrella under his arm, wondering how people can go for weeks on a boat, and ride donkeys, and wander among dust-heaped ruins, when a palace is in readiness and you have only to clap your hands for slaves to answer your call.

"Our boat is called 'Zinet-el-Bohren,' or, as my omniscient friend translates it, the Light of Two Rivers. It is a long, narrow steamer, with two cabins, drawing only a few feet of water, with a flat-bottomed keel. The Nile is a river of sand and mud, and as the bottom is always changing, you must expect to run aground every little while and to run off again. This in fact we do, and the announcement that we are aground makes about as much impression upon us as if a passenger in a Broadway omnibus heard the wheel of his coach interlocking with another. The

Nile boats seem arranged to meet any emergency in the way of land—for this river is sprawling, eccentric, comprehensive, without any special channel—running one way to-day, another next day. To know the river, therefore, must be something like knowing the temper of a whimsical woman—you must court and woo her and wait upon her humors. Navigation is a constant seeking after knowledge. We have a captain in a comely uniform, with a clear-cut Arab face, who stands in the middle of the boat and shouts. We have two men with poles, who lean over the prow and sink their poles in the water, and shout. Then at the wheel we have one, or perhaps two steersmen, generally fine, grave, swarthy fellows, who do not shout much, but, knowing the river's coquettish ways, do as they please, unmindful of the shouting. For an hour, for two or three hours, we hum along with an easy, trembling motion, the smooth, shining river lapping our sides, and the low, green banks falling behind us. Then we have a tremor, a sidling to one side, and the engines stop. This was so serious a business, especially to our seafaring friends, that for the first or second time they regarded it as a call to quarters or a fire-alarm, but we soon became used to it, and running aground hardly interrupted the idlest conversation. When evening comes our captain picks out the best point that can be found after sunset, and runs up to the land. The crew are sent ashore with torches and hammers, posts are driven into the soft clay, and we are tied to the shore. There, as if out of the earth they come, we have a group of Bedouins in their turbans, who gather on the river bank and make a bonfire of dried sugar-cane or cornstalks, and keep watch over us during the night. The first night we tied up, Mr. Grant the younger and the writer went ashore, seeking out Hassan to keep us company. There was our group of crouching Arabs over the fire, their dark features lighting up into a strange but not unimpressive kind of beauty. We had been told—I believe all the books written by our English friends tell us—that the only way to extract courtesy from an Oriental is to beat him, trample him, or at least show him the hilt of your dagger or the muzzle of a pistol. The only daggers our party possess are the honest table-knives, which

some one of the many Mohammed Alis in attendance on our party is at this moment most likely scouring. The only pistols I can trace are General Grant's and my own. The General, however, left his weapon in the bottom of one of his trunks in London, and mine is looked upon as a kind of infernal machine, dangerous to no one but the owner. However, we treat our Arabs with civility, and Hassan supplies them with cigarettes. They wish to stand in our honor, but we insist on their taking all the comfort possible out of their modest, crackling fire. They tell us their names, Mohammed one thing and Mohammed another. They have only one wife each, and live in the neighboring village. They have a sheik, and he sent them hither to watch over the hadji. Times are hard with them. The Nile has been bad, and when the Nile is bad, calamity comes, and the people go away to other villages. We did not like to talk politics with them, because we feared that Hassan, who is an admirer and friend of the Khedive, might limit the tendencies of our inquiries and give only barren answers. They said, however, they would sit over us all night and keep us from harm. I have no doubt they were sound asleep, burrowed near the cinders, long before any one of our party had retired, except perhaps the Doctor, whose habits are exemplary, and who sets us an example of early hours.

"There can be no more interesting, and, I am afraid, perilous experiment than to put ten human beings on a boat for three weeks and bid them enjoy themselves. I looked around the boat with a little curiosity as we came in, and began to adjust ourselves to the conditions of our trip. There are two things that try friendship—getting married and travelling together. You have to dovetail, to make and receive compromises. Questions of coffee and tea and chocolate, of breakfast and luncheon, of amusement and conversation, enter into travel. There is the passenger who is never quite well, the passenger whose health is a reflection upon others, the passenger who worries about the engines and the mails, the passenger who cannot stand the sea cooking, and compares every dish with a famous dinner he once enjoyed at Delmonico's. Then there is the exasperating passen-

ger, who contradicts everybody and is ready to wager. Our little party developed none of these eccentricities. So far as the daily and hourly rubbing together was concerned, nothing came to mar our harmony. We adjusted ourselves to the General's modes of life; and as these were of the simplest and most considerate character, it involved no sacrifice. We live in a cluster of small rooms around the cabin. My own little room has a window within a few inches of the water. I have only to put out my hand to feel the cooling sense of the stream. It is a wonder how much you can do with a room not much larger than an ordinary sideboard. Clothing and books find rest in odd kinds of places. You sleep with your brushes and combs.

"We breakfast whenever we please—in the French fashion. The General is an early or late riser, according as we have an engagement for the day. If there are ruins to be seen in the morning he is generally first on the deck with his Indian helmet swathed in silk, and as he never waits we are off on military time. If there are no sights to be seen the morning hours drift away. We lounge on the deck. We go among the Arabs and see them cooking. We lean over the prow and watch the sailors poke the Nile with long poles and call out the message from its bed. Sometimes a murderous feeling steals over some of the younger people, and they begin to shoot at a stray crane or pelican. I am afraid these shots do not diminish the resources of the Nile, and the General suggests that the sportsmen go ashore and fire at the poor, patient, drudging camel, who pulls his heavy-laden hump along the bank. There are long pauses of silence, in which the General maintains his long-conceded supremacy. Then come little ripples of real, useful conversation, when the General strikes some theme connected with the war or his administration. Then one wishes that he might gather up and bind these sheaves of history. Or perhaps our friend Brugsch opens upon some theme connected with Egypt. And we sit in grateful silence while he tells us of the giants who reigned in the old dynasties, of the gods they honored, of the tombs and temples, of their glory and their fall. I think that we will all say that the red-letter hours of our Nile journey were

when General Grant told us how he met Lee at Appomattox, or how Sherman fought at Shiloh, or when Brugsch, in a burst of fine enthusiasm, tells us of the glories of the eighteenth dynasty, or what Karnak must have been in the days of its splendors and its pride. But you must not suppose that we have nothing but serious talk in those idle hours on the Nile. Hadden sometimes insists that Sami Bey shall become a Christian, and offers to have subscriptions raised in the churches at home for his conversion, and this generally superinduces a half-serious, half-laughing conversation, in which our Moslem friend shows how firmly he believes in the Prophet, and how it is that an accomplished and widely travelled man of the world may see all the virtues of faith in the faith of Islam.

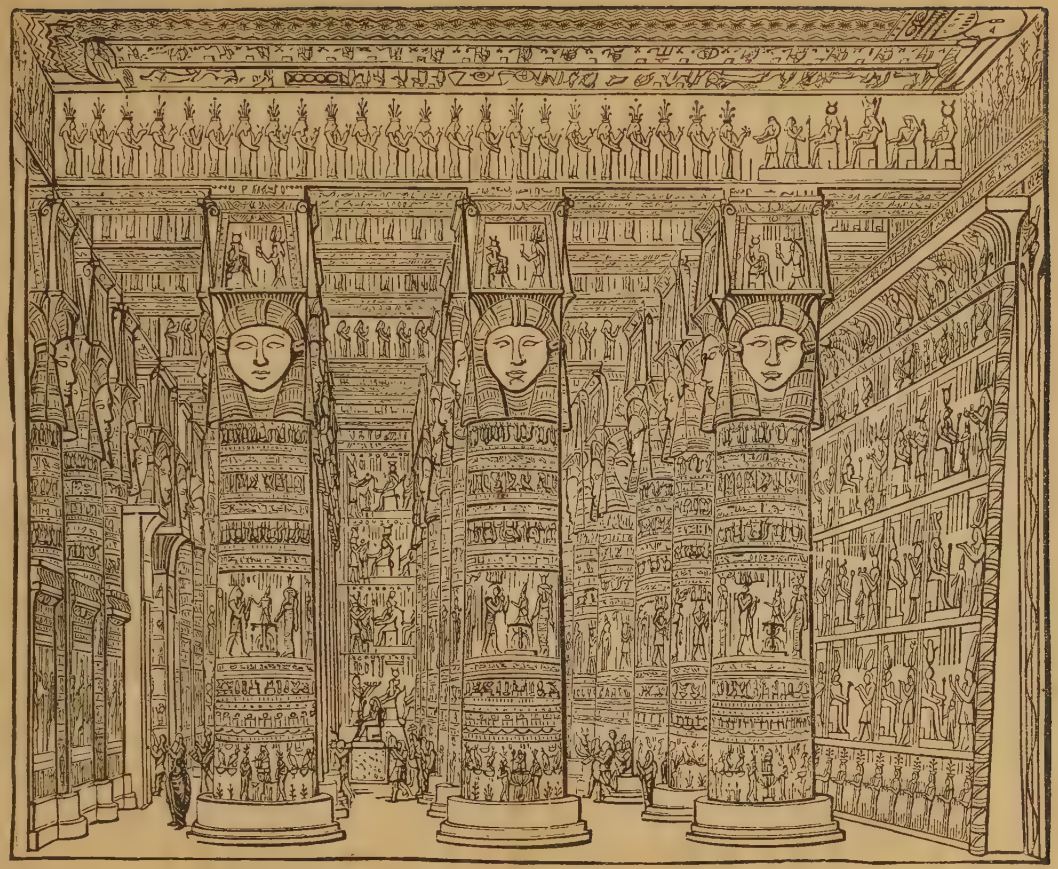
"Sometimes a dahabeeah sweeps in sight, and we rush for the glasses. The dahabeeah is an institution on the Nile, a cumbrous, quaint-sailing machine, with a single bending spar like the longest side of a right-angle triangle. The dahabeeah, although a boat with sailing qualities, might really be called a suit of floating apartments. You take your dahabeeah for two or three months. You supply yourself with the luxuries of Cairo. You hire a dragoman, a crew of Arabs. If you like books you have your small library. If you like sport you have your guns. You steal off in the morning and shoot the wild duck. You lounge and read. If you have no wind you lie in the river and watch the idle flapping of the sail and the crowd of black and brown fellahs howling for backsheesh. You enjoy your life, or you fancy you enjoy it, which is the same thing. We met several friends on the way. The first we overhauled was Mr. Drexel, and he came on board as brown as Sitting Bull, having a glorious time, but not above hearing about home. Then we boarded another, under the impression that it was an American, and found that we had fallen upon a hospitable English cousin, who had been dawdling about waiting for the wind. His first question was as to the health of the Pope, which was answered by telling of Victor Emmanuel's death. Then we came across Mr. and Mrs. Howland, enjoying their honeymoon on the Nile, but anxious for news from home. Home! Yes, that is the blessed magic word

which all the glory of the Orient cannot obscure. This witching life only heightens the dear memories of far America. I wonder if the third month, or let us even say the second month, does not hang wearily upon our friends in the dahabeeah. You see we are coming by steam, swift from the living world, laden with news; and when our friends ask with almost the eagerness of thirst for some drop of news from the world behind, you wonder how time must hang upon active minds the third month on the Nile.

"When the sun throws his shadow over the desert, and the white desert sands assume a browner hue, and the plodding camels pass like shadows over the horizon and pant with the long day's burden, our sailors begin to look out for the shore. The Arab mariner loves the shore, and has no fancy for the night. It may be the evil eye, which has a singular influence in all Eastern deliberations. It may be that we are not in much of a hurry, and the river is not to be depended upon. By the time the twilight comes we have reached a convenient place, and our boat hugs up snugly beside the shore. Stakes are driven into the soft clay banks, rude steps are cut in the side, if it is precipitous, and very soon we have the gray-headed sheik, with his followers, coming to watch over us. Then comes the clatter of cooking and supper, the crew sitting around a large dish and helping themselves with their fingers. We have two or three devout Moslems among our crew, who go ashore to pray. The steersman, who wears a turban and a white flowing robe, is the pattern of piety. He takes his woollen mantle about him. He steps down to the brink and washes his feet, his hands, and his forehead. Then he lays his mantle upon the ground and looks toward Mecca. He stands, and holding his hands in front, with the finger-tips touching, makes a low bow, a stately, slow bow, his body bending almost into a right angle. He rises again, standing erect, murmuring his prayer—that there is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet. He prostrates himself on the earth, kisses it, and rising stands erect again. The prostration takes place two or three times; the prayer is over; the faithful Moslem gathers his garment over his shoulders and comes back to the boat and supper. When our dinner is over

we have coffee on the deck, where we sit and talk. If we are near a village, some of the younger ones go ashore. In a few minutes we know by the barking of the dogs that they have invaded the quiet homes of an Egyptian community. Hassan generally goes along on these expeditions; but the precaution has not been of any value thus far. The villages are sleepy enough and the villagers are quiet as possible. The children peer at you through the straw, the elder ones come clamoring for backsheesh, and there is sure to be a blind old soul to crave charity in the house of the most merciful God. You pass along through streets not more than a few feet wide, with dogs in the front and rear, and dogs barking from the roofs of the low mud huts thatched with straw. One or two of these expeditions generally satisfies even the most enterprising of our party; for Egyptian villages are, as far as I have seen, about the same. While some of us are ashore seeking adventure, and the others are clustered on the deck, chatting about friends and home and the incidents of the day, our sailors gather in a circle and we have Arab music. I cannot claim any knowledge of music, although many of my most pleasant memories are associated with its influence. This music of the Arabs is a school of its own, which I would defy even the genius of Wagner to embody. I have often thought that the spirit of a people is expressed in its music as much as in its literature and laws. The music of our Northern nations always seemed to ring with the sense of strength and victory. I remember how the music of the Southern slaves was a strange contrast to the fiery strains of their masters. There was a low, plaintive key in it that spoke of sadness, despair, degradation; that was more a moan and cry than a harmony. I fancied I heard the same plaintive cry in the music of the Arabs.

"There is one thing whose enjoyment never ceases, at least with the writer—the beauty of the atmosphere and the sky. Sleep with me is so coy a dame, not always to be won by the most gentle and persistent wooing, that I am alive to all the incidents of the vessel. Before sunrise you hear the ropes released from the shore struggling back to the ship. You see the torches



INTERIOR OF PORTICO OF THE TEMPLE AT DENDERAH, EGYPT.

flashing up and down the bank, noting the preparations for departure. I sleep with my cheek almost against the wide window pane, almost on the level of the stream, and if I am weary of dreaming or of seeking for dreams, I have only to open my eyes to see the heavens in all their glory, the stars and constellations—to see them again, as it were, embossed on the dark-brown river. You hear the cries of the sailors at their posts, and answering cries from the shore, and the boat pulls herself together like a strong man gathering for a race, and we are away. You throw open your window and put your hand in the water, and feel the current play with your fingers with almost the old delight of childhood. The morning comes over the sands, and you watch the deep blue of the night melt into primrose and pearl. The brown sands of the desert become pale again, and the groves of date palms become palms in truth, and not the fancies that almost startle you during the night. In the early morning it is cool, and it is noon before the sun asserts his power, and even then it is not a harsh dominion, for we have known no hour as yet when we could not walk up and down the deck in our fall garments without discomfort. Throughout the day there is that same open sky, the same clear atmosphere which makes far-distant objects as near as you find them in Colorado. Sometimes you see, with wonder, in the very heart of the desert grateful streams of water, skirted with palm and sheltered by hills. This is the mirage—one of the most frequent phenomena on the Nile. Sometimes a battalion of clouds will come from the east and marshal themselves from horizon to horizon, and the sight is rare, indeed, and you cannot know, you who live in the land of clouds and storm, what beauty they conceal.

"On the morning of the 19th of January, that being the third day of our journey, we came to the town of Siout, or Assiout, as some call it. We have a vice-consul here, and tokens of our coming had been sent, as could be seen by the flags which decorated the bank and the crowd on the shore. Siout is the capital of Upper Egypt, and is a city of 25,000 inhabitants. The city is some distance back from the river, and grew into importance as

the depot of much of the caravan trade from Darfour. Upon arriving, the vice-consul and his son came on board and were presented to the General. Congratulations were exchanged, and we offered our friends coffee and cigars in the true Oriental style. The name of our consul here is Wasif el Hayat. He is a Syrian and a landed proprietor. He is a grave elderly person, who speaks only Arabic, but his son had been educated in Beyrout, at the mission schools, and knew English. We all drove to the town. It was over parched fields, through a country that in more favorable years would bloom like a garden. But the Nile is bad this year, and a bad Nile is a calamity second only to a famine in Egypt. We rode into the town and through the bazaars. All the town seemed to know of our coming, for wherever we went crowds swarmed around us, and we had to force our donkeys through masses of Arabs and Egyptians of all ages and conditions, some almost naked—crowds crying for backsheesh or pressing articles of merchandise upon us. The bazaars are narrow covered ways, covered with matting or loose boards, enough to break the force of the sun. The stores are little cubbyholes of rooms, in front of which the trader sits and calls upon you to buy. As these avenues are not more than six feet wide at best, you can imagine what a time we had in making our progress. The town had some fine houses and mosques, but in the main it was like all towns in Upper Egypt, a collection of mud hovels. We rode beyond the town to the tombs built in the sand, and climbed the limestone rock on our donkeys. This was our first evidence of the manner of sepulture in the olden time. These desert rocks of limestone were tunnelled and made into rooms, and here the mummied dead found rest. The chambers appointed for them were large and spacious, according to the means of the deceased. In some that we entered there was a chamber, an ante-chamber, and sometimes connecting chambers. There were inscriptions on the walls, but they had been defaced. The early Christians had deemed it their duty to obey the first commandment by removing the representatives of the gods that came in their way. The ceilings of the tombs had been once decorated, but modern Christians have deemed it their duty to

deface them by firing pistol-shots. When you visit a tomb and note the blue stars and astronomical forms that the ancients painted with so much care, it is so cunning to try the echo by firing your pistol. Consequently the roofs are spotted with bullet-marks. Here also came the wanderers for shelter, and you see what the fires have done. What the tombs may have been in the past, when they came fresh from pious, loving hands, you can imagine. But what with ancient Christian iconoclasts, modern Christian wanderers, Bedouins, Arabs, selling the graves for ornaments, nothing remains but empty limestone rooms filling with sand and a few hieroglyphic memorials on the walls.

"We were bidden to an entertainment at the home of Wasif el Hayat, and, seven being the hour, we set forth. We were all anxious about our first Arab entertainment, and after some deliberation our naval men concluded to wear their uniforms. The Doctor rode ahead, in the carriage with General and Mrs. Grant and the consul-general. As the Doctor wore his uniform and the others were in plain dress, he was welcomed by the awe-stricken Moslems as the King of America. Hadden and the rest of us rode behind on our trusty and well-beloved donkeys, Hadden in uniform, followed by wondering crowds. I suppose he was taken for a minor potentate, as, in the Oriental eyes, all that lace and gold could not be wasted on anything less than princely rank. But we all had more or less attention, although we could feel that the uniforms were the centre of glory, and that we shone with borrowed splendor. As we came to the house of Wasif el Hayat, we found a real transformation scene. Lanterns lined the street, servants stood on the road holding blazing torches, a transparency was over the gate with the words, 'WELCOME GENERAL GRANT.' The 'N' was turned upside down, but that made no difference, for the welcome here in far Africa made the heart throb quicker. As we rode up, torches blazed, rockets went up into the air, various colored lights were burned, and we passed into the court-yard glowing with light and color, passing into the house over carpets and rugs of heavy texture and gorgeous pattern. Our host met us at the gates of his house, and welcomed us in the stately Oriental way, kissing the General's

hand as he clasped it in his two hands, and then touching his own heart, lips and brow. Here we met the governor, and, more welcome still, the Rev. I. R. Alexander and his wife. Mr. Alexander is one of the professors in the missionary college, and is under the direction of the United Presbyterian Church. The dinner came, and it was regal in its profusion and splendor. I should say there were at least twenty courses, all well served. When it was concluded, the son of the host arose, and in remarkably clear and correct English proposed the General's health. The speech closed by a tribute to the General and the Khedive. General Grant said in response that nothing in his whole trip had so impressed him as this unexpected, this generous welcome in the heart of Egypt. He had anticipated great pleasure in his visit to Egypt, and the anticipation had been more than realized. He thanked his host, and especially the young man who had spoken of him with so high praise, for their reception. The dinner dissolved into coffee, conversation and cigars. Mrs. Grant had a long talk with Mrs. Alexander about home—Mrs. Alexander being a fair young bride who had come out from America to cast her lot with her husband in the unpromising vineyard of Siout. And when the evening grew on, we rode back to our boat, through the night and over the plain. Torch-bearers accompanied us through the town. Donkey-boys and townspeople followed us to the river bank. The moon was shining, and as we rode home—you see we already call the boat our home—we talked over the pleasant surprise we had found in Siout and of its many strange phases of Oriental life.

"On the 21st of January we hauled up to the bank in the town of Girgel. We found Admiral Steadman and Mr. Davis, of Boston, moored in their dahabeeah, and they repeated the same story that we heard all along the Nile, that they had had a good time, a splendid time, could not have had a better time. It seems that their dahabeeah had run aground, and the admiral came out in fine old quarter-deck form and gave all the orders necessary to save the vessel. But after he had given the orders as became a veteran sailor who had battled with tempests in every part of the world, it was discovered that the crew were

Arabs, and did not understand a word of English, and probably thought that the admiral's vigorous forms of speech were a kind of devotion—a manner of worshipping common only to the infidel. So the admiral's vessel had to save itself, and we had our own fun out of the narrative as we sat on the deck over our coffee, and watched the Arabs crouching over the fire. The admiral and Mr. Davis spent a part of the evening with us; but just as the talk was in full tide the dragoman came on board with word that there was a rising wind. Those who sail in the dahabeeah must take the wind when it comes, and so our welcome guests hurried away, and in a few minutes were speeding up the stream.

"It was rather a long distance from our landing place to Abydos, and Sami Bey had given orders that we should be ready at eight for our journey. I am afraid it was quite an effort for some of the party, whose names shall be withheld, to heed this command. But the General was first on deck, and very soon came Mrs. Grant eager and smiling. And as the General waits for no one, those who were late had to hurry their breakfasts, and some of them were skurrying up the side of the bank with a half-eaten biscuit. There were our Arabs and donkeys all waiting, and the moment our company began to muster there was a chorus of screams—'Good donkey,' 'Good-morning,' 'Backsheesh,' and other limited forms of speech. The donkeys charged upon us in a mass, each owner screaming out the merits of his animal. It was only by vigorous efforts on the part of Hassan that we could see and select our animals. Hassan had given me a private bit of information as to which donkey I should select, and I found myself the master of a little mite of a creature, scarcely high enough to keep my feet from the ground, but vigorous and strong, and disposed to stop and bray for the amusement of the company. Hadden's experience with donkeys had made him circumspect, and the General advised him to select as small an animal as possible, or, as a precautionary measure, to the end that a valuable life should be saved to the navy, that he should tie himself on its back. The General himself had a horse placed at his disposal by the Pacha who rules the district, but he rode the

animal with a protest, as it had a shambling gait, and wished that courtesy to his host did not prevent his taking a donkey. The Marquis had some difficulty in pleasing himself, and when at last he set out with an umbrella under his arm and his eyes shaded with sombre spectacles, the suggestion was made that he was a Methodist colporteur on a journey of preaching. But there was a gleam of satisfaction in his noble face as he informed us that a couple of camels had gone up from the town laden with refreshments, and that we should have breakfast in the temple. As I have already hinted, the Marquis has no enthusiasm for ruins, especially Egyptian ruins, while he has positive and valuable views about breakfast. So in time we were off over the country for Abydos. The fields were cracked, and the ditches, which in good times would carry irrigating streams, were dry. Each of us had two Arabs for an escort, and the duty of these attendants seemed to be to encourage the beast by a sound something between a whisper and a hiss, or shouting or beating him. I rather think the beating did not amount to much, for these people love their animals and live with them, and make them companions and friends. But the lady of our expedition would not endure the stick, and we were halted, and Hassan was summoned and told to say to the attendants that they must not beat the donkeys or they would have no backsheesh, not a farthing. There could be no more fearful punishment than this, and there was no more beating. But the Arabs had their satisfaction in kneeling and running at your side and seeking a conversation. Their observations became monotonous. 'Good donkey,' 'My name Mohammed,' 'My name Ali,' 'Good donkey,' 'Yankee Doodle,' 'Good-morning,' 'Good donkey.' Others came with bits of scarabei and bits of ancient pottery, fragments of mummy lids and shreds of mummy cloth, to drive a trade. I was on the point of making a moral observation upon the character of a people who would rifle the tombs of their ancestors and make merchandise of their bones and grave-ornaments, when it occurred to me that these were Arabs, and descended, not from the Egyptians, but from the men who conquered the Egyptians and occupied their land. I hope it is not against the laws of

war for a conquering race to sell the bones of those they have defeated, for our Arabs were so poor and wretched that no one could grudge them any means of earning a piaster. This running trade continues all the way, and in time you become used to it. You become used to the noises, the conversation, the entreaties to buy, and ride on unconscious, or, if anything, amused with your Arab, who is generally an amusing, good-natured scamp, of wonderful endurance, and anxious to please. I became quite friendly with my Mohammed Ali, who had two English phrases with which he constantly plied me—'I am serene,' and 'Yankee Doodle.' The latter phrase was the name of his donkey, and I was about to thank him for this kind recognition of my country when Hassan, from whom I draw great stores of information, told me that they had a variety of names—English, French, German, Italian—which they used according to the nationality of their riders. I had no doubt that my present plodding Yankee Doodle had done duty as Bismarck, MacMahon, and the Prince of Wales.

"Our journey was through a country that in a better time must have been a garden; but the Nile not having risen this year all is parched and barren. Abydos was built on the edge of the Libyan Desert, and the road to the great oasis leads to it over the mountains. The old Egyptians were practical in this respect, that not having land to spare they built their tombs and temples in the sand, and kept their narrow, fertile lands for corn. They could worship their gods in the sand, they could sleep in the sand; but corn and onions needed all the parsimonious Nile would give. We kept on over a series of irrigating ditches, over sandhills, over roads that had not been mended within the memory of man. My first impression was to hold my animal well in hand and guide him, keep from going over his head into a ditch, and show him the safest paths. But I soon learned the elementary lesson in donkey riding—namely, that your animal knows more about the subject than you can teach him, and that you had better discharge your mind from all care and allow him to go in his own way wherever Mohammed Ali will lead him. Then if you can make up your mind to disengage your feet from the stirrups and let them

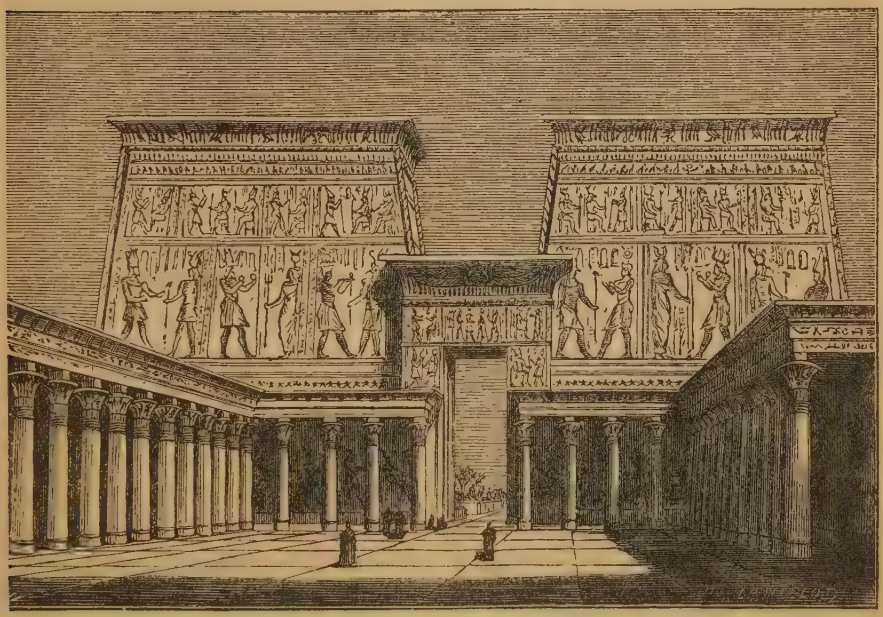
swing, just as when a boy you used to swing over a gate, you will find it easier in the long run. I noticed that those of our party who had the most experience of Egypt rode in this fashion, and so, while some of our ambitious members who had learned horsemanship in the best schools and loved to brace themselves in the saddle were anxious about stirrups, I allowed myself to dangle. There is another reason for this, as I learned from practical experience one day at Assouan. The donkey is apt to fall, for the land is full of holes and traps. To fall with your feet in the stirrups might be a serious matter. But when Yankee Doodle took it into his head to throw his head upon the ground and his heels into the air, it only remained for me to walk from him, as though I had risen from a chair, and wait until he came to a better frame of mind.

"'Here,' said Brugsch, as we dismounted from our donkeys and followed him into the ruins of the temple, 'here we should all take off our hats, for here is the cradle, the fountain-head of all the civilization of the world.' This was a startling statement, but Brugsch is a serious gentleman and does not make extravagant speeches. Then he told us about Abydos, which lay around us in ruins. This was the oldest city in Egypt. It went back to Menes, the first of the Egyptian kings, who, according to Brugsch, reigned 4,500 years before Christ—centuries before Abraham came to Egypt. It is hard to dispute a fact like this, and one of the party ventured to ask whether the civilization of China and India did not antedate, or claim to antedate, even Abydos. To be sure it did, but in China and India you have traditions; here are monuments. Here, under the sands that we are crunching with our feet, here first flowed forth that civilization which has streamed over the world.

"We follow Brugsch out of the chamber and from ruined wall to wall. The ruins are on a grand scale. Abydos is a temple which the Khedive is rescuing from the sand. The city was in its time of considerable importance, but this was ages ago, ages and ages; so that its glory was dead even before Thebes began to reign. Thebes is an old city, and yet I suppose, compared with Thebes, Abydos is as much older as one of the buried Aztec

towns in Central America is older than New York. When the temple is all dug out we shall find it to have been a stupendous affair; but there are other temples to be seen in better condition, and what interests us at Abydos is the city. Here, according to tradition—a tradition which Plutarch partly confirms—was buried the god Osiris. The discovery of that tomb will be an event as important in Egyptology as even the discovery of America by Columbus in his day. In the earliest times it was believed Osiris was buried here. To the ancient Egyptians the burial-place of that god was as sacred as Mecca is to the Moslems or the Holy Sepulchre to the mediæval Christians. The Government has therefore been digging in all directions, and we started after Brugsch to see the work. Mrs. Grant rode along on her donkey, and the rest of us went in different directions on foot. There had been troubles in the neighborhood—riots arising out of the bad Nile and taxes. So we had a guard who hovered around us—one soldier whom we called, in obedience to the law of physical coincidences, Boss Tweed—keeping watch over the General. He was a fat and ragged fellow, with a jolly face. It was quite a walk to the ruins, and the walk was over hills and ridges of burning sand. So the Marquis went to the village to see if the camels had come bearing the luncheon—a subject that was of more value to his practical mind than the tomb of a dethroned deity. It was an interesting walk, to us especially, as it was our first real glimpse of the desert and of an ancient city. The General and the writer found themselves together climbing the highest of the mounds. It was rather an effort to keep our footing on the slippery sand. Beneath us was one excavation forty or fifty feet deep. You could see the remnants of an old house or old tomb; millions of fragments of broken pottery all around. You could see the strata that age after age had heaped upon the buried city. The desert had slowly been creeping over it, and in some of the strata were marks of the Nile. For years, for thousands of years, this mass, which the workmen had torn with their spades, had been gathering. The city was really a city of tombs. In the ancient days the devout Egyptian craved burial near the tomb of Osiris, and so for centuries I suppose their

remains were brought to Abydos from all parts of Egypt. This fact gives special value to the excavations, as it gave a special solemnity to our view. As we stood on the elevation talking about Egypt and the impressions made upon us by our journey, the scene was very striking. There was the ruined temple; here were the gaping excavations filled with bricks and pottery. Here were our party, some gathering beads and skulls and stones; others having a lark with Sami Bey; others following Mrs. Grant as a body-guard as her donkey padded his way along the slopes.



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TEMPLE.

Beyond, just beyond, were rolling plains of shining sand—shining, burning sand—and as the shrinking eye followed the plain and searched the hills there was no sign of life; nothing except perhaps some careering hawk hurrying to the river. I have seen no scene in Egypt more striking than this view from the mounds of Abydos.

"The sun was beating with continued fierceness, and we kept our way to the cluster of trees and the village. The Marquis with illuminated eyes informed us that the camels had come and

the luncheon was ready. We sat around our modest table and feasted—feasted in the temple sacred to the memory of Osiris, and built by the pious munificence of Sethi, the king who rests with God. The walk had given us an appetite and put us all in high spirits, and we lunched in merry mood. There were toasts to the Khedive, to Sami Bey, to the General, and the invariable toast which comes from gracious womanly lips—to friends and dear ones at home. Then Brugsch told us of Salib, an Arabian, who had been for twenty years working at the excavations. He worked with so much diligence that he had become entirely blind, and it was now his only comfort to wander about the ruins, direct the workmen, and perhaps trace with his finger many a loved inscription that his zeal had brought to light. Salib lived near the ruin on a pension allowed by the Khedive, and after luncheon we called on him and took our coffee in his house. The coffee was served on the roof, while some of us, weary with the sun, lay under the shadow of the wall and the date trees, and others sat about the court-yard smoking, and Brugsch, who never misses his chance, improved the shining hour to copy a hieroglyphic inscription. After an hour's rest we went back again very much as we came. But the journey was long, the road was dusty, and when we saw the flag flying from our boat we were, some of us at least, a weary, very weary party. We had ridden fifteen miles on donkeys and walked two or three on the sand, and the shelter and repose of the cabin was grateful when at last it came.

"Our imaginations had been dwelling all these days on Thebes. We read it up and talked about it, and said, 'When we see Thebes we shall see one of the wonders of the world.' We learned that Thebes was once a city that covered both banks of the Nile; that it was known to Homer as the City of the Hundred Gates; that it must have had three hundred thousand inhabitants, and that it sent out twenty thousand armed chariots. It was famed for its riches and splendor until it was besieged. There was the temple of Memnon and the colossal statue which used to sing its oracles when the sun rose. Here was to be found the palace temple of the great Rameses, the only ruin in

Egypt known to have been the home of a king. Here we would see the columns of Luxor, the twin obelisk to the one now in Paris, the stupendous ruins of Karnak, and the tombs of the kings. Thebes alone would repay us for our long journeyings; and we talked about Sesostris and the Pharaohs in a familiar manner, as though they knew we were coming and would be at home. And when we became a little hazy on our history, and could not get our kings exactly straight, and were not sure whether Sesostris was in the nineteenth or the twenty-ninth dynasty, we always fell back on Brugsch, who knew all the dynasties and was an ever-running spring of information, and always as gentle and willing as he was learned.

"By the time we approached Thebes we were well out of that stage and were well up in our Rameses, and knew all about Thebes, the mighty, the magnificent Thebes, the city of a world's renown, of which we had been reading and dreaming all these years. And as Brugsch, leaning over the rail, talked about Thebes, we listened and watched through the clear air for the first sign of its glory. There were the mountains beyond, the very mountains of which we had read, and there was the plain. But where was Thebes? We looked through our glasses, and saw at first only the brown caverned hills, the parched fields, and the shining sand. We looked again, and there sure enough were the colossal statues of Memnon, two broken pillars, so they seemed, with a clump of trees near them. Only the fields, the sand, and the hills beyond; only the same cluster of hovels on the shore and the two distant columns. This was all that remained of the glory of the city that was the glory of the ancient world.

"There was one at least in that small company whose imagination fell, and who could scarcely believe that so much splendor could only be this barren plain. But this is no time for moral reflections, as we are coming into the town of Luxor, one fragment of the old city, and on the shore opposite to Memnon. We are coming to the shore, and we see that we have been expected. The population of Luxor is on the river bank; all the consulates have their flags flying, and the dahabeeahs, of which there are five or six, have their flags up. Right at the landing-place is a

neat three-storied stone building, painted white, with the American and Brazilian flags on the roof. The house is all hung with boughs of the date palm and decorated with lanterns. Over the door there are two American flags, and two soldiers are on guard. Evidently Luxor is in great excitement, for as we come to the wharf two soldiers on the roof fire six or seven shots from their muskets. This is our salute, and as soon as the plank is run ashore the vice consul comes on board with the governor and welcomes the General. Then we go ashore, and call on the vice consul. We enter the house and pass over stone floors strewn with Turkish and Persian rugs of great value. We pass into the best chamber of the house, and we hear another series of musket-shots. In this best chamber the host points out a picture of the General, which he says, in Arabic, is one of his household gods, and that the day which brought the General under his roof will ever be a blessed day to him. We noticed also a picture of President Hayes. We sat on the divan, and the coffee was brought, and after the coffee long pipes. Then, at the request of our host, we all went up to the roof of his house, where we had a fine view of the country, the country which once shone with the magnificence of Thebes, but which is now only a valley between two ranges of hills—a valley of sand and parched fields, here and there a cluster of hovels called a village, here and there a ruin almost hidden from view by the shadows of the descending sun.

"The town of Luxor, as it is called, is really a collection of houses that have fastened upon the ruins of the old temple. This temple is near the river, and has a fine façade. It was built by Amunoph III. and Rameses II., who reigned between thirteen and fifteen hundred years before Christ. I am not very particular about the dates, because I have learned that a century or two does not make much difference in writing about the Egyptian dynasties. In fact the scholars themselves have not agreed upon their chronology. The only scholar in whom we have any faith is Brugsch, and when he tells us that this temple is much more than three thousand years old, we believe him. It is not a very old temple as temples go, and Brugsch shows it to us in a matter-of-fact way, saying, 'Wait until you see Karnak.' There is a

fine obelisk here, the companion of the one now standing in the Place de la Concorde at Paris. There is a statue of Rameses, of colossal size, now broken and partly buried in the sand. The walls are covered with inscriptions of the usual character—the glory of the king, his victories, his majesty, his devotion to the gods, and the decree of the gods that his name will live for millions of years. I have no doubt much more could be seen and known of this Luxor temple but for modern vandalism.

"In the morning we made ready for our trip to Memnon, and the temple home of Rameses. We set out early in the morning —early at least for a party of idle voyagers who do not crave a reputation for early rising. We had to cross the river, our boatmen singing their Arab music. And when we landed on the other shore we had, thanks to the forethought of our consul at Thebes, a collection of stable donkeys, with a well-mounted horse for the General. We were a little time getting under way. There was the escort of servingmen with the luncheons on camels, who pushed ahead. Then came the General and his party. The party was composed of fifteen, as we had with us the consul, the governor of the province, the Marquis and Hassan. But as every donkey had two donkey-boys, with a couple of girls, carrying water on their heads, running at your side—as there was a sheik, in stately turban, and five or six soldiers on guard—and a crowd crying for backsheesh and offering antiquities for sale, our tourists' group grew to be quite an army, and as we trailed over the plain we looked like a caravan. The antiquity dealers and water-girls swarmed around us so that it was difficult to ride with comfort, and Hassan, who has practical ways of settling problems, went among them with a stick. Hassan's energy, however, brought his good name into peril, for the idea of beating the nimble, ragged maidens who flocked about us and filled the air with dust, was revolting to the lady of the expedition, who summoned Hassan before her and forbade him to beat the children. Hassan, who is as kindly a being as ever carried a cimeter, explained that he only wanted to frighten them and did not beat anybody. I quite believed him, for in a race the water-girls, who were as nimble as a gazelle, would leave Hassan, who

is stout and slow, far behind in no time. So, as a preventive measure, Hassan was instructed to make public announcement that unless the water-girls and donkey-boys and antiquity peddlers remained far behind, where they would not raise the dust, they should have no backsheesh. Hassan made this terrible proclamation from his donkey with many gesticulations and shakings of his stick; and so we kept on with moderate comfort and peace. But every now and then some one of the children would steal up to your side under pretence of offering you water, and coax you for a copper coin with their large, black, wondering eyes, so that resistance was impossible, and in this way we came to Memnon.

"All that is left of Memnonism are the two colossal statues, the one to the north being the statue that, according to the historians and priests, used to utter a sound every morning when the sun rose. The statue is silent enough now, and is a monolith about fifty feet high. A good part of the base is buried in the earth, but they loom up over the plain, and may be seen—as, in fact, we did see them—miles and miles away. You may have an idea of the size when you know that the statue measures eighteen feet three inches across the shoulders, sixteen feet six inches from the top of the shoulder to the elbow, and the other portions of the body in due proportion. No trace can be found of the cause of the vocal sunrise phenomenon. One theory is that the priests used to climb into a recess in the body of the statue, and perform a juggler's trick. I do not think so badly of the Egyptian priests, who, I suppose, were good men in their way, and not charlatans. You might find one priest in a multitude capable of climbing into a recess and calling upon the people to pay pew rent, or tithes, or something of the kind. But this sound continued for generations, and I do not believe you could find generations of priests carrying on the deception for years and years; so I dismiss that theory and take another which Brugsch explains to us. The statue would be moist with dew at sunrise, and the sun's rays acting upon the dew would cause it to emit a sound like an interrupted chord of music; just such a sound as you hear from a sea-shell if you hold it to your ear. As the sun is sure to shine every morning on these plains you

could be certain that such a phenomenon would recur daily. I can well imagine how a freak of nature might be taken as the voice of the gods, and how humble priests would bow down to it and not enter into scientific speculations. After the statue had been tossed by an earthquake and riven, the music ceased, which only confirms me in doing justice to the poor priests. After we had ridden around the Memnon statue and its companion—around and around them, so as to see them from all sides, and have a full sense of their immensity—after we had rested a half hour in the grateful shade of the column, for the day was warm and severe, we made our way to the neighboring temple of Medeenet Aboo. Our ride to this temple was over a mass of sand and rubbish. But near it was a sheltering grove of date palms, and the Marquis, whose practical mind is never disturbed by any ruins, however ancient, quietly informed us, as an encouragement under the beating sun, that we were to have luncheon.

"Medeenet Aboo was one of the great temples of Thebes, and it deserves special mention here as the only one where you can find traces of the home life of an Egyptian king. I had been asking Brugsch on many occasions where we could see some trace of how king and people lived in the early days. One grew tired—let me say it, if I dare, without irreverence—one grew tired of temples and tombs and these endless tributes to the valor of kings and the virtues of the gods. So when we came to Medeenet Aboo we were shown the rooms where the great Rameses lived. This was the third Rameses, who lived twelve, or perhaps thirteen centuries before Christ—who is supposed by some to have succeeded the Pharaoh who brought the plagues upon Egypt. To enter the private apartments of a great monarch is undoubtedly a privilege, and I was prepared for some ceremony in making our call. But the apartment was in the second story, and the ceremonies were something like those which a school-boy adopts in climbing a neighbor's cherry tree. You climbed a stone, and then a wall, and up the wall over stones which time and sight-seers had worn smooth, and into a window from a precarious ledge. I suppose the great king entered into the bosom of his family by some less complicated

method; and as I saw Hadden and Wilner climb the rock nimbly enough I remembered that they were sailors, and could run up rigging, and that I would wait and take their word for it when they came down. But when I saw the conqueror of Lee deliberately follow, and scale the imperial chamber with all the activity of a young lieutenant, a sense of reproach came over me, and I was bound to follow. The room in which his majesty lived, and which one reached somewhat out of breath and a good deal covered with dust, was not an imposing apartment. It evidently feels the absence of the master's eye, for the bats have taken possession and the roof is gone. The walls are covered with inscriptions. But you see gentler themes than those we have been studying these many, many days. Here the king lived with the ladies of his harem. You see him attended by them. They are giving him lotus flowers; they wave fans before him. In one picture he sits with a favorite at a game of draughts. His arm is extended, holding a piece in the act of moving. I am afraid he had little trouble in winning that game, as his fair opponent, instead of watching the moves, is nursing his senses by holding a perfumed flower to his nose.

"This glimpse of the natural domestic life of the old days was refreshing after the battles and prayers that had followed us all the way from Abydos. It is the only fact I care to note about this temple, especially as we are to-morrow to visit Karnak, and in the presence of that stupendous ruin why waste space on Medeenet Aboo? So we go down into the sanctuary and take our luncheon, the Marquis, who did not climb the ruin, welcoming us with beaming eyes. We gather about the rude table, and we drink the health of the Khedive, and home again. We have the same procession, donkey-boys and water-maidens and sellers of relics. When we come to the river bank Mrs. Grant summons all the maidens to her and distributes backsheesh. The attempt to preserve order is vain. The water-maidens rushed and screamed, and rushed at the purse, and when paid at one end of the line ran down to the other and cried because they had received nothing. Finally, after liberal disbursements and in sheer despair at doing justice to all, and not without a mur-

mur at the savagery and selfishness of the ones she meant to aid, our gracious lady turned the business over to Hassan. As we pushed off in our boats we saw Hassan making his small payments to a quite orderly and decorous crowd. But Hassan had a stick, and, alas! that one must write it of so glorious a land, the stick has become an essential element in the manners and customs of the land.

"We had seen Thebes, we had even begun to grow weary of Thebes. There was a dinner in state which had to be eaten. The General was tired and concluded he would not go. He had been riding all day to Memnon, the temple, and back again, and we were all dusty and tired. But when the General's regret was sent our Arab host was so sad about it, and so apprehensive lest his fellow-consuls, who knew the General had dined with other vice consuls on the way, might misconstrue his absence. So the General went in state or in as much state as we can assume in this region, our naval friends in full uniform.

"When we went to our Theban dinner the Doctor was ill, and the honor fell upon Hadden, who blazed in gold, and whom the waiters were with the utmost difficulty prevented from helping as the honored guest. Our dinner was served in the upper chamber of the house, and the host sat on one side of the table eating nothing, in a state of constant alarm, that made us sympathize with him. He was an Egyptian, with a keen, kind, swarthy face, with a slight gray beard, who had never been north of Thebes in his life and had never drank anything but Nile water. I suppose the honor of entertaining the Chief Magistrate of the United States, and the fear lest he might not do us all the honor he wished, oppressed him, and he sat in deep oppression, his eye wandering from the General to the waiters, who also seemed to share his alarm. The dinner was a stupendous affair, course after course in Oriental profusion, until we could not even pay the dishes the compliment of tasting them. Then came the coffee and the pipes. During the dinner, which was composed of the host and our own party, we had music. A group of Arab minstrels came in and squatted on the floor. The leader of the band—I should say about half-a-dozen—was blind, but his

skill in handling his instrument was notable. It was a rude instrument, of the violin class, the body of it a cocoanut shell. He held it on the ground and played with a bow, very much as one would play a violoncello. He played love-songs and narratives, and under the promptings of Sami Bey went through all the grades of his art.

"We were to see the wonder of the world in Karnak. Karnak is only about forty minutes from Luxor, and does not involve crossing the river. I was grateful to the vice consul for sending us the same group of donkeys which had borne us to Memnon. And when I ascended the hill there was my friend Mohammed Ali jumping and calling and pushing his donkey toward me. A good donkey has much to do with the pleasure of your journey, and Mohammed Ali's was a patient, sure-footed little thing that it made me almost ashamed to ride. We set out early, because it was commanded by Sami Bey that we should return to the boat and breakfast, and while at breakfast steam up the river.

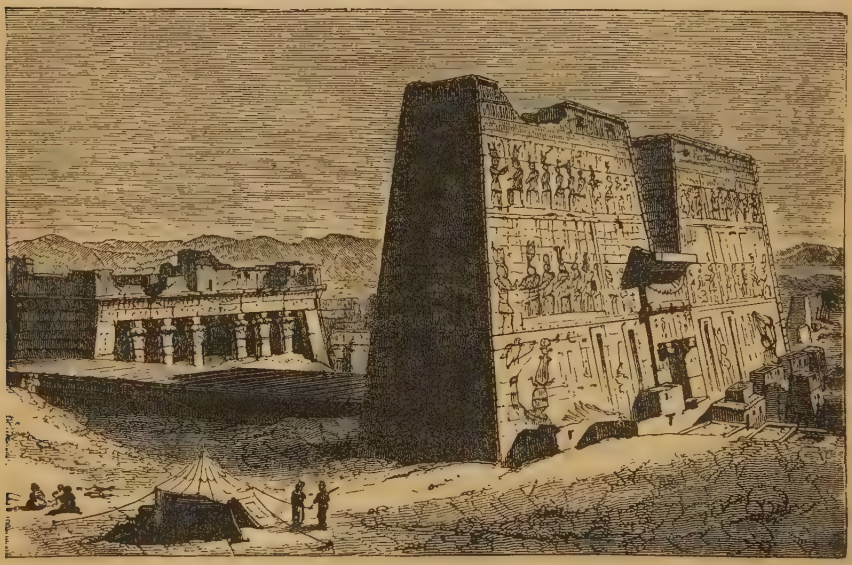
"I cannot tell you when the Temple of Karnak was built. You see, in this matter of chronology, authorities as high as Wilkinson, Bunsen, and Mariette differ sometimes as much as a thousand years in a single date. But my own opinion is that Brugsch knows all about it, and he places the first building three thousand years before Christ.

"Karnak, which was not only a temple, but one in the series of temples which constituted Thebes, is about a half mile from the river, a mile or two from the temple of Luxor. The front wall or propylon is 370 feet broad, fifty feet deep, and the standing tower 140 feet high. Leading up to this main entrance is an avenue lined with statues and sphinxes, 200 feet long. When you enter this gate you enter an open court-yard, 275 feet by 329. There is a corridor or cloister on either side; in the middle a double line of columns, of which one only remains. You now come to another wall, or propylon, as large as the entrance, and enter the great hall—the most magnificent ruin in Egypt. The steps of the door are forty feet by ten. The room is 170 feet by 329, and the roof was supported by 134 columns. These columns are all or nearly all standing, but the roof has gone.

Twelve are sixty-two feet high without the plinth, and eleven feet six inches in diameter. One hundred and twenty-two are forty-two feet five inches in height and twenty-eight feet in circumference. They were all brilliantly colored, and some of them retain the colors still; and you can well imagine what must have been the blaze of light and color when the kings and priests passed through in solemn procession. We pass through another gate into an open court. Here is an obelisk in granite seventy-five feet high, and the fragments of another, its companion. The inscriptions on them are as clear as though they had been cut yesterday, so gentle is this climate in its dealings with Time. They celebrate the victories and virtues of the kings who reigned seventeen hundred years before Christ, and promise the kings in the name of the immortal gods that their glory shall live for ages. We pass into another chamber very much in ruins and see another obelisk ninety-two feet high and eight square—the largest in the world. This monument commemorates the virtues of the king's daughter, womanly and queenly virtues, which met their reward, let us hope, thirty-five centuries ago. You may form some idea of what the Egyptians could do in the way of mechanics and engineering when you know that this obelisk is a single block of granite, that it was brought from the quarry miles and miles away, erected and inscribed in seven months. The next room was the sanctuary, the holy of holies, and is now a mass of rubbish requiring nimble feet to climb. You scramble over stones and sand until you come to what was the room where King Thothmes III., who lived sixteen centuries before Christ, was represented as giving offerings to fifty-six of his royal predecessors. The hall is a ruin, and some French vandals carried off the tablet—one of the most valuable in Egypt—to Paris. Altogether the building alone was 1,108 feet long and about 300 wide, the circuit around the outside, according to a Roman historian who saw it in its glory, being about a mile and a half.

"This is the temple, but the temple was only a part. There were three avenues leading from it to the other temples. These avenues were lined with statues, large and small, generally of the sphinx. I saw numbers of them sitting in their ancient places

slowly crumbling to ruin. There were two colossal statues at the door, now lying on the earth an uncouth mass of granite. One of them was almost buried in the sand, the ear being exposed. You can fancy how large it must have been when you know this ear was a foot long at least. Near the obelisk, some distance from the temple, is a pool of water, on the banks of which black children are scampering and shouting 'Backsheesh, howadji.' This was the Sacred Lake. This lake had an important office in the religion of the old Egyptians. When an Egyptian died



RUINED EGYPTIAN TEMPLE.

and was embalmed, his body was brought to the lake. The procession was a solemn one—mourners throwing dust on their heads, a priest sprinkling water from a brush dipped in a vase, very much as Catholic priests sprinkle holy water; attendants throwing palms on the ground, others carrying fruits and meats, incense and ostrich feathers. The coffin was borne on a sledge until it came to this lake. Here were forty-two judges, men who had known the deceased. Here was the boat, the sacred boat that was to carry the body to the other shore. If it could be shown to these judges that the deceased had been an ungodly

man, that his life had been a scandal, then he was denied sepulture. If it was shown that he had lived worthily and the judges so decided, then all weeping ceased, eulogies were pronounced upon his memory, the body was carried to the other shore, and from thence removed to the catacombs to rest in honor and peace—in peace, at least, until Arab peasants rummaged their graves and made merchandise of their coffins and grave-clothes, their ornaments and tokens, their very bones, just as these greasy Arabs who swarm about our donkeys are doing at this very hour.

"Wherever we find walls we have inscriptions. The inscriptions are in hieroglyphic language—a language as clear to scholars now as the Latin or the Sanskrit. Brugsch reads them off to us as glibly as though he were reading signs from a Broadway store. The stories will hardly bear repetition, for they are the same that we saw at Dendoreh, at Abydos, all through Egypt. They tell of battles and the glory of the king Rameses, who is supposed to be the Sesostris of the Greeks. We have him leading his men to attack a fortified place. Again we see him leading foot soldiers and putting an enemy to the sword. We have him leading his captives as an offering to the gods—and offering not only prisoners, but booty of great value. The groups of prisoners are rudely done, but you see the type of race clearly outlined. We know the Hebrew by the unmistakable cast of features—as marked as the face of Lord Beaconsfield. We trace the Phœnician, the Etruscan, as well as the negro types from Ethiopia, and thus learn of the warlike achievements of this monarch, whose fame is carved all over Egypt, and about whose name there is an interesting debate. Again and again these war themes are repeated, one king after another reciting his conquests and his virtues, wars and treaties of peace. It seemed in the building of these temples that the intention was to make the walls monumental records of the achievements of various reigns. Thus five centuries are covered by the reigns of Sethi and Sheshonk, and yet each king tells his own story side by side. When the walls were covered, or a king wished to be especially gracious to the priests, or, as is more probable, desired to employ his soldiers, he

would build a new wing, or addition, to the temple already existing, striving if possible to make his own addition more magnificent than those of his predecessors. In this way came the Great Hall of Karnak, and in every temple we have visited this has been noticed. As a consequence these stupendous, inconceivable ruins were not the work of one prince and one generation, but of many princes and many generations. And, as there was always something to add and always a new ambition coming into play, we find these temples, tombs, pyramids, obelisks, all piled one upon the other, all inspired by the one sentiment and all telling the same story. It was because that Thebes was the centre of a rich and fertile province, sheltered from an enemy by the river and the mountains, that she was allowed to grow from century to century in uninterrupted splendor. What that splendor must have been we cannot imagine. Here are the records and here are the ruins. If the records read like a tale of enchantment, these ruins look the work of gods. The world does not show, except where we have evidences of the convulsions of nature, a ruin as vast as that of Karnak. Imagine a city covering two banks of the Hudson, running as far as from the Battery to Yonkers, and back five, six, or seven miles, all densely built, and you have an idea of the extent of Thebes. But this will only give you an idea of size. The buildings were not Broadways and Fifth Avenues, but temples, and colossal monuments, and tombs, the greatness of which and the skill and patience necessary to build them exciting our wonder to-day—yes, to-day, rich as we are with the achievements and possibilities of the nineteenth century. Thebes in its day must have been a wonder of the world, even of the ancient world which knew Nineveh and Babylon. To-day all that remains are a few villages of mud huts, a few houses in stone flying consular flags, a plain here and there strewed with ruins, and under the sands ruins even more stupendous than those we now see, which have not yet become manifest.

"Assouan was to be the end of our journey, the turning point of our Nile trip. Assouan is the frontier station of Old Egypt, on the boundary of Nubia. All these days we had been pressing toward the equator, and we began to see the change. Assouan

is a pretty town—to my mind prettier than any I had seen on the Nile. It is difficult to make any standard of comparison among towns which are nearly all hovels, and, so far as scenery is concerned, Nature in Egypt is in so grand a phase that she is always winning. But there was something about Assouan that attracted me. It may have been the grateful trees that hung over the governor's palace—you see I call every governor's house a palace—or it may have been the governor himself. This gentleman was a Nubian—seacoal black—a tall, well-formed, handsome man, in the latest Parisian dress. Our eyes had been feasting for so long upon man in various degrees of nakedness and rags that this presence—this real presence of embodied clothes, kid gloves, cashmere and cloth, with the fez just tipping the left ear—was a sensation. It was like a breath from the boulevards, although our governor seemed uneasy in his clothes, and evidently feared they would be soiled. These two early impressions—the trees and the garments—threw a glamour over Assouan, and now in writing, with the memories of the trip floating before me, I find myself dwelling with comfort upon this pleasant frontier Nubian town.

"Of Assouan, in the way of useful information, it is sufficient to say that it is a town of 4,000 inhabitants, 580 miles south of Cairo, 730 south of the Mediterranean. It used to be supposed that the town lay directly under the equator. In the ancient days Assouan was a quarry, and here were found the stones which became obelisks, temples, and tombs. Assouan's history is associated more with Arabian than Egyptian history. When Islam was marching to conquer the world, the Saracens made a town here and an outpost. When this glory departed, Assouan became, like most frontier towns in the wild days of men, the scene of constant strifes and schisms between the Nubian and Egyptian. There is a place called the Place of Martyrs, Moslem martyrs, and a mosque eight hundred years old, and many Turkish inscriptions: 'I bear witness that there is no God but God; that he has no rival, and that Mohammed is the prophet of God.' We did not visit these places, and were, I am afraid, more interested in knowing that it was at Assouan that Juvenal lived in banishment. There was no house pointed out as

Juvenal's house, and no tree as Juvenal's tree. All of which showed two things—lamentable lack of enterprise on the part of Assouan, and that the priests took no interest in Juvenal's character or deeds.

"In these days Assouan flourishes as one of the depots of the desert trade. Here the caravans come from Ethiopia, and you find traces of desert merchandise among the bazaars. We visited the bazaars, Mrs. Grant and the writer doing some shopping, and Hassan going ahead with his stick, commanding all loyal subjects of the Khedive to fall back and make way for the pilgrims. There were no bones and no antiquities for sale at Assouan, a fact that I note with gratitude. But there was honest merchandise of an humble sort—ostrich feathers, ivory, gum arabic, skins, ebony clubs, silver rings, lances, and crockery. It was the rumor of ostrich feathers that carried us to the bazaars, and soon we were surrounded by a crowd waving the plumes in our faces. The Marquis, in his quiet, circumspect way, had purchased for me some Egyptian earthenware, with which I intend to make a reputation as a connoisseur in the arts when I return to America, if it is not broken.

"What carried us to the bazaars was the ostrich feather. This consummate plume of our modern civilization is brought here in caravans from the desert. The best feathers are those which come from wild birds—those trained and tamed, as in Southern Africa, giving out a flimsier and coarser-fibred feather. I never knew there was so much in an ostrich feather until I found myself the silent partner of Mrs. Grant in the markets of Assouan. I had seen a good deal of the feathers, especially in London, on the signs of gentlemen appointed to sell needles and soap and tripe to the Prince of Wales, and had a vague impression that the principal demand for ostrich feathers was to make plumes for his royal highness. But I soon learned that there are qualities in the ostrich feather which a mere matter-of-fact writer of letters and leading articles had never dreamed of. I also learned some valuable hints as to the way of doing business. In our prosy country you walk into a store, you pay your money, you pick up your handkerchief or New Testament, or whatever it may be,

FRONT OF THE ROCK TEMPLE OF IBSAMBUL, EGYPT.

and walk away. You ask no questions, and it is very probable if you did you would have no answers. The Arab merchant sits in his cubbyhole, smoking his pipe. His cubbyhole is about six feet square and two feet from the ground. He sits with his legs crossed, and sometimes he is reading the Koran. Here he sits for hours and hours, unconscious of the world, perhaps sustained by that fine Moslem precept which I submit to friends at home as a panacea for bankruptcy, that whatever is, is the will of God, and if it is His holy will that no one comes and buys, then blessed be God, the only God, and Mohammed the prophet of God.

"You come and turn over his goods. He studies you over and over. He calculates your power of resistance as though you were a mechanical force. If you are alone, you become an easy prey. Mrs. Grant was always an easy prey. These people were all so poor, so ragged, so naked, and what they asked was, after all, so small, that she was always disposed to pay more than was asked. But in our bargains here we are thrown back upon Hassan's Arabic. You turn over your feathers and hold them to the light, and turn them over and over again. Finally you select a bunch, and bid Hassan buy them. Hassan picks them up, lays them down and picks them up again, as though there might be worse feathers, but he had never seen them; that he was selecting a feather museum, and wanted a few specimens of the worst in the world. The dealer calmly looks on at this pantomime. Hassan asks in a contemptuous tone the price. He murmurs the price—five or six napoleons, let us say. 'Five or six napoleons!' cries Hassan, throwing up his hands and eyes, tossing the feathers at the feet of the cross-legged Moslem and turning toward us with an expression of rage and wonder at the exorbitance of the price, and calling upon all around to witness that he was being swindled. 'Well, but Hassan,' says our lady, as she takes up the rejected feathers, New York price-lists running in her mind, 'I don't think five or six napoleons such an exorbitant price, for the feathers are good feathers.' You see the poor merchant does look so poor, and he cannot sell many feathers in Assouan, and of course he has children, and so—and so.

"But this is the way trade is ruined, Hassan evidently thinks,

but is too dutiful to say. So he explains that they always ask two prices, sometimes three or four, and that if we would all grow angry and throw down the feathers and walk away after him, the merchant would follow us even to the boat, and ask us to name our price. Well, we appreciate Hassan's motives, but we want to buy the feathers and not perform a comedy, and the trade goes on, Hassan laboring under the disadvantage of our not having acted as a proper chorus. I have no doubt that this lack of proper support cost us in the end, for our Moslem tradesman evidently saw that it was God's will that we should buy the feathers. The trade proceeds. Hassan talks louder and louder, and appeals to the crowd. As he talks in Arabic, we only understand him as we would a pantomime. Finally the son of Islam asks what would the gracious lady give? 'Well,' says Mrs. Grant, 'I want to give what is right.' We name a price, say four napoleons. Then the merchant breaks into a pantomime. He takes the feathers angrily out of our hands. He, too, addresses the audience—and by this time there is an audience—upon the feathers. He holds them up and droops them into a waving dainty plume. 'Look at them! See how they shine! Look at their tints—white and gray and black! Such feathers were never seen in Assouan; they came from the far desert; they would be cheap at a hundred napoleons.' We suggest to Hassan after this address that we might as well go elsewhere; that a faith so firmly fixed would not move. 'Wait a little,' Hassan says, 'he will take the four napoleons, and would take three if we had offered them.' So the debate goes on in fury, the anger increasing, until Hassan says four napoleons will buy the feathers. We pay the money and go to the boat with our plumes. When we thank Hassan for his services, he intimates that if we had let him alone he would have bought them for two napoleons.

"It was very warm when we gathered under the trees the next morning to make ready for our journey to Philæ. Sami Bey had hurried us, and the General was, as he always is, the first at the post. The governor was there, and there was a suspicion, his clothes looked so neat and without wrinkles, that he had sat up all night to keep them nice. He brought the General a despatch

from Gordon Pacha, the famous English officer who has been made Governor-General of the Provinces of the Equator by the Khedive, and who is now at Khartoun. But we are just within his provinces, and he sends his message of welcome, one great soldier greeting another. The General returns his thanks and we mount. The General is in luck this morning. The governor has provided him with an Arabian steed—one of the animals about which poets write. This horse was worthy of a poem, and the General expresses his admiration at its lines and paces, saying he had never seen a better horse. Its trappings are regal, and a smile of satisfaction breaks over the General's face as he gathers the reins in his hand and feels the throbbing of his animal's flanks. Sami Bey suggests that perhaps the General should pace the horse up and down, with an attendant to hold him, to see if he is perfectly safe and comfortable.

"Now, Sami Bey is as good a soul as ever lived, and always trying to make everything pleasant, and while he is sure about donkeys, has doubts about this splendid prancing steed. But our General is famous as a horseman in a land famous for horsemanship, and smilingly says: 'If I can mount a horse I can ride him, and all the attendants can do is to keep away.' We sat out in procession, our little trailing army in its usual order of march. The General ahead, Mrs. Grant at his side or near him, securely mounted on her donkey, the Marquis and Hassan near her, should evil fall. We come after, taking the pace our donkey gives us, having learned how wise it is to have no controversy with that useful and wise being, especially upon a theme he knows so well, the holes, and ditches, and yielding sands of Egypt. 'Now you will see,' says Brugsch, 'how beautiful the island of Philæ is; how it nestles in the trees, and how the temple stands out amid the crags and hills, as though nature had been the architect, not man.' Then he told us that Philæ was quite a modern place—that the ruins were not more than two thousand years old, and that much of the sculpture was the work of the later Roman emperors, when those slovenly princes were the masters of Egypt. This was all the history connected with Philæ, although no doubt a temple had been built in the early days and destroyed, and the

one we were to visit was on its site. As Philæ was on the borders of Ethiopia, and in the vicinity of the granite quarries which supplied the old monarchs with all the stone for their monuments, it must have always been an important point. It was the pass through which the old invading armies of the kings passed when they invaded Ethiopia and brought home the prisoners whose negro lineaments we have seen traced on the monuments elsewhere.

"But very soon Brugsch came to us in sorrow, and said that we were not to see Philæ among the trees, nestling in the crags —to see it from afar, and journey toward it as a temple of beauty. The governor had gone on, and taken another road among the abandoned quarries and tombs, and we saw nothing but rocks and hills, gigantic masses of granite heaped on the plain in the volcanic time. Well, we had been seeing so much sand, and clay, and limestone rock, we had become so weary—no, I will not say weary, but so accustomed to the low, sloping river, that it was like a glimpse of home to have the granite bowlders throwing their shadows over your path and sometimes losing it, so that you had to keep a wary eye to prevent your limbs being bruised by the jagged stones. It looked like a bit of New England tossed into this Nile plain. The sun was beating with his flaming fury, and all that was left to the jaded traveller was to draw the folds of the silk over his brow and face, and jog on. It was the warmest day we had known, in a land where we have known only summer days. To my mind the granite plain as we advanced to Philæ was full of interest. I thought of the ancient civilization of Egypt in its most repellent and selfish form. It was here that the Egyptians were dragged, generation after generation, to dig out monstrous stones and move them down the river to do honor to the kings. For centuries the work continued—the most selfish work, I take it, ever ordained by a king. For centuries it went on—Cheops this age, Abydos the age after; Karnak requiring twenty centuries alone. Here was the scene of their toil. Here the taskmaster carried out the orders of the king and forced the uncomplaining slave. I can well understand the horror with which the Israelites regarded Egyptian bondage if they ever

came to Assouan to dig stones for a kingly tomb. I have no doubt they did their share of the work, and that over this sandy, rocky plain they trudged their weary road from year to year, their hearts fixed on the Holy Land, waiting for the hour when God would put it into Pharaoh's heart to send them out of the house of bondage. The glory of that dead civilization quite faded away, and I thought only of its selfishness, of its barrenness, and it seemed only a fit retribution that the monuments which were to commemorate for ages the ever-increasing glory of the kings should be given over to the Arabs and the bats, should teach no lesson so plainly as the utter vanity of human pride and power.

"We rode along the bank and dismounted, and embarked on a dahabeeah, which was to ferry us over. This dahabeeah is under the control of a sheik, whose duty is to carry vessels up and down the cataracts. For seventy years, man and boy, he has done this work, and as he stood by the rail looking on, his turbaned head, his swarthy face tinged with gray, and his flowing robes, he looked handsome and venerable. He had twenty-five of a crew, including the children. There was a minor character in baggy clothes who gave orders, but the old man was a moral influence, and he watched every phase and ripple of the stream. I should like to have interviewed the sheik. A man who has spent seventy years in these Nubian solitudes, striving with a mad, eccentric river, must have thought well on many grave problems. But my resources in strange tongues do not include Arabic; and so I am debarred. But we are now moving along the stream, and wayward currents encompass us, and the sheik is no longer a mere moral influence, but an active power. He shouts and gesticulates, and the crew all shout in a chorus, ending with an odd refrain, something like a prolonged moan. It is quite stirring, this strife with the currents; and, although the sun beats with all of his power upon us, we stand upon the deck and watch. The General expresses his admiration of the seamanship of the Arabs—an admiration which is justified by the manner in which, surging through the perils of the stream, we nestle under the temple walls of Philæ.

"We land, not without an effort, and climb into the ruin. Philæ is not specially interesting as a temple after you have seen Thebes and Abydos. I can think of nothing useful to say about it, except that as a ruin it is picturesque. Nature comes as an aid. The temples we have been visiting have been mainly in the sand, on the desert. But here we are in volcanic regions. Around us are piles of granite rock. The island is green, and the date palms salute us as we pass. There are flowers, and, instead of bulging and sliding through sand, we step trippingly over stones and turf. In the sanctuary we note three young Germans eating lunch. We pass to the other bank to see the cataract. This is one of the features of the Nile. The river here spreads into various channels and runs over rocks. One channel is used for vessels ascending the stream, the other for vessels descending the stream. The one before us is not more than a quarter of a mile long. The river is narrow, the banks are steep, and the stream rolls and dashes like a sea, the waves lashing the banks and roaring. I should call the cataract simply a narrow, heavy sea. The danger in navigating is from the rocks and being dashed against the banks. It is a relief, fresh from five hundred miles of easy, placid sailing, the river as smooth as a pond, to see it in this angry mood. While we are here we note men swimming toward us, each man on a log with a garment tied to the head. They are natives who propose to run the rapids for our amusement. They swim, or rather hold on to a log, and propel themselves into the current. It is hazardous enough, for the current sweeps like a torrent, and the least want of nerve would dash the swimmer against the rocks. But they go through bravely enough and come out into the smooth water below. Each swimmer, carrying his log on his shoulder, and drawing his single garment around his shivering loins, comes for backsheesh. Hassan makes the payments, but the crowd becomes clamorous and aggressive, and would probably carry off Hassan, bag and all, but for the governor, who restores order with his stick. We return to our donkeys, having had an interesting but rather wearying day. And in the morning, before we are up, our boat has turned its prow and we are going home.

"On our way home we stopped long enough to allow all of the party, but Sami Bey and the writer, to visit the tombs of the kings. I had letters to write, and we were running swiftly toward mails and mailing distance from New York. We stopped over night at Keneh, and saw our old friend the governor, who came down on his donkey and drank a cup of coffee. We stopped an hour at Siout, and two of our missionary friends came on board and told us the news from the war and from home. We gathered around them in anxious wonder, hearing how Adrianople had fallen, how Derby had resigned, and how England was to go armed into the European conference. 'I begin to think now,' said the General, 'for the first time, that England may go in.' Some one proposes, laughingly, that the General, who is on his way to Turkey, should offer the Sultan his services. 'No,' he said, 'I have done all the fighting I care to do, and the only country I ever shall fight for is the United States.' On the 3d of February we reached Memphis. The minarets of Cairo were in sight, and we found General Stone waiting for us with a relay of attendants and donkey-boys from Cairo. We were all glad to see our amiable and accomplished friends, and we had another shower of news, which came, to use a figure that is not quite original, like rain upon the sandy soil. We mounted for our last sight-seeing ride on the Nile, to visit the ruins of Memphis and the tomb of the sacred bulls.

"It was believed in the Egyptian mythology that the god Osiris came to earth and allowed himself to be put to death in order that the souls of the people might be saved. After his death there was a resurrection, and the immortal part of him passed into a bull—called Apis. The bull could only be known by certain signs written in the sacred books, and kept by tradition. These signs were known to the priests. When they found the calf bearing these marks he was fed for four months, on milk, in a house facing the rising sun. He was then brought to Memphis and lodged in a palace, and worshipped with divine honors. The people came to him as an oracle. When he passed through the town he was escorted with pomp, children singing hymns in his honor. The greatest care was taken of his life.

At the end of twenty-five years, unless natural causes intervened, the reign of Apis came to an end. Another calf was found bearing the sacred signs. The bull was marched to the fountain of the priests and drowned with ceremony. He was embalmed and buried in the tombs which we visited at Memphis. Our ride to Memphis was a pleasant one, a part of it being through the desert. We passed close to the pyramid of Memphis, which is only an irregular, zigzag mass of stones. Brugsch tells us it is very old, but with no especial historical value. The ruins of Memphis are two or three tombs, and the serapeum or mausoleum of the sacred bulls. One of the tombs was opened, and we went through it, noting, as we had so often before, the minuteness and care of the decoration. There were other tombs, but to prevent the modern travellers from breaking them to pieces they were covered with sand. What a comment upon our civilization that Egypt can only preserve her tombs and monuments from Christian vandals by burying them!

"We then made our way to the serapeum. While on our journey we heard the story of the discovery of this remarkable monument. Mariette Bey, who still serves the Khedive, was directing excavations, and especially at Memphis. He had long believed that the tomb of the bulls could be found. So here he came and lived, working in the sand for two or three years, with a blind faith in his theory. You cannot imagine anything more unsatisfactory or discouraging than this digging in the sand. In an hour or a day a wind may come up and undo the work of months. Mariette Bey had his own discouragements, but he kept courageously on, and was rewarded by the discovery of the most important of the Egyptian monuments. We heard this story as we groped our way down to the tombs. We entered a long, arched passage with parallel passages. Candles had been placed at various points. On each side of this passage were the tombs. Each tomb was in its alcove. The bull was placed in a huge granite sarcophagus, the surface finely polished and covered with inscriptions. These coffins were stupendous, and it is a marvel how such a mass of granite could have been moved through this narrow channel and into these arches. We lit a

magnesium wire and examined one or two very carefully. The tombs had all been violated by the early conquerors, Persians and Arabs, to find gold and silver. In most cases the cover had been shoved aside enough to allow a man to enter. In others the sides had been broken in. The inside was so large that four of our party climbed up a ladder, and descended. There was room for three or four more. There were tombs enough to show that the bull had been worshipped for centuries. When we finished this study we rode back to our boat. The sun was going down as we set out on our return, and as we were passing through a fertile bit of Egypt—a part not affected by the bad Nile—the journey was unusually pleasant. After the parched fields and sandy stretches of the upper Nile, it was grateful to bathe in the greenery of this Memphis plain, to see the minarets of Cairo in the distance, to feel that we were coming back to a new civilization. The sky lit up with the rosiest tints, one mass of the softest rose and pink—a vast dome glowing with color—starless, cloudless, sunless, it was that brief twilight hour, which we have seen so often on the Nile, and the memory of which becomes a dream. I have seen no sky so beautiful as that which came to us when we bade farewell to Memphis. We reached our boat and gave the night to preparations for landing.

"We had seen the Nile for a thousand miles from its mouth, with no want of either comfort or luxury, and had made the trip much more rapidly than is the custom; as Sami Bey remarked, it had been the most rapid trip he had ever known. Now, when there was no help for it, we began to wish we had seen more of Dendoreh, and had not been content with so hurried a visit to Karnak—Karnak, the grandest and most imposing ruin in the world. But, you see, we have letters to read from dear ones at home, and we have come to feel the world again, and we can think with more content of our experiences, now that our hunger for news has been appeased. So we pack up, and in the morning we steam down to Cairo. The General sent for the captain, and thanked him and made him a handsome present. He also distributed presents to all on the boat, including the crew. About twelve we passed the bridge and moored at the wharf.

Our 'Vandalia' friends hurried to Alexandria to join their ship; those who had homes found them, while the General and party returned to the palace of Kassr-el-Noussa.

"Here we were again received and welcomed by the representatives of the Khedive. We remained in Cairo for a few days, making many interesting excursions and visits, and enjoying the continued hospitality of the Khedive.

"Bidding adieu to our good friends at Cairo, we started for Port Said, and arrived on the 9th of February. Port Said seems quite modern after our journey into Upper Egypt. It is laid out in streets and squares, and is not unlike an American town; has a population of about ten thousand, among whom are many Germans and Italians. It is quite a busy place, the repairing of shipping and the coaling of vessels being the principal occupations of the people. We walked through its sandy streets, under a burning sun, on our way to the house of the consul, where we were to dine and rest. In the afternoon we were most heartily welcomed by our naval friends of the 'Vandalia,' the good ship having come from Alexandria to meet us. We embark, being very glad—notwithstanding the pleasant memories of our trip up the Nile—to get back once more under the protecting folds of that flag which speaks of home."

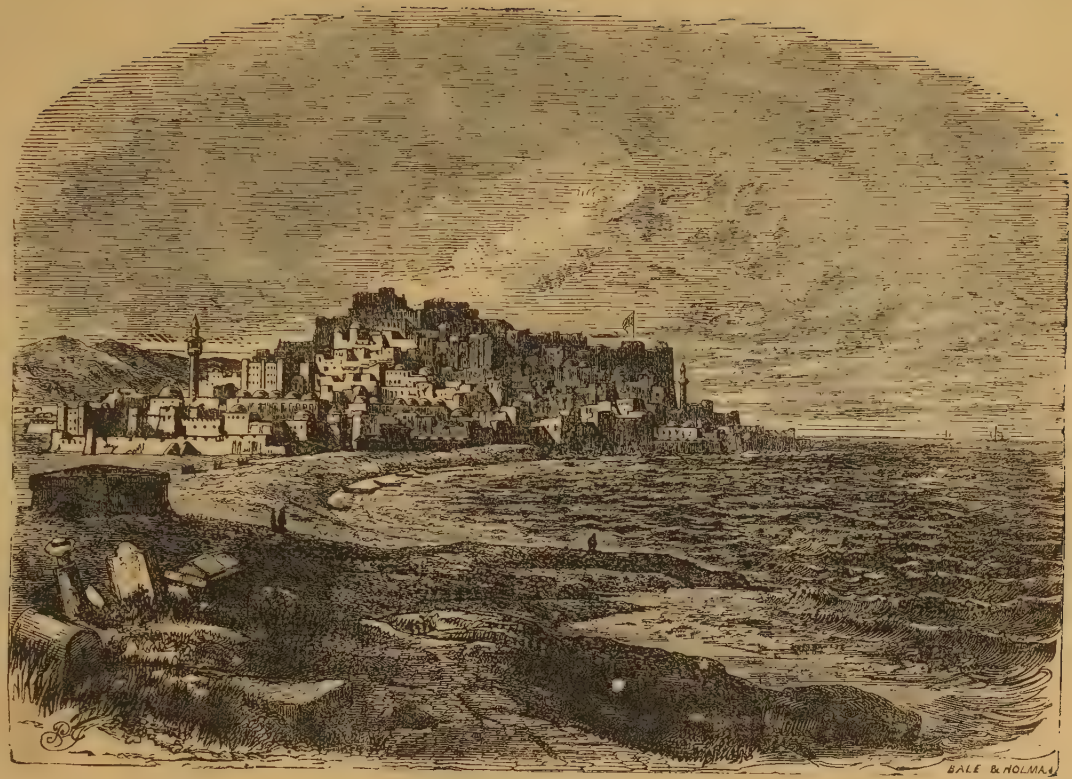
CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOLY LAND, TURKEY, AND GREECE.

Arrival of the "Vandalia" at Jaffa—The Landing—Jaffa—The Journey—The Journey to Jerusalem—Reception at Jerusalem—A Surprise to General Grant—His Personal Wishes Concerning Receptions—Life in Jerusalem—The Modern City—The Streets—The Jews—The Government—The Haram-esh-Sherif—The Ancient Temple—The Dome of the Rock—The Mosque of El-Aksa—The Church of the Holy Sepulchre—The Tomb of our Lord—Via Dolorosa—The Mount of Olives—Gethsemane—Visit to Bethlehem—Grotto of the Nativity—The Journey to Damascus—Northern Palestine—Nazareth—Damascus—Journey to Beyrout—Departure for Constantinople—Arrival in the Turkish Capital—Reception by the Sultan—Description of the City of Constantinople—General Grant's Arabian Horses—Departure for Greece—Arrival at Athens—Honors by the King and People—Modern Athens—Illumination of the Acropolis—Departure from Athens—Corinth—Syracuse—Arrival of the "Vandalia" at Naples—End of the Mediterranean Voyage.

THE "Vandalia" sailed from Port Said in the afternoon of Saturday, February 9th, 1878, and the next morning the coast of Palestine was in full view. The travellers were on deck early, and they watched every point of this famous shore, as they steamed rapidly past it. Soon after breakfast the "Vandalia" hove to off Jaffa. The American Consul, Mr. Hardegg, came on board to welcome General Grant to Syria, and in a little while the General and his party went ashore in the "Vandalia's" boat. Landing, they proceeded at once to the residence of Mr. Hardegg, in the suburbs of the town.

Jaffa, or Yâfa, as it is called by the Arabs, possesses one of the finest locations in the East. It stands immediately upon the shore of the Mediterranean, whose waves wash its walls. It lies upon a rounded hill, which slopes towards the sea on the western side, and is encompassed on the land side by groves of oranges, lemons, citrons, and apricots, which are unsurpassed and scarcely equalled by any in the world. From a distance it presents a massive and commanding appearance, but upon approaching it one finds that the houses are crowded close together; that the



JAFFA, OR JOPPA.

streets are narrow, crooked, dark, and dirty. The houses are built along the sides of the steep hill, as if each were trying to crowd the others towards the top, on which sits the castle looking down over the entire city. The houses seem terribly rickety to one from over the sea, and it is hard to resist the impression that if one of them should break loose it would send the whole mass sliding down into the sea. Around the town runs a strong wall, pierced with two gates only—one towards the plain, and the other overlooking the "harbor." A few old guns are mounted on the rampart facing the sea. The castle, though imposing in appearance, would offer but a feeble resistance to a well-planned attack.

In spite of its dirt, in spite of its hot, close crowded houses, Jaffa is a busy place. It is the one port of Southern Palestine, as it was of ancient Judæa, and it is the place at which nine-tenths of the pilgrims and visitors to the Holy Land enter the country. It is a port in some respects, and yet in one it hardly deserves the name, for it has no harbor.

The French and Austrian steamers call here weekly, but as there is no harbor, they are obliged to lie out a mile or two from the shore, and land their passengers, mails, and freight in small boats. This can be done only in mild weather, and oftentimes they are obliged to pass and repass without being able to hold any communication with the town. A slight increase of wind will oblige a steamer to "up anchor," and run out to sea, for this is an ugly coast, upon which no sailor cares to be caught by foul weather. The so-called harbor of Jaffa affords no accommodation whatever for ships of any kind. It consists of a strip of water some fifty feet wide and about five or ten feet deep, sheltered towards the sea by a low and partly submerged ridge of rocks. It has two entrances, one on the west, about ten feet wide, and the other on the north, a few feet wider. Only small boats can enter here, and these require the most skilful management. As the boats come dancing in from the steamers in the offing, the utmost precision in steering is necessary to clear the entrance. A few feet either way from the channel, and the boat would be hurled by the breakers upon the rocks, without hope of escape

for any of its occupants. Yet they come and go from year to year with comparatively few accidents.

Once within the ledge of the rocks, and in smooth water, the boat makes for the Water Gate of the city, a mere aperture in the wall about six feet square, level with the street of the city, and about five feet above the water-line. It can be used only in calm weather, for "a breeze from the west frisks the foam into the doorway, blinding the aga on duty, drenching the poor donkeys, preventing the porters from either loading or unloading the boats. Through this small cutting in the rampart everything coming in to Palestine from the west—from France and England, from Egypt and Turkey, from Italy and Greece—must be hoisted from the canoes; such as pashas, bitter beer, cotton cloth, negroes, antiquaries, dervishes, spurious coins and stones, monks, Muscovite bells, French clocks, English damsels and their hoops, Circassian slaves, converted Jews, and Bashi Bazouks; hauled up from the canoes by strings of Arabs; men using their arms for ropes, their fingers for grappling-hooks, their scanty robe—a sack tied round the waist with a strap or sash—for a creel, a table, a kerchief, anything you please, except a covering for their limbs. In like manner, all waste and produce going out of the country for its good or evil—maize, dragomans, oranges, penitent friars, bananas, olives, soldiers on leave, Frank pilgrims, fakeers, consuls, deposed pashas—must be shot from that tiny port-hole into the dancing boats, like Jonah into the sea. When a steamer hails in the road, this hauling up, this shooting out of goods and men, goes on for hours at a stretch."

The population of Jaffa is estimated at about 5,000. Of these 1,000 are Christians, 150 Jews, and the remainder followers of the Prophet. Its trade is increasing every year, as it is the only point along the southern coast at which steamers can call, and is within easy communication with Jerusalem by a tolerably good road. The constant passage of pilgrims and travellers through the city adds much to its trade. The leading European nations and the United States have consulates located here, and an enterprising firm have erected a comfortable hotel in the city,

conducted on the plan of similar establishments in Europe. Its present prosperity dates from about the middle of the last century. "Mr. Arutin Murad, our consular agent at the time," says Dr. Thompson, writing in 1858, "told me that the present city was then not a hundred years old. In consequence of the pirates which infested this coast during the early life of his father, Jaffa was entirely deserted, and the inhabitants retired to Ramleh and Lydda. He himself remembered when there was only a single guard-house, occupied by a few soldiers, who gave notice to the merchants in Ramleh when a ship arrived." Jaffa has also a large trade in fruit and soap, and a growing trade in silk.

The Jerusalem Gate is the only entrance to the city from the land side, and is always crowded. Just within it is a fountain inscribed with Arabic legends, and adorned profusely with carvings. The gateway is a lofty tower pierced with a noble arch, and flanked by the city walls. "In the gateway itself sits the cadi, judging causes in the presence of donkey boys, fellahîn, and Franks. This man is fined, that man is flogged; but there is little noise in the court, no bill of exceptions, and no thought of an appeal. The heat makes every one grave; the very soldiers on guard are dawdling over pipes, and the collectors of duty are dozing in the shade."

Beyond the gate is a broad open space, lying between the walls and the ditch which extends along the line of the ramparts, and upon it are erected a number of sheds and booths. This is the bazaar of Jaffa, in which is held a kind of perpetual fair, where one may buy nearly everything that is to be obtained in the East. Here congregate the strangest crowds to be seen in Southern Palestine. "A house on the left is of planks; one large hut, used for a café and exchange, has a wooden frame; but most of these booths are made of canvas stretched upon a frame of poles. Near the great tank, in which, when you go to drink water, you may happen to find a camel lapping, an Arab bathing, and a girl filling jars for domestic use, stands a house of stone and mud, a sort of pound, in which a sheik who dares not ride into the town may stable his mare. Under the light roofs of these sheds a merchant buys and sells; a barber tells stories and shaves Moslem heads;

a muleteer munches his black crust; a wayfarer breathes his hookah, paying a para for his jebilé and fire; an Arab haggles over the price of a carbine, a length of cotton, an Indian bamboo; a donkey-boy sucks his bit of sweet cane; a famished negro gobbles up his mess of oil and herbs. All these men of swarthy race—some of them sheiks from the desert, some of them slaves from Cairo and the Soudan; all bearded and bare-legged; these wearing armlets and earrings, those wearing green shawls or turbans, a sign of their saintly rank—plod ankle-deep in the sand, each grain of which is hot as though it had been swept from a furnace to their feet. Piled up around them are heaps of fruit, such as very few gardens of this earth can match. Grapes, oranges, tomatoes, Syrian apples, enchant the eye with color. Figs, peaches, bananas, imprison the sunshine of summer days. Plums dazzle you with bloom. What mounds of dates, what mountains of melons! And through all these crowds of men, through all these lanes of fruit, winds the track of the camel and the ass, the pilgrim and the monk, the pasha and the prior, from whatever point of the compass they may chance to come. And so it has always been, and always must be, in this suburb of the Jerusalem Gate. Dorcas bought fruit in this market, drew water at yon well. St. Peter walked in from Lydda along this sandy path. Pompey, Saladin, Napoleon rode through this litter of sheds and stalls."

Beyond the ditch lie the orange groves and fruit orchards. They are very extensive and profitable, and are carefully cultivated, irrigation being practised for this purpose. Water can be obtained in every garden, and at a moderate depth.

The gardens are a very popular resort in the spring, when the fruits are ripening. People come out from the city, and spread their mats under the trees, and smoke, drink coffee, chat, sing or sleep, as suits them, until the approach of evening drives them within the walls again. The gardens and groves are very profitable also. Dr. Thompson was informed by the American Consul that the proprietors with care could clear a profit of ten per cent. on the capital invested, clear of all expenses. The oranges of Jaffa are considered the best for exportation of any in the East.

Jaffa is one of the oldest cities in the world. Pliny mentions a tradition that it was built before the flood, though he does not say how it escaped the general destruction. It was assigned to the tribe of Dan upon the conquest of the land by the Israelites, and is mentioned in Joshua under the name of Jappho. It was the only port of the Israelites upon the Mediterranean coast, and it was the place to which the rafts of cedar and pine intended for the Temple at Jerusalem were shipped by Hiram from the Phœnician ports. The materials used in the construction of the second Temple by Ezra were also brought by sea from Tyre and Sidon to Joppa. The prophet Jonah took ship at Joppa for Tarshish, in his fruitless effort to flee "from the presence of the Lord," and it could not have been very far off the coast that the prophet was thrown into the sea and swallowed by the fish. Joppa was also the scene of the miracle wrought by the Apostle Peter in raising Tabitha, or Dorcas, from the dead. After this Peter remained some time at Joppa, dwelling in the house of "Simon the tanner." The house is still shown on the side of the city next the sea, but one must exercise his discretion in accepting the site as genuine; there can be no question that the house is modern. While residing with Simon, Peter was engaged one day in praying on the house-top; and there had the remarkable vision by which God made manifest to him His will that the apostle should break through the bounds of his Jewish prejudices, and embrace all mankind in the great work of salvation.

The secular history of Joppa is equally interesting. It suffered severely during the Maccabæan wars, the sympathies of its people appearing to be with the Syrians. They once threw 200 Jews into the sea, and this drew upon them the direful vengeance of Judas Maccabæus, who seized the town and burnt a portion of it, together with the Syrian fleet lying off the place at the time. Pompey deprived the Jews of Joppa, and included it in the government of Syria, but Cæsar restored it to the Judæan crown. Cestius Gallus burned it, and put 8,000 of its inhabitants to the sword at the outbreak of the Jewish War of Independence. After this the place became the rendezvous for a band

of pirates and outlaws, who built them a number of ships, and made themselves a terror to the whole coast. One of the first acts of Vespasian (A. D. 67) upon reaching Palestine was to send a force to break up this "nest of pirates." It is believed Joppa became the seat of a Christian bishop during the reign of Constantine. It passed into the hands of the Mohammedans in 636. Godfrey of Bouillon captured it previous to the attack upon Jerusalem, and it was an important post in the hands of the Christians. In 1188 its fortifications were destroyed by Saladin, and shortly after rebuilt by Richard of England, who was ill here for some time. In 1253 it was occupied by Louis IX. of France, but soon passed into the hands of the Mohammedans. Its history is insignificant from this time until near the close of the last century, when the Mediterranean being swept clear of pirates Jaffa rose once more into prominence as the one port of Southern Palestine. It was taken by assault by Napoleon in March, 1799, and 2,500 prisoners were shot by his order.

From Jaffa General Grant and his party went up to Jerusalem. Besides his regular travelling companions, the General was accompanied by Mr. Hardegg and Lieutenant Commander A. G. Caldwell, Lieutenant J. W. Miller, Engineer D. M. Fuller, and Midshipman W. S. Hogg, of the "Vandalia." Three rough wagons without tops were provided for the party, and Mr. Hardegg rode on horseback.

The party set out from Jaffa in the afternoon in the midst of a rain, going up to Jerusalem by the road traversed by most modern travellers. It lies directly across the plain to Ramleh, a ride of four hours, where the travellers passed the night at the Latin convent. The monks, in spite of the constant arrivals of travellers, and the fact that their hospitality is a source of profit to them, are slow about opening the convent gates, and it takes hard pounding with stones, and many calls given with all the strength of Arab lungs, to bring the porter to the entrance. Then the gate is opened slowly and with as much caution as if the good fathers expected a whole Bedawîn tribe to force their way in, and the instant the traveller and his beast are fairly inside the heavy door is slammed to and locked with an alacrity that is surprising.

At seven the next morning the General and his party resumed their journey, the rain still falling. The weather grew better as they neared the Holy City. From Ramleh the road leads to the southeast, across the plain to Lâtrôn, at the base of the hills. In an hour after leaving the convent the travellers passed the village of Kubâb, a considerable place, which enjoys an evil reputation, and which most persons pass by as quickly as possible. Three hours more across the plain, over which a fair rate of speed can be maintained, and one reaches Lâtrôn, which stands on a rocky hill to the right of the road, about an hour from the mouth of the defile which can be seen opening into the dark mountains beyond. The summit of the hill is covered with the ruins of a large and strong fortress, and at its foot is the half-ruined village. From the hill-top the eye ranges over a wide extent of the plain as far as Tell es-Sâfieh (Gath) on the south, and to the Mediterranean on the west, whose blue waters are unbroken by a single sail. Ramleh and Jaffa are both in sight. To the north are the mountains of Ephraim, and to the northeast Beth-horon, the scene of so many exploits of Jewish valor, towers towards the clouds, looking down upon the home of the illustrious hero whose great deeds it witnessed.

Lâtrôn occupies a strong position, and was no doubt fortified at a very early day to command the mountain pass which leads from the plain to Jerusalem. The name is derived from that given to the place by the monks, Castellum Boni Latronis—"Castle of the Good Thief," from the tradition that this was the site of the castle of the Penitent Thief, according to some, of his birth-place, according to others. It is beyond a doubt the Castellum Emmaus of the Crusaders—the fortress which they erected near Emmaus to control the Wády through which the Jerusalem road enters the mountains. Its greatest claim to honor, however, arises from its identity with the ancient Modin, the home of the Maccabæan heroes, and their place of burial. In full sight to the northeast is Beth-horon, the scene of one of the great victories of Judas. Simon erected at Modin a lofty monument with seven pyramids, which could be distinctly seen from the sea. The identification of the place is due to Dr. Robinson.

About a mile northeast of Lâtrôn, and in full view of it, is the village of 'Amwâs, or Emmaus, or Nicopolis, which was a place of considerable importance during the Asmonæan wars, and which bore a prominent part in that struggle. It is also interesting because of the belief formerly entertained by Christian writers that it was the Emmaus mentioned by St. Luke, to which the two disciples were going from Jerusalem when the Saviour appeared to them on the day of His resurrection. It is now agreed by commentators that this could not have been the place.

Two miles east of 'Amwâs is the village of Yalo, which lies on a prominent ridge overlooking the valley of Merj Ibn 'Omeir. This is the ancient Ajalon, a town belonging to the tribe of Dan. The valley upon which it looks down is the "Valley of Ajalon," the scene of Joshua's great victory, to enable him to secure which the day was miraculously lengthened.

From Lâtrôn the road runs direct to the mountains and plunges into a wild deep gorge called Wády Aly. The entrance is known as Bâb el-Wády, "Gate of the Wády." Just before reaching the ravine the road passes a decaying building, evidently the remains of a Crusaders' tower, called for some unknown reason, Deir Eyûb, "Job's Convent." At the mouth of the wády there is a wretched caravanserai—a mere rough shed kept by a peasant, at which pilgrims and persons going up on foot to Jerusalem can find rest and refreshment.

Wády Aly is a wild, weird glen, whose sides rise up high overhead, and through which runs the Jerusalem road—a mere track straggling through the thick underbrush and over stones upon which the animals find it hard to secure a footing. It is literally no road at all, and no traveller who has ever passed over it will forget it. At every mile the ravine grows wilder and lonelier, and the ascent more difficult, as one climbs slowly from the plain to the high level of the mountain region around Jerusalem. Not a human being or sign of a habitation is to be seen. Only a few corn patches, a few olives and vines on the terraces upon the hillsides tell that the land is inhabited. The wády is strangely silent, and as one proceeds, the silence grows oppressive. The

turns are so sharp, so sudden, and the foliage so thick that there are scores of places in which the robber might lurk unseen until his rifle was at the traveller's breast. But the road is safe, and being much used, few Arabs are bold enough to attempt violence along it. At length, after two hours steady toil, the break-neck path is surmounted, the summit of the pass is reached, and Wády Aly is left behind at the ruin of Beit Fejjôl, which is passed on the left, with Sarîs, a little hamlet, with a garden and a well, on the left. The road then mounts to a higher ridge for about three-quarters of an hour, and then descends along the side of a precipitous valley, so abruptly that the animals can scarcely keep their footing. "In front rise two peaks; to the right Sôba; to the left, Beit Nakûbeh. Below, the valley spreads itself broad and open; a white track running through it like a stream; domes and mounds of earth rising round it, and appearing to enclose it in their arms." Some distance below is seen a bold and pretty hamlet clinging to the mountain side, and which is soon reached.

This is Kuryet el-'Enab, the ancient Kirjath-Jearim. It stands on the right bank of the wády, and is one of the most picturesque places in Palestine. It is well built, the houses being of stone, and constructed with more care than is usual in the East. Olive trees and vines grow thickly along the terraces which stretch away from the village, and the thick green of the trees and luxuriance of the foliage forcibly recall the ancient name, "Village of Forests," by which the place was known to the Hebrews. Equally well does it merit its modern name, "Village of Vines." Several of the houses lie close together, and from their size and strength might easily be taken for a fortress. These are the residences of what is left of the family of the once famous robber chieftain Abu Ghaush, of whom more anon. An old Gothic church, deserted but not ruined, adjoins the village. The style is very plain, but is chaste and massive, and the building might be restored to its former uses. The walls are immensely thick, and the building would answer for a fortress as well as for a temple. The church was founded by the Crusaders, and a Franciscan convent attached to it, both said by some writers to have

been dedicated to St. Jeremiah; but the convent has disappeared without leaving a trace behind. The church is now a cattle-shed and a rope-walk.

Kuryet el-'Enab was always a famous village. Centuries ago it was one of the cities of the crafty Gibeonites who beguiled Joshua into a league with them, and was known as Kirjath-Baal, "Village of Baal." It marked the southwest corner of the territory of Benjamin, and was reckoned among the towns of Judah. When the Ark was sent from Ekron to Bethshemesh, the men of the latter place were smitten with a plague for their impious curiosity in looking into it, and at once sent to the inhabitants of Kirjath-Jearim to come and take it away, which was done, and here it remained in the house of Eleazar for twenty years, when David carried it in triumph up to Jerusalem.

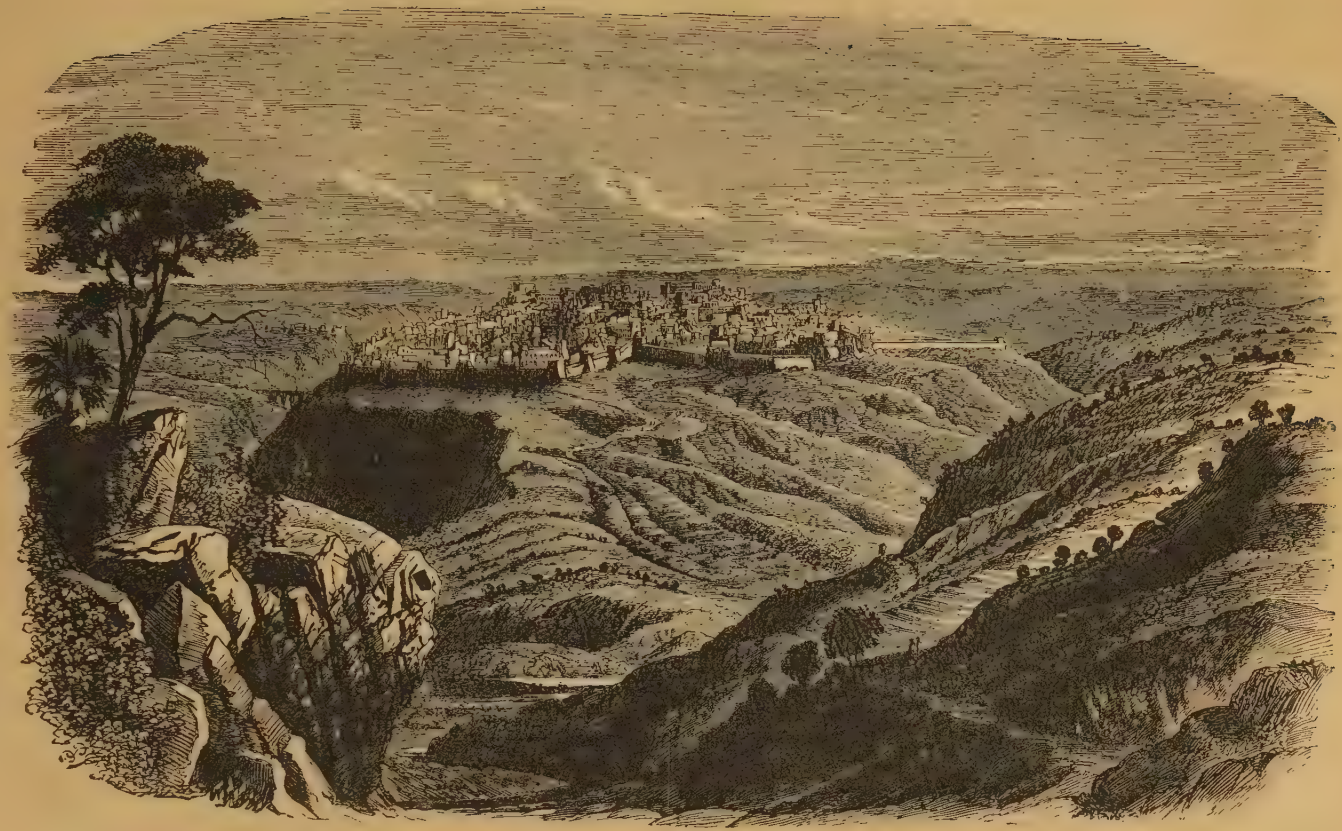
From Kuryet el-'Enab the road winds down into the glen, which it crosses, and ascends the slope on the opposite side. The splendid peak of Sobâ is constantly in sight to the right, and on its summit is a ruined fort, said to have been one of Abu Ghaush's strongholds. Climbing still higher, Kustul, a ruined castle standing on the summit of a considerable hill, is passed to the right, and the road descends rapidly into a small ravine which flows off into Wády Beit Hanîna, and passes along it to the eastward through pleasant groves and gardens to its junction with Wády Beit Hanîna. At the point of junction, on the end of the ridge, stands the village of Kolonieh, a pretty collection of flat-roofed cottages, embowered in the smiling orchards and vineyards which line the terraced hillside. Above the houses rise the dark hills, and in the valley below the olive groves stretch away into the distance. Far down the valley to the southward can be seen the thriving village of 'Ain Karim, with its Franciscan Convent of St. John in the Desert, marking the traditional site of the birthplace of John the Baptist.

The road now turns into Wády Beit Hanîna, and ascends it for half an hour or more, passing through vineyards and fig orchards, interspersed with olive trees. It then mounts to the high tableland around the Holy City, and for about an hour lies along this dreary plateau—as bleak and forbidding a region as can be found

in all Judæa. At the end of this time the long stretch of wall enclosing the minarets and domes of the Holy City comes in sight.

At this point the travellers were met by a horseman who told them that a large company had assembled a short distance from the city to welcome them. "In a few minutes," says Mr. Young, in his letter to the *New York Herald*, "we come in view of the group. We see a troop of cavalry in line, representatives from all the consulates, a body of Americans, delegations from the Jews, the Greeks, the Armenians; the representative of the Pacha —in fact, quite a small army. The dragoman of our consulate carries an American flag. As we drive on, the consul, Mr. Wilson, and the Pacha's lieutenant, ride toward us, and there is a cordial welcome to Jerusalem. We had expected to enter Jerusalem in our quiet, plain way, pilgrims really coming to see the Holy City, awed by its renowned memories. But, lo! and behold, here is an army with banners, and we are commanded to enter as conquerors, in a triumphal manner! Well, I know of one in that company who looked with sorrow upon the pageant, and he it was for whom it was intended.

"There was no help for it; so we assembled, and were in due form presented, and there were coffee and cigars. More than all, there were horses—for the General the Pacha's own white steed, in housings of gold. It was well that this courtesy had been prompted, for the bridge over the brook was gone, and our carts would have made a sorry crossing. We set out, the General thinking no doubt that his campaign to enter Jerusalem at five had been frustrated by an enemy upon whom we had not counted. We trailed up the winding ways of the hill. The valley passes away. We ride about a mile through a suburb, the highway lined with people. The General passes on with bared head, for on both sides the assembled multitude do him honor. We see through the mist a mass of domes and towers, and the heart beats quickly, for we know they are the domes and towers of Jerusalem. There are ranks of soldiers drawn in line, the soldiers presenting arms, the band playing, the colors falling. We pass through a narrow gate, the gate that Tancred forced with



DISTANT VIEW OF JERUSALEM.

his crusaders. We pass under the walls of the tower of David, and the flag that floats from the pole on the consulate tells us that our journey is at an end and that we are within the walls of Jerusalem.

"We were taken to a small hotel—the only one of any value in the town. As I lean over the balcony I look out upon an open street or market place where Arabs are selling fruits and grain, and heavy-laden peasants are bearing skins filled with water and wine. The market place swarms with Jews, Arabs, Moslems, Christians. Horsemen are prancing about, while the comely young officer in command sits waiting, calmly smoking his cigarette. A group of beggars, with petitions in their hands, crowd the door of the hotel, waiting the coming of the man who, having ruled forty millions of people, can, they believe, by a wave of the hand, alleviate their woes."

General Grant reached Jerusalem on Monday, February 11th, and remained there until the following Saturday, visiting the various points of interest, and making excursions to Bethlehem, Bethany, and other places.

During his stay in Jerusalem the General was the recipient of distinguished attentions at the hands of the Turkish authorities and the consuls. The Pacha called upon him in state, and expressed his sense of the honor conferred upon Palestine by the General's visit. The General returned this call with due ceremony. The bishops and patriarchs called, and blessed the General and the house in which he lodged. The Pacha offered to send a brass band of fifty pieces to accompany the General in his rambles through the city, but this honor was declined, the General accepting the band for an hour each evening while at dinner. The Pacha, on hospitable thoughts intent, entertained General Grant and his party at a state dinner, which was a very pleasant affair. The rest of the time was passed by the General in sightseeing.

Jerusalem, or El-Kuds, "the holy," as it is called by the Arabs, stands on the summit of the wide mountain ridge which extends from the Plain of Esdraelon on the north to the desert of Beer-sheba on the south, and which has for its eastern border

the Valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and for its western the plains of Sharon and Philistia. From whatever part of the Holy Land one approaches the city, an ascent to the level upon which it stands becomes necessary, so that the expression "going up to Jerusalem" is literally true.

The elevation of the city above the level of the sea, according to Dr. Robinson, is 2,500 feet, and the same writer states its mean geographical position as in latitude 31° 46′ 43″ N., and longitude 35° 13′ E. from Greenwich.

Two valleys begin amid the broken summit of the mountain ridge, and, starting as mere gentle depressions, deepen as they pursue their course, which is at first to the eastward. The northern valley, after following an easterly course for about a mile and a half, turns suddenly to the southward. It now falls rapidly, becoming a wild, narrow gorge, with precipitous sides. The other valley changes its course to the southward about three-quarters of a mile from its head, and flows in this direction for about three-quarters of a mile more, when it is turned suddenly to the eastward by the projecting shoulder of a rocky hill. It falls rapidly, descending from this point between broken cliffs on the right hand and shelving banks on the left, and after pursuing an easterly course for half a mile, falls into the ravine first mentioned. The northern ravine is called the Valley of the Kidron, and the other the Valley of Hinnom. On the broad ridge which they enclose stands the city of Jerusalem. The ridge is itself divided by a third valley, called the Tyropœon, which traverses the city in a slight curve from northwest to southwest, and falls into the Valley of the Kidron a short distance above its junction with the Valley of Hinnom. The portion of the ridge lying to the west of the Tyropœon is the Mount Zion, and that on the east the Mount Moriah of the Bible.

Higher summits enclose Jerusalem on every side. None of them can be called mountains: they are simply "rounded, irregular ridges, overtopping the buildings of the city from fifty to 200 feet, with openings here and there, through which glimpses of the more distant country are obtained. On the east is the triple-topped Mount of Olives, its terraced sides rising steeply from the

Valley of Jehoshaphat. On the south is the so-called Hill of Evil Counsel, overhanging the ravine of Hinnom. On the west the ground ascends to the brow of Wády Beit Hanîna, some two miles distant. On the north is the hill Scopus, a western projection of the ridge of Olivet." "As the mountains stand about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people."

Jerusalem is enclosed with lofty walls of hewn stone, imposing in appearance, but so weak in reality that they would offer no obstacle to a tolerably well-served battery of artillery. They are constructed of the materials used in the former walls, and occupy the site of the walls of the Middle Ages, which were several times destroyed and restored during the Crusades. They were erected by order of the Sultan Suleimân, in A. D. 1542. Weak as they are, they serve to keep Jerusalem safe from the Bedawîn, the only danger to which it has been for many years exposed.

Just within the wall are the foundations of an ancient tower, to which the name of Kulat el-Jâlûd, "Goliath's Castle," has been given. This angle is the highest point in the city, and from it a fine view of Jerusalem may be obtained. From this point the western wall runs southeast to the Jaffa Gate, and thence due south along the brow of the Valley of Hinnom. The citadel is located along this wall, immediately south of the Jaffa Gate. The southern wall passes across the level summit of Zion in an easterly direction, and then in an irregular manner, with frequent projections, in a generally northeast direction to the point where it joins the southern wall of the Haram. The walls are surmounted by battlements crowning a breast-work with loopholes, and at a number of prominent points stately towers rise to a considerable height above the walls.

The modern city does not cover as much ground as ancient Jerusalem. A large part of Zion is excluded by the present wall, and on the north and west are extensive areas which formed a part of the ancient city. But the modern walls, circumscribed as they are, enclose a space which is not all occupied by the buildings of the city. There seems to be an abundance of spare room in Jerusalem. Besides the large open space, partly covered with

SCENE IN PALESTINE, SHOWING AN ENCAMPMENT OF TRAVELLERS.

rubbish, which extends from the Zion Gate to the Haram wall, there are a number of large gardens which occupy considerable room.

Jerusalem is better built and more regularly laid off than most Eastern cities. The prevailing color is a reddish gray, and the houses are built of stone. As in all Oriental cities, they present a monotonous appearance.

No Eastern city has names for its streets, and the names by which the Franks call the thoroughfares of Jerusalem have no official existence, and are scarcely known to the native inhabitants. They have been given by strangers from beyond the sea, and are to be found principally in European maps and in the writings of travellers. Two principal streets may be taken as the key to the whole network of thoroughfares. One of these extends directly across the city from the Jaffa Gate to the principal entrance to the Haram. Mr. Williams has given to it the name of the Street of David, and the title has been commonly adopted by travellers. The other crosses the city from north to south, from the Damascus Gate to the southern wall, terminating a little to the east of the Zion Gate. It traverses the principal bazaar, and passes a little to the east of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The northern portion of it is called "the Street of the Gate of the Column," and the southern "the Street of the Gate of the Prophet David." These two thoroughfares divide the city into four quarters. North of the Street of David, and west of the Street of the Gate of the Column, is the Christian Quarter, immediately opposite which, and north of the Street of David, is the Mohammedan Quarter. South of the Street of David are the Armenian and Jewish Quarters, the former lying west of the Street of the Gate of the Prophet David, and the latter east of it.

The Mohammedan Quarter contains the Serai or palace of the Pacha, a large straggling structure, and the Haram, which adjoins it on the east. Several of the principal consulates, the Church of St. Anne, and the new Austrian Hospice are also located in this quarter. The principal buildings in the Christian Quarter are the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Latin and Greek Convents. The Armenian Quarter contains the

Armenian Convent, the largest edifice in the city, the Protestant Church, and the Citadel. The Jewish Quarter has no edifice of note.

There are two other streets which deserve special notice. One is called Christian Street, and runs northward from the Street of David, passing between the Greek Convent and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It contains a number of Frank shops, and is the principal approach to the Church of the Sepulchre. The other street runs from the Latin Convent, "passes down through gloomy archways to the bed of the Tyropœon, and then, after two sharp turns, strikes across in front of the Serai to St. Stephen's Gate." This is called by the natives the Street of the Palace. It is the *Via Dolorosa* of the monks, along which they maintain the Saviour bore his cross on the way to Calvary.

The streets of Jerusalem are narrow and unpaved except in the markets and bazaars. In these places the pavement is old and dilapidated, such an idea as repairing it never entering the head of any inhabitant. In front of the shops in the Street of David is a pavement of cobble-stones of the roughest kind. The alleys of the bazaars are paved with marble, which in some places has sunk beneath the mud. An open sewer runs down each street, and along this lie the accumulations of dirt and filth which are left for the rain to wash away. It is said that once or twice, when the filth assumed such proportions as to threaten the city with pestilence, the gates have been left open at night in order that the hyenas might enter and devour the offal. This is a dangerous remedy, however, as the Bedawîn might enter with the beasts of prey, and rid Jerusalem of more than its filth.

To the Frank the Jerusalem streets are picturesque and interesting. The houses which line them are tall, dark, and plain in front. The lower portions and the vaults sometimes date back to remote ages, and many of these structures were standing in the days of Saladin. Some of them have bevelled foundation stones, and the arches and jambs are admirable specimens of Saracenic architecture. The streets are narrow, and the houses are close together. The street floors in many instances are

occupied with shops and coffee-houses. Many public buildings, some in ruins, convents, monasteries, hospices, churches, mosques, are scattered through the city, and in the vaults of some of these the Arabs and Jews have established baths, stables, and workshops. "The fallen hospice of the Knights Templar, on land adjoining the Holy Sepulchre, affords shelter in its vaults to a great many braziers, barbers, and corn chandlers; one room in the great ruin being used for a bazaar, another for a tannery, a third for a public bath."

At night the streets are dark and deserted. Here and there you may see a human being moving about carrying a lantern, or preceded by a servant bearing one. No one ventures to stir out in Jerusalem without a light at night, lest he should be arrested as a thief. Few care to be absent from their homes at such a time, and the only persons to be met with in the streets between sunset and sunrise are the military officers visiting their posts, the consuls or their servants going to or returning from a visit to some European. In one sense the streets are dangerous after nightfall, for the hungry dogs, who are as savage and daring as wolves, prowl in them by night, seeking food amid the heaps of filth in the gutters, and they are dangerous to encounter. The fate of the wicked Jezebel is an excellent illustration of the extent to which the savage nature of these beasts will carry them.

Night is the Syrian's time for rest and sleep. He has little use for lamps, and his house is lit up by the feeblest glimmer. The bazaars, shops, and baths are closed, and business and labor end at twilight, and when the darkness has fairly settled down the city is so still that you might think it a habitation of the dead.

As soon as the sun goes down all the gates of the city except the Jaffa Gate are closed and locked. This one stands open for half an hour longer, but then the heavy oaken door swings to, the officer of the guard turns the key, and no one may pass in or out of Jerusalem without a written order from the Pacha. It is said, however, that a few piasters slipped through the grated opening will sometimes cause the huge gate to swing back just far enough to admit a belated traveller and his beast.

The population of Jerusalem is variously estimated by different writers. Dr. Porter gives it at 16,000, which, he states, is "as close an approximate to the true numbers as can be made under present circumstances." He estimates the different sects as follows: Moslems, 4,000; Jews, 8,000; Greeks, 1,800; Latins, 1,300; other sects, 900. Total, 16,000. The Mohammedans are generally native Syrians. A few of them are foreigners—Turks, in the service of the government, and Dervishes, a set of idle and dangerous fanatics, who are supported from the revenues of the Haram.

The greater number of the Jews of Jerusalem have come to the Holy City with but one thought, to pass the remainder of their days in the ancient home of their fathers, and to lay their bones in the sacred soil of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. They live for the most part in poverty and filth, and are supported by the alms of their charitable brethren in other countries.

The government is a poor affair at the best. The Pacha is the highest authority, and his power extends over a considerable district beyond the city. He has subject to him six Mudirs, or civil governors, namely, those of Jerusalem, Hebron, Gaza, Jaffa, Ramleh, and Lydda.

There are two Governors of Jerusalem, the Mudir, or civil governor, and the military governor. Several courts administer justice. These are as follows: "I. The *Muhkameh* (Justice), of which the kadi (judge) is president. His salary is 7,000 piasters (about $280) per month. II. The *Mejlis el Edara*, composed of seven members—four Turks, two Christians (Latin and Greek), and one Jew. Each member receives a salary of 400 piasters a month. The kadi and mufti are members *ex officio*. III. The *Mejlis Daawe*, composed of three Turks, one Jew, and two Christians (Latin and Greek). IV. The *Mejlis el Tedjhâra* (Tribunal of Commerce), composed of three Turks, two Christians, one Protestant, and one Armenian. V. The *Mejlis el Beladi* (Municipal Council), composed of president, vice-president, treasurer, inspector of works, clerks (all Turks), and eight assessors, viz., two Turks, three native Christians, three Europeans chosen by the consuls, viz., two Jews and one Christian.

"The revenue is derived from two sources: 1st. From direct taxation, *Mal el Mira*, a tax levied on persons, cattle, land, and fruit trees. 2d. Gate duties: tobacco and silk pay about forty cents per pound; and all other articles of commerce, as well as vegetables and fruit, eight per cent., either in kind or money."

If Jerusalem were cleaner and better policed, it would be on the whole one of the pleasantest of Oriental cities, for the climate is mild and healthy, and the fevers which prevail during the summer and autumn are almost entirely due to the filthy condition of the city and the imperfect construction of the houses, which are without sewers, and many of them damp and badly ventilated.

Life in Jerusalem is dull enough to the natives. To the European or American it is dreary beyond expression. One is cut off from the entire world here. The coming and going of travellers is the only thing which occurs to break the monotony. The consuls are the great personages of the city next to the pacha, and it is to them, and not to the government, that the Franks look for protection and redress.

One of the most interesting places in Jerusalem is the site of the ancient Jewish Temple, now occupied by the Mosque of Omar, or, as the Arabs call it, the *Haram esh-Sherîf*, "The Most Noble Sanctuary." This Mosque stands on a platform constructed of stone, which is the platform on which the Temple stood. It occupies the summit of Mount Moriah, and is enclosed and supported by massive walls built up from the declivities of the hills on three sides.

No mortar or cement is used in the construction of the walls of the platform. The lower layers are believed to be bound together with bands of lead or iron run through them. The dressing on the upper and under surface and at the two ends of all the stones is so perfect that a knife cannot be inserted between any two stones. They are placed one above the other, each stone being set half an inch to an inch farther back, so that the wall is not perpendicular, but stands at a slight angle. This being the case no supports of any kind are needed to sustain the wall.

Entrance to the Haram enclosure was formerly denied to

THE GROTTO OF JEREMIAH, SHOWING THE MOSQUE OF OMAR IN THE DISTANCE.

Christians, and the fanatical dervishes who infest the place stood ready to punish with their daggers any unbeliever bold enough to profane the holy place with his presence. The Sultan has now thrown the area and the principal buildings open to travellers upon certain conditions easily complied with. Admission is obtained through the consul of one's country, who sends a kavass or consular agent with the visitor, to pass him by the guards at the gates, and to protect him from the fanaticism of the dervishes.

The principal entrance is *Bâb-es-Silsileh*, the "Gate of the Chain," in the western wall. The western side of the enclosure is bordered by a long range of cloisters, built in the fourteenth century, with square pillars and pointed arches, which occupy nearly the entire line of the western wall. Adjoining the cloisters are several buildings used as colleges for the dervishes and public schools. Immediately opposite the gate is a small but elaborately ornamented cupola, called the Dome of Moses, built about A. D. 1269.

Turning to the left, and passing between the cloisters and the platform of the Great Mosque, we reach the northern portion of the enclosure—the site of the Antonia. The general appearance of the enclosure is that of a park. Grass is growing in every part of it, even in those portions which are paved springing up between the stone blocks. Cypress and plane trees are scattered about the area, and several fountains surmounted by beautiful cupolas and a number of praying places are seen.

At the northern end of the enclosure one can still see the scarped rock on which the citadel of Antonia stood, and on the west is a section of the massive ancient wall. Along the northern wall are the barracks of the Turkish troops, a long, irregular building, and immediately south of this is the Serai or Palace of the Pacha. The view from this portion of the area is very beautiful. To the southward the enclosure stretches away, green and inviting, broken by the large platform of the Great Mosque, and interspersed with fine old trees and fountains. To the eastward is a small, graceful dome, called the Dome of Solomon, which the Arabs believe marks the spot where Solomon stood to pray, upon the completion of the Temple. Beyond this, in the eastern wall,

and nearly opposite the northeast angle of the platform of the mosque, is the inner face of the Golden Gate. Immediately south of where we stand is the platform upon which the great Dome of the Rock is erected. It is about fifteen feet above the general level of the Haram area, and is reached by three flights of stairs on the western side, two on the south, two on the north, and one on the east. Above these stairs are elegant pointed arches, which Mr. Catherwood believes are of equal antiquity with the mosque. Between these arches, at intervals, under and attached to the platform, are apartments in which the poorer Mohammedan pilgrims visiting the city are lodged and fed gratuitously from the funds of the mosque. The platform is about 550 feet long from north to south, and 450 feet wide from east to west. It is paved with white marble, and along it are several small, tasteful praying-places, one of which is said to have been used by Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed. On the south side of the platform, attached to the columns, is a splendid pulpit, one of the handsomest works in the enclosure. On the east side, within a few feet of the mosque, is a beautiful little building consisting of an elegant dome supported by seventeen slender columns. It is called the "Dome of the Chain," and was built by the Khalîf Abd-el-Melek, as a model for the "Dome of the Rock," according to some authorities. The natives call it also the Dome of Judgment, from a tradition that the judgment-seat of David stood here.

Near the centre of the platform stands the most beautiful and imposing edifice in Jerusalem, the Kubbet es-Sukhrah, "the Dome of the Rock." It is placed on the very summit of Moriah, on the spot which was occupied by the great altar of burnt-offering and the Temple. It is octagonal in form, each face measuring sixty-seven feet. The lower portion of the walls is constructed of various colored marble, arranged in intricate patterns, in the style frequently seen in the houses of Damascus. The upper portion contains fifty-six pointed windows, closed with stained glass, equal in brilliancy of coloring to anything in the churches of Europe. The spaces between the windows are covered externally with glazed tiles of vivid colors, worked in beautiful ara-

besque patterns, and the circular wall which sustains the dome is similarly ornamented. Around the whole building are two lines of beautifully interlaced Arabic inscriptions; over each window are shorter sentences in panels. The letters are wrought in the tiles, and the effect is very fine. The dome is one of the most beautiful portions of the whole structure. It is constructed of wood, is covered with lead, and is surmounted by a gilt crescent. It is light and graceful in form, and is one of the most conspicuous objects in any view of the city. There are four entrances to the building—one on the north, one on the east, one on the south, and one on the west. All but the southern door have enclosed marble porches. The southern door has an open porch supported by marble columns.

Immediately under the dome is the Sacred Rock, from which the mosque is named. Leaving "the Dome of the Rock," by the south door, we follow the broad path to the Mosque of El-Aksa, which is believed to occupy the site and to follow the general ground plan of the basilica erected by the Emperor Justinian in honor of the Virgin. The mosque occupies the southwestern corner of the Haram area, and is built close to the south wall. M. de Vogüé declares that the edifice has been so thoroughly altered by the Mohammedans that it is entirely Arab as it stands; "but that its form of a basilica, its cruciform plan, and the existence of certain ancient remains, prove that it was preceded by a Christian church whose ruins served as the kernel of the mosque."

When the Persians captured the city, A. D. 611, the Church of St. Mary escaped destruction. Omar, upon entering Jerusalem in A. D. 636, prayed in it (it appears then to have been called the Church of the Resurrection), and the spot on which he knelt is still shown. About a century and a half later, the church being in ruins, El-Mahdi, the third Khalîf of the Abassidean dynasty, ordered it to be rebuilt as a mosque. Upon the capture of the city by the Crusaders it was restored to its uses as a Christian church, and was variously called "the Palace, Porch, or Temple of Solomon." A portion of it appears to have been at first used as the royal palace. Baldwin II. assigned a part to a new mili-

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE—JERUSALEM.

tary order, which was from this circumstance called the Knights Templar. When Saladin retook the city he purified it, and made a mosque of it once more.

The present mosque is built in the form of a basilica of seven aisles, and is 272 feet long, and 184 feet wide.

In the southeast corner of the Haram area is the Mosque of Isa (Jesus), in which is the entrance to the vaults in this section.

Whatever may be one's views as to the genuineness of the site, there can be no question that one of the most interesting places in the city is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, covering the traditional sites of the Crucifixion and Resurrection of our Lord. It stands in what was formerly the upper city, the ancient Akra, immediately south of the Street of the Palace, and west of the Street of the Gate of the Column. From whichever direction one approaches it, the way lies through narrow, filthy streets and small bazaars, generally filled with ragged Arab women selling vegetables and snails, the latter of which are considered a great delicacy in the Holy City, especially during Lent. Emerging from these streets one enters a large square court in front of the church. Many persons are usually gathered here, and during the height of the pilgrim season the scene is quite animated. On the steps leading down to the court are tables spread with coffee, sherbet, sweetmeats, and other refreshments; and scattered about the court are peddlers and the Bethlehemite vendors of crosses, beads, rosaries, amulets, and mother-of-pearl shells, which are brought from the Red Sea, and engraved with religious subjects. Here, also, one may buy models of the Holy Sepulchre, cut in wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and drinking-cups, black as ebony, and as highly polished, made from the deposits of the river Jordan, and engraved with passages of Scripture. Moving about the throng of dealers and buyers are numerous pilgrims, and monks of the various Christian denominations, entering and coming out of the church, Turkish soldiers, Arabs, and Europeans. A more motley throng, or more complete Babel of tongues, can scarcely be found in any quarter of the globe.

At the bottom of this court rises the façade of the church, on the right of which is the campanile, once five stories in height, but

now reduced to three. The façade occupies the whole northern side of the court, and forms the end of the south transept. It is in the pointed Romanesque style, dark and heavy, but picturesque. In the lower story is a wide double doorway, ornamented with sculptures representing our Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Above the doorways rise deeply-moulded and richly-carved arches, in each of which is a pointed window. The western side of the doorway alone is used now, the other having been walled up for several centuries. The campanile was once a noble building, but has suffered very much from the loss of its two upper stories. The lower story is now the Chapel of St. John. The second story has a large pointed window on each of its three sides, and the third story, which rises above the church, has plain pointed windows on each side. On the left of the façade, opposite the campanile, is a small projecting porch, with an ornamental window and a little cupola.

Entering through the open door, one finds himself in a sort of vestibule, formerly the south transept, but now separated from the rest of the church by the filling up of the great arch leading to the nave, and by the arrangement of the chapels of Golgotha on the right hand as we enter. Just within the door, and to the left, is stationed the Turkish guard kept here for the purpose of maintaining order among the rival sects which occupy the church.

Immediately in front of the door is a marble slab, set in the floor, and enclosed with a low railing, with several lamps suspended over it. The monks call this the Stone of Unction, and assert that upon the rock covered by the marble slab which has been placed here to protect the real stone from the pilgrims, our Lord's body was laid while it was being washed and anointed for the tomb, when removed from the cross. A little farther on to the left, they show you the spot where the Virgin Mary stood during the anointing of the Lord's body. This part of the church belongs to the Armenians.

Passing under a massive arch, we enter the Rotunda, an imposing chamber sixty-seven feet in diameter, "encircled by eighteen massive pillars, supporting a clerestory pierced with

windows and surmounted by a dome having an opening at the top, like the Pantheon. A vaulted aisle runs round the western half of the Rotunda; it was formerly open, and had three small apses on the northwest and south. The apses still remain, but the aisle is divided into seven compartments, and portioned out among the various sects. Over it are two ranges of galleries."

The Rotunda constitutes the most important portion of the church. Immediately beneath the dome is a building of yellow and white stone, adorned with delicate semi-columns and pilasters, and surmounted by a little dome. It is a gaudy structure, without taste, but is the most sacred place in the church. The entrance to it is on the eastern side, and the approach to it is lined with massive candlesticks, with tall wax candles, which are kept constantly burning. Passing through the small doorway, you enter the first apartment of the Holy Sepulchre, called the Chapel of the Angel. It is here, the monks assert, that the angel sat on the stone which he had rolled away from the tomb of Jesus. A small fragment of the original stone stands on a little pedestal in the middle of the chapel. Some deny the genuineness of this stone, and assert that the real one was stolen by the Armenians, and is now in their chapel in the House of Caiaphas, outside the Zion Gate. At the farther end of the chapel is a low, narrow opening, through which a bright light streams out; and, entering through this, we stand in the Holy Sepulchre itself, the very tomb, according to the monks, in which Joseph and Nicodemus laid the body of the crucified Jesus.

The sepulchre is a quadrangular vault, about seven feet long by six feet wide, and the low roof is supported by short marble pillars. On your right as you enter is a slab or shelf covering a niche extending along the whole side of the sepulchre. This is the sepulchral couch on which the body of the Lord lay. It is encased in white marble to preserve it, and the slab, worn at the edge with the passionate kisses of pilgrims, and cracked through the middle, is now used as an altar, and is covered with numerous ornaments, pictures, and a bas relief representing the Resurrection. Forty-three lamps of gold and silver are kept constantly burning over it, and the fumes of incense fill the air with a half-

intoxicating perfume. It is said that the vault is hewn in the rock, but no trace of the natural rock can now be found, the whole structure being of marble, and in many places black with the smoke of the lamps and incense.

A monk is constantly on the watch in the sepulchre to take care of the lamps and other property there, and to see that no unseemly conduct takes place among the visitors. There is little danger of such disturbance, however, for the great majority of the visitors are pilgrims who believe devoutly in the genuineness of the tomb, and who come creeping into it with hearts full of the most reverent devotion, and eyes blinded with penitential tears. Sobbing violently, they approach the altar on their knees, and press passionate kisses upon the marble slab, or bathe it with tears. It is a touching sight to watch them, and though one may be firmly persuaded that this is not the true sepulchre, it is impossible for a sensitive soul not to be moved by the influences of the place and the scene.

Opening into the Rotunda are the several chapels of the different denominations.

The street which leads from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to the Governor's house is narrow and crooked, a mere zigzag lane; but it is regarded by many persons as the most interesting thoroughfare in the city. The monks call it *Via Dolorosa*, and claim that it is the street along which the Saviour bore His cross from the judgment hall to the place of crucifixion. There is no mention of this street and its eight stations until the fourteenth century, but since then the monks have made such good use of their inventive faculties that it is known throughout the world. They have lined it with traditions and holy places, and these are accepted without question by the throngs of pilgrims that annually visit the Holy City. It seems hardly necessary to remind the reader that this portion of the city was entirely destroyed by Titus after its capture, not a building being left standing. Yet this street in the modern city, according to the good fathers, follows the exact line of the ancient thoroughfare, and along its course are buildings still in an excellent state of preservation, which they maintain escaped the general destruction of the siege,

and have remained until the present day. In order to accept the modern *Via Dolorosa* as genuine, it is necessary to believe that the miracle, which it is clamed was vouchsafed to Constantine in the discovery of the Holy Sepulchre, has been far outdone in the identification of this street and the sites along its course.

Yet even the most sceptical mind will find enjoyment in a walk through the *Via Dolorosa*, for it is in itself a most interesting street. It is very tortuous, turning not only often, but very sharply, crossed here and there by an arch, and shut in on each side by lofty walls of houses pierced at intervals with a low doorway or a barred window. The pavement is rugged and worn by the feet of the countless pilgrims that have traversed it. It is a gloomy street, too, lying almost wholly in the shade, with only here and there a gleam of sunshine breaking into it and lighting it up for a little way.

On the left bank of the Kidron, on the slope of the Mount of Olives, just beyond the bridge over the dry bed of the torrent, and nearly opposite St. Stephen's Gate, is a small square enclosure, surrounded by a high white wall. This is the traditional site of the Garden of Gethsemane, the favorite place of retirement of the Saviour, and the scene of His agony and arrest on the night preceding the crucifixion. Only eight stunted olive trees remain in the enclosure. Their trunks are propped up by stones, but their branches, though scanty, still blossom. Although so close to the public road, the place is peaceful and retired, and the view from it is attractive. The Kidron extends above and below it. On the left, looking up the ravine, is the lofty wall of the Temple platform, and immediately over the garden rise the heights of Olivet. The stillness is unbroken, and one may sit and muse here for hours upon the solemn scenes which the place commemorates, undisturbed by a sound.

Whether this is indeed the site of the garden to which the Lord was wont to retire, it is impossible to say. The location was fixed upon during the visit of Helena to Jerusalem, in A. D. 326; but whether it be the true site or not, there is every reason to believe that the ancient garden stood somewhere in this vicinity; and it may be that the present enclosure formed a part of it,

for it would seem that the garden frequented by Jesus was much larger than the present Gethsemane.

The monks, however, have characteristically improved upon the ancient site, and, instead of leaving us only a simple garden for our contemplation, have manufactured a series of holy places which go far to rob the place of its charms for the intelligent visitor. You are shown a rocky bank where the wearied apostles fell asleep when their Lord left them to pray. The guide points out the impressions of their bodies still remaining in the rock. There is a cave of some depth in the garden called the "Grotto of the Agony," as the tradition makes it the scene of our Lord's agony and bloody sweat upon the night of His betrayal. There is no warrant for believing that this solemn event occurred in the gloomy recesses of a cave. It is more natural to think that the great struggle was fought out under the open heavens, beneath the light of the stars, and where Jesus could look up into the far depths beyond which lay the home He had left for man's redemption. The monks also show the place where Judas betrayed the Lord.

One of the pleasantest excursions made by General Grant and his party was to Bethlehem, the birthplace of David, and of David's greater Son, the Lord Jesus Christ.

The town of Bethlehem lies on a narrow ridge, which breaks away to the eastward from the central mountain range, and falls off on the northeast and south into deep, wild valleys, the slopes of the hill being formed into large and steep terraces, which are laid off with the regularity of steps, and are well kept and carefully cultivated. The town consists of a single main street, at the eastern end of which, on the brow of the hill, and separated from the rest of the houses by a wide open space, stands the Great Convent, a massive structure, which includes the Church of the Nativity and three convents, belonging to the Latins, Greeks, and Armenians respectively. Bethlehem is one of the cleanest places in the East; and its women are celebrated for their beauty, which is of a European rather than an Eastern type. The inhabitants number about 3,000, and are all Christians. There was formerly a Mohammedan quarter, but it was destroyed

in 1834, by Ibrahim Pacha, as a punishment for the rebellion of the inhabitants. The houses are small, but are solidly built, and the town has a generally more respectable air than is characteristic of the villages of Palestine. The inhabitants belong entirely to the peasant class, and depend upon the cultivation of their fields and vineyards for their support. The only articles of commerce made here are crucifixes, rosaries, and models of the Holy Sepulchre carved out of olive wood, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. They are a restless, turbulent set, these Bethlehemites, prone to quarrel with their neighbors, and sometimes give considerable trouble to the authorities of Jerusalem.

The Convent is the usual resting-place of travellers in Bethlehem, and is the only attraction of the town. It stands at the extreme eastern end of the town, on the brow of the hill, and is a plain, ugly building, with nothing remarkable about it but its great size and enormous strength. The three convents into which the establishment is divided are unattractive and uncomfortable. The Church of the Nativity constitutes the principal portion of the establishment, and stands over the grotto which the monks declare to be the stable in which the Saviour was born. This grotto was honored as early as the second century, and in A. D. 327 the Empress Helena built over it the splendid basilica which remains to-day in a ruined condition. The church is about 120 feet long by 110 feet wide, and is divided into a nave and four aisles by rows of Corinthian columns of marble.

A narrow and crooked passage leads into the Chapel of the Nativity, the holiest place in Bethlehem. The chapel is a low vault, about thirty-eight feet long by eleven feet wide, and is evidently hewn in the rock. At the east end is a semicircular niche, said to mark the precise spot where our Lord was born. A marble slab is set in the floor, and inscribed with the words, "*Hic De Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus Est*"—"Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." A silver star forms the centre of the slab, and around it are suspended sixteen silver lamps, which are kept burning always. The sides of the niche are decorated with little gilt pictures. A plain altar stands over the star. It is common to all the sects, and is dressed by each

according to its own ritual at the celebration of mass. At the south side of the Chapel of the Nativity is the Præsepium, or Chapel of the Manger. The manger, which is now represented by a marble trough, is at the west side. The Latins state that the real manger was carried away long ago, and is now in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, at Rome. A painting of the Adoration of the Shepherds hangs over the manger. On the opposite side is the spot where the Wise Men stood, marked by a painting commemorating that event.

Leaving Jerusalem, General Grant and his party journeyed northward to Damascus. The route lay by Shiloh, where the Tabernacle was set up after the conquest of the land by the Israelites, to Nabulûs, where but a brief halt was made. This famous city—the Shechem of the Bible—lies almost entirely on the south side of the valley, at the foot of Mount Gerizim, and is built upon the water-shed of the valley. "The waters on the eastern part," says Dr. Robinson, "flow off east into the plain, and so to the Jordan; while the fine fountains on the western side send off a pretty brook down the valley northwest towards the Mediterranean." The town is long and narrow, clinging closely to the mountain side. The valley is only about seventy-five yards wide here, and the mountains rise up so abruptly as almost to leave Nabulûs in a perpetual shadow. The town, lying upon the highest point of the valley, can be seen from either the east or west ends of it, and from whatever point it is viewed presents a most pleasing appearance. It is literally embowered in a mass of foliage of every hue, and above this rise the white domes and minarets in striking contrast with the rich green of the trees. The houses are built of stone, and resemble in style and appearance those of Jerusalem, especially in being nearly all crowned with the little domes which are so common in the Holy City. The streets are narrow and dirty, and the houses almost everywhere project over and cover them, being supported on arches, thus giving to them the appearance of dark narrow tunnels. A few traces of the ancient city may be seen in the streets, or built into the walls of the houses, but the town is essentially modern, and has no antiquities to interest the visitor.

Its elevation is about 1,800 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and above it Ebal and Gerizim rise to a height of 800 feet.

Nabulûs is a place of considerable commercial importance. Its chief productions are soap, cotton and oil. The town contains extensive soap works, and large quantities of soap are made here, and exported to all parts of the east on camels. Olives are raised in immense quantities in the district of Nabulûs, and the oil made from them is considered the best in Syria.

From Nabulûs the travellers pressed on rapidly to Nazareth, passing Samaria, Jenîn, the waters of Megiddo, and striking across the great plain of Esdraelon, the battle-field of Palestine. Distant views were caught of the scene of Joshua's great victory, of Mount Gilboa, of Jezreel, of the scene of Gideon's wonderful exploits, of Mount Carmel, of Little Hermon, of Endor, of Mount Tabor, and of Nain, the scene of the Saviour's miracle, and at last Nazareth was reached.

Nazareth, called by the Arabs en-Nasirah, lies upon the western side of a narrow, oblong basin, or valley, about a mile in length by half a mile in breadth. The valley lies high up among the hills that form the northern border of the plain of Esdraelon, and is covered with fields of grain. In the centre is a section of garden-land enclosed with hedges of cactus. Through the valley olive trees are numerous, growing singly sometimes, and sometimes in clumps. Fig trees and strips of grain grow along the hill-sides which shut in the valley, and thyme and wild shrubs are also found upon them in abundance. The houses of the town stand upon the lower part of the slope of the western hill, and are built partly on the declivities of the ravines which seam this part of the hill, and which are three or four in number, and partly in the ravines themselves. "The houses in some places seem to cling to the sides of the precipices, in others they nestle in glens, and in others they stand boldly out overlooking the valley." The most conspicuous building is the Latin Convent, back of which soars the tall, white minaret of a mosque. The hill, which rises steep and high above the town, is crowned with a Mohammedan wely. The houses of Nazareth are built

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

of stone, and are generally neatly and substantially constructed. They have flat, terraced roofs, and one does not see here the domes so common in Jerusalem, Hebron and Nabulûs. At a distance the town has a singularly clean look; but upon entering the place, the streets are found to be narrower and dirtier than is common in the East.

The population is estimated by Dr. Robinson at 3,120 souls, viz.: Greeks, 1,040; Greek Catholics, 520; Latins, 480; Maronites, 400; Moslems, 680. Dr. Porter, however, thinks the population may be safely set down at 4,000 souls, "exclusive of the strangers that flock to it periodically at the feasts." The Christians being the ruling power here, have more manliness and independence about them than is generally seen in Syrian Christians. They are admitted by all observers to be superior in dress, manners, and material comforts to those of Jerusalem or any other community of Palestine. The women are noted for their beauty.

The principal edifice of the town is the Latin Convent. It is an irregular mass of buildings, enclosed with a high, blank wall. Just within the gate, and opening upon a roughly-paved court, are the reception-rooms, the school, and pharmacy; and beyond this court, and at the lower end of a smaller one connected with it, is the church. The interior is a square of about seventy feet, with a vaulted roof supported by four large columns which also divide the church into nave and aisles. The walls are covered with canvas hangings, painted in imitation of tapestry, and representing scriptural scenes connected with the place. A broad flight of stairs near the main entrance leads down to the Grotto of the Annunciation, for the Latins deny the Greek tradition, and claim this as the true scene of the salutation of Gabriel. The stairs lead to a vestibule, from which a low, arched doorway admits the visitor to the grotto, which is about the same size as the vestibule—about twenty-five feet wide by ten feet deep. The holy place and the vestibule are both encased in marble. At the end of the sanctum opposite the entrance is an altar of white marble, beneath which is a marble slab with a cross in the centre, said by the monks to mark the spot where Mary stood during

her interview with Gabriel. On the left of the altar a fragment of a granite column hangs from the roof, and below it is the fragment of one of marble. "This column, the monks inform us, was hacked through by the infidels in the vain attempt to pull down the roof, but was miraculously sustained in its place without visible support." There is a little curtain behind this column which covers another column, which in its turn screens a little niche, from which the good fathers say the angel Gabriel made his appearance at the time of the Annunciation. Silver lamps are suspended in the sanctum and vestibule, and over the altar of the former is a good painting of the Annunciation by a modern artist, given to the church by the Emperor of Austria. On the right of the altar a door leads into a third apartment, in which the grotto has been left in its natural state, roughly hewn in the rock. This chamber also contains an altar, over which is a painting of the Flight into Egypt. Above this chamber, and communicating with it by a rough, rock-hewn stairway, is a low, rude cave, called by the monks the Virgin Mary's Kitchen.

From Nazareth the travellers pressed on to Damascus. The route lay by the Sea of Galilee, Tiberias, Lake Huleh, Cæsarea Philippi, and Mount Hermon, from which the travellers passed out of the Holy Land into Syria.

The stay at Damascus was brief, as General Grant was anxious to push on and reach Constantinople. The party saw the city thoroughly, however, and greatly enjoyed it.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world, and is believed to have been founded by Uz, the grandson of Noah. It contains about 160,000 inhabitants. Of these one-fifth are Christians and Jews, the balance Mohammedans. There is but a single hotel in the city, and that is poor enough. The city is four thousand years old, and its inhabitants, who are extremely fanatical, boast that it has never been under Christian sway. The city was independent for fourteen hundred years, when it submitted to the Babylonians who, with their Persian successors, held it for four hundred years. Alexander the Great then conquered it, and his successors retained it for two hundred and fifty years. It then passed into the hands of the Romans, who were its masters for seven centu-

ries. They yielded it to the Saracens, who ruled it four hundred and fifty years, and surrendered it to the Turks, its present possessors. The city gives faithful evidence of its antiquity.

It is celebrated for its bazaars and manufactories. These include silk, jewelry, silver and copper ware, leather, tents, harness, and boots and shoes. With the exception of Constantinople, it is the busiest and best provided with merchandise of any city of Turkey. Another of its prominent features consists of its "numerous coffee houses, and shops of bakers and confectioners, together with its abundant supplies of meat, rice, vegetables, and fruits for the ordinary wants of the inhabitants."

From a distance Damascus presents a very handsome appearance, owing to its tall minarets, which rise out of the rich groves by which the city is surrounded; but the internal appearance of the city is plain, in consequence of the absolutely mean fronts of the houses. The interior of the houses is very handsome, almost every one having a beautiful garden, "fragrant with orange flowers and rose buds, a sparkling fountain fed by the waters of Abana or Pharpar. The ceilings are arabesque, the walls mosaic, the floors marble. The roofs are terraced, but those in the suburbs are generally covered with small cupolas. Altogether it is considered the most Oriental city of the world. 'The spirit of the Arabian Nights is prevalent in all its streets; their fantastic tales are repeated to rapt audiences in the coffee houses, and hourly exemplified in the streets.'"

From Damascus, the party proceeded to Beyrout, the principal seaport of Syria, where the "Vandalia" was in waiting to convey them to Constantinople. Beyrout occupies a fine situation upon a headland projecting into the Mediterranean. It contains about 70,000 inhabitants, and is noted as one of the healthiest places in Syria. The suburbs are quite handsome, and are mainly occupied by wealthy foreign and native merchants. Beyrout is the third city in Syria in size, and is rapidly becoming the most important in a commercial sense. The large number of Europeans residing in it have given to it a good share of western enterprise, and it is actively engaged in a large and growing commerce with Europe and the countries of the Mediterranean. It is the port

DAMASCUS.

of Damascus and the entire Lebanon region. The Lebanon district is heavily engaged in the production of raw silk, all of which is exported from Beyrout. The imports of Damascus and the region it supplies all pass through this port. It is connected with all the important ports of the Mediterranean by steamers, there being usually one steamer a week. There are several good hotels in the city conducted on the European plan, and bankers, native and foreign, are established here in numbers sufficient, and with facilities ample enough, to afford every assistance to commerce and to travellers. The Consul-General of the United States for Syria resides at Beyrout, and the leading nations of Europe are similarly represented.

The harbor of Beyrout is too small for the purposes of modern commerce, but the Bay of St. George, which lies in front of the town and is sheltered by high hills, affords an excellent anchorage, and steamers usually lie in here, and communicate with the shore by boats.

A stay of a few days was made at Beyrout by General Grant and party, and then embarking once more, they sailed for Constantinople, touching at Smyrna on the way.

General Grant reached Constantinople on the 5th of March, 1878, a few days after the treaty of San Stefano, which closed the war between Turkey and Russia, was signed. He was welcomed to the city by the American Minister and Consul, and by an aide-de-camp of the Sultan. The stay made in Constantinople was brief, but pleasant, the only drawback being the extremely unpleasant weather which prevailed. The General received the most cordial attention at the hands of the Turkish authorities, and the diplomatic representatives of the various European countries, particularly from Sir Henry Layard, the English Ambassador.

Constantinople is a very interesting city to the traveller. It occupies one of the finest situations in the world, lying upon a tongue of land, triangular in shape, at the junction of the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora. It may be said to stand upon two promontories rather than upon two continents, since the quarter now called Galata was reckoned, in the time of Arcadius,

the Thirteenth Region, whereas Kidikeui, Chalcedon, and Scutari, situated on the opposite coast of Asia Minor, have always been distinct cities. The promontories on which the city is situated are divided the one from the other by the last and largest of those inlets which cut the western shore of the channel, known as the Bosphorus. This inlet constitutes the harbor of the city, which is one of the finest in the world. It runs from east to west, and is capable of accommodating 1,200 ships. It is known as the Golden Horn. The Turkish name of the city is Istam-

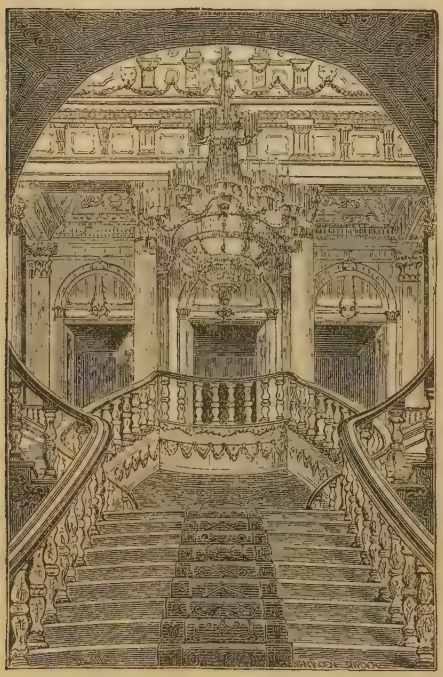
THE SULTAN'S PALACE, SERAGLIO POINT—CONSTANTINOPLE.

boul, or Stamboul. It was founded by Constantine the Great, on the site of the ancient Byzantium, and after the disruption of the old Roman Empire was the capital of the Eastern Empire. To write its history would be to fill a volume. It remained the capital of the Greek or Eastern Empire until 1453, when it was captured by the Turks, since which time it has been the capital of the Turkish Empire.

The picturesque aspect of the city is celebrated; but the favorable impression made by the beautiful hilly shores, beset with villas and gardens, vanishes at the first glimpse of the interior of the city. The streets, before the great fires of 1865, 1866, and

1870, were nearly all narrow, crooked, and exceedingly dirty, the houses dilapidated, and the atmosphere filled with offensive odors.

"The old city proper is twelve miles in circumference, and is enclosed on the land side by a triple wall and moat, which, although unimportant as defensive works, according to the requirements of modern military science, might in an emergency offer considerable resistance to an enemy. The wall has twenty-seven gates. The old streets, the irregularity of which defies all efforts of the stranger to find his way, have, generally, no names, nor are the houses numbered; they are badly paved, not lighted at night, and in addition to their general cheerlessness, they are the resort of thousands of ownerless dogs."



MARBLE STAIRCASE IN THE SULTAN'S PALACE.

The population is variously estimated at from 500,000 to 1,000,000.

The principal sight of Constantinople is the Seraglio or Palace of the Sultan. It occupies the site of ancient Byzantium, is nearly three miles in circuit, and was built by Mohammed II. It is triangular in shape, and is enclosed by high walls with gates and towers. Within these walls are handsomely laid-off grounds, scattered through which are mosques, kiosks, palaces, baths, and other buildings, which have been erected at various periods by different sovereigns. The outer court is open to all comers, and is entered from without by a magnificent gateway, with a lofty semi-circular arch. This is the Sublime Porte, from which the Turkish Empire takes its diplomatic name. The Seraglio is occupied by the wives of the Sultan, the sovereign

himself residing in the new palace on the Bosphorus, opposite Scutari.

The Mosque of St. Sophia was originally a Christian church, erected in honor of the Divine Wisdom. It was built by the Emperor Justinian, between the years 531 and 538. It is in the form of a Greek cross, 270 feet long by 243 feet wide, and is surmounted by a central dome which rises 180 feet above the floor. The building has, also, two larger and six smaller semi-domes, and four tall minarets, the latter added by the Mohammedans. From without, the edifice presents a magnificent

CATHEDRAL (NOW THE MOSQUE) OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

appearance. The interior is very handsome, but the effect is marred by the numerous cords which hang from the ceiling to within five feet of the floor, suspending lamps of colored glass, ostrich eggs, artificial horse tails, and other ornaments admired by the faithful. The roof rests upon one hundred and seventy columns of marble, granite, and porphyry, many of which were taken from Roman temples. The church, though undoubtedly one of the grandest religious edifices in the world, has a gloomy and forbidding aspect.

The Mosques of Suleiman, the Magnificent; of Sultan Ach-

med, and of Mohammed II., are noted edifices. The first named is the most beautiful in Constantinople.

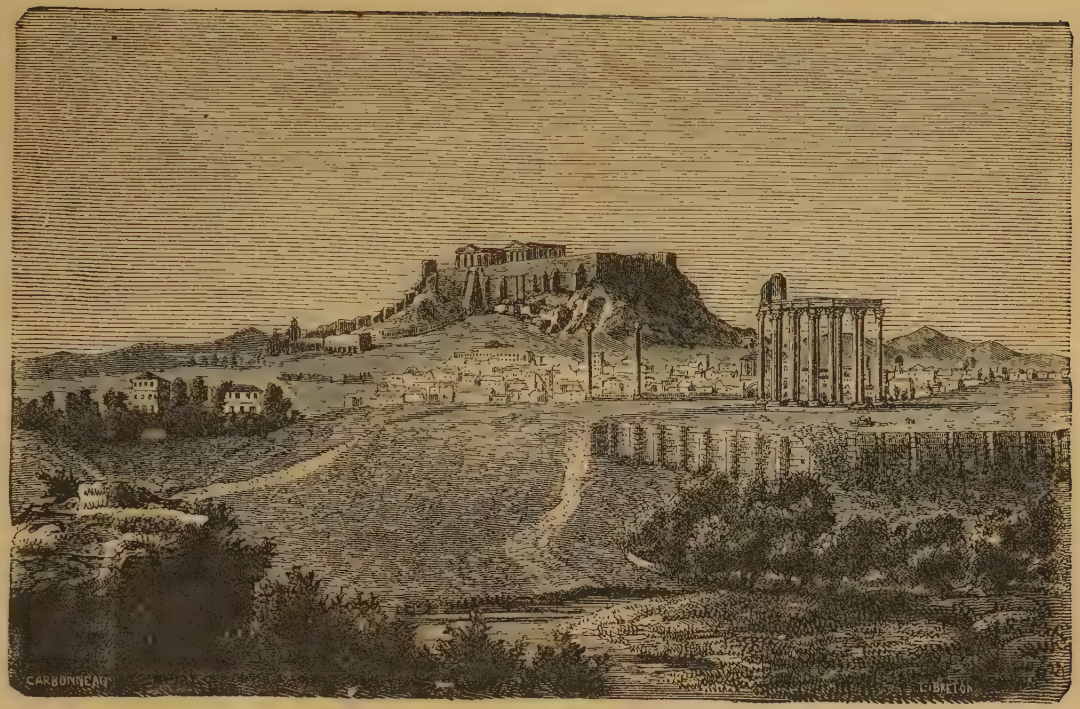
The Bazaars of Constantinople are among its chief attractions. These consist of large fireproof buildings lighted from above, in which hundreds of tradesmen and shopkeepers retail their wares, and some of which enclose several covered streets. Here are displayed in the greatest profusion all the wares known to the commerce of the East. They are more extensive than those of Damascus, and constitute almost a city within a city.

A TURKISH LADY.

The Sultan caused the most distinguished attentions to be shown to General Grant, but owing to the heavy disasters through which his country was passing, made no effort at military display, a forbearance entirely in accord with the General's feelings.

Immediately upon arriving at Constantinople, General Grant paid a formal visit to the Sultan, who received him most cordially, and ordered the Master of Ceremonies to present the General with an Arabian horse from the Imperial stables. The horse was not sent in time to be taken on board the "Vandalia," and the General sailed without it. The matter was revived, and the horse, accompanied by another of equal value, was sent to the American Legation, by the officers of which they were shipped to the United States on board the merchant steamer "Norman Monarch." They reached this country in safety, and were exhibited at the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Fair, in Philadelphia, in September, 1879.

The visit to the Turkish capital at length came to a close, and embarking once more, the General and his party sailed for Greece. The run from Constantinople to the harbor of Piræus,



RUINS OF THE ACROPOLIS—ATHENS.

the port of Athens, was a short and pleasant one. From Piræus a short railway trip of six miles took the party to Athens. General Grant was cordially welcomed by General John Meredith Read, the American Minister to Greece, and a number of Americans, and was escorted to his hotel. The first visit was naturally paid to the King, who received the General with enthusiasm and presented him and his party to the Queen. Both sovereigns and people showered attentions upon General Grant, who was obliged to decline many of them in consequence of the shortness of his stay. A grand fête was given to the General by the King and Queen, which was attended by the most distinguished persons of the country and by the foreign ministers. Every effort was made to render the visit enjoyable in the highest degree.

Modern Athens owes its importance solely to the historic renown of the ancient city on the site of which it stands. It is in part a well-built city, with bright, gay streets, but in some of the quarters dirt and squalor prevail. Among the public buildings are the Royal Palace, a fine building, three stories in height, the Chamber of Deputies, the Barracks, the Mint, the Theatre, the National Academy, the Museum, and the Polytechnic School. Like the ancient city, modern Athens is built around the base of the hill of the Acropolis, which towers up one hundred and fifty feet above it. From the earliest times this rock has been the site of a fortress. It rises almost perpendicularly above the city, and was the site of the citadel and most sacred buildings of ancient Athens. The walls stand on the very verge of the cliff, and have a circumference of nearly 7,000 feet. They are of great antiquity, being the work of many ages—of the Pelagians, of Themistocles, of Cymon, of Valerian, of the Turks, and of the Venetians.

Upon the summit of the Acropolis were located the most sacred Temples of the city. These were the Propylæa, which constituted the entrance to the sacred enclosure, the Temple of Victory without Wings, which is believed to have been erected by Cymon, the Parthenon, dedicated to Pallas Athena (or Minerva), the tutelary goddess of the city, the Erechtheium, a temple dedicated to the joint worship of Minerva and Poseidon, or Neptune, and a number of other temples and buildings of various kinds, of which nothing now remains but their ruins.

It would be impossible within our limits to present anything like a description of these beautiful ruins, or of the other monuments of the past with which the city abounds. They were duly visited by General Grant and his party, and during one of the evenings of their stay in Athens, the King caused the Acropolis to be brightly illuminated in his honor. A visit was made to the battle-field of Marathon, and on the 18th of March the General and his party bade adieu to Athens and embarked once more upon their ship. A visit was made to Corinth, where several days were spent in wandering through the ruins, and then the "Vandalia" sailed for Syracuse, where a brief stoppage was made to visit the ancient city. Then the "Vandalia" set sail once more, this time for Naples, where the General and his party terminated their Mediterranean voyage, and taking leave of the "Vandalia" and her officers, set out for Rome.

CHAPTER IX.

ITALY, FRANCE, HOLLAND.

Arrival of General Grant at Rome—Call of Cardinal McCloskey—Interview with the Pope—A Welcome from King Humbert—General Grant Visits the King—King Humbert Entertains General Grant at Dinner—Visit to Florence—The Uffizi Gallery—The Cathedral—Easter Services—General Grant at Venice—Description of the City—St. Mark's Square—The Cathedral—Gondolas and Gondolier—General Grant Visits Milan—Description of the City—The Cathedral of Milan—Visit to Genoa—General Grant Returns to Paris—The International Exhibition—General Grant's Visit to the Exhibition—Departure for Holland—Arrival of General Grant at the Hague—Enthusiastic Reception—Royal Attentions—Grant at Rotterdam—A State Dinner—Visit to Amsterdam—The Commercial Metropolis of Holland—Banquet to General Grant—The North Sea Canal—Visit to Broek—The Cleanest Town in the World—General Grant Leaves for Germany.

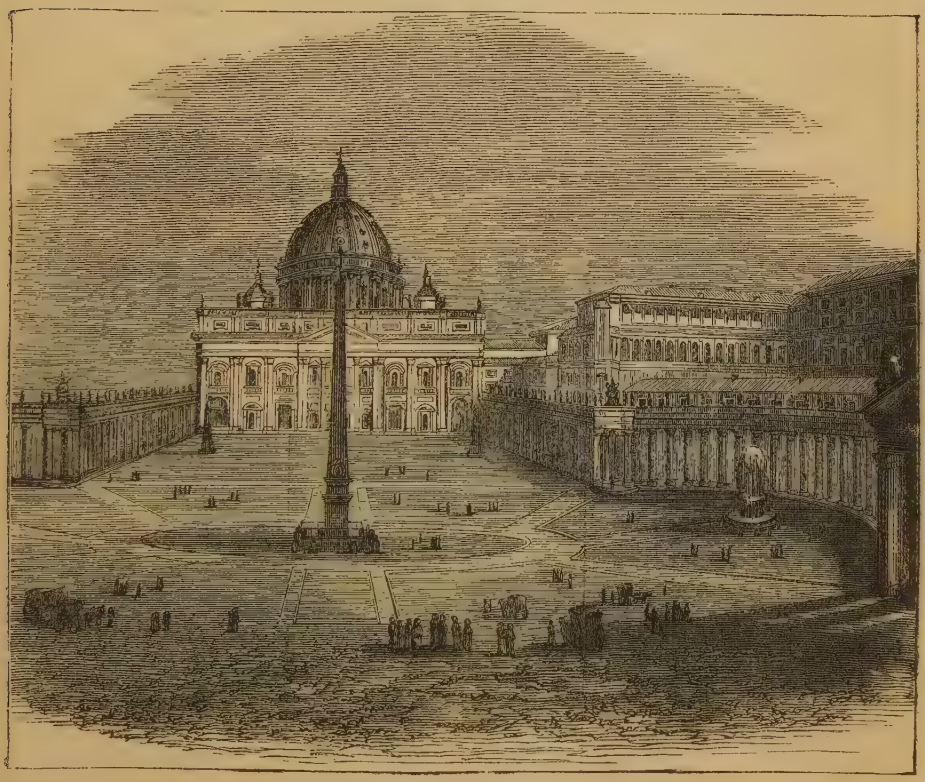
TO describe the city of Rome would be to write an entire volume; therefore we must confine this narrative to General Grant's movements.

General Grant and his party visited all the objects of interest in the city, and spent many pleasant days in examining the wonders of ancient and modern Rome. The Eternal City was deeply interesting to the General, and he studied it with an eagerness and attention that showed how great that interest was. St. Peter's—that grandest of all Christian churches—the Capitol, the Vatican, the ruined Colosseum, the monuments of the Cæsars, and the remains of later glories, each and all had a charm for him.

The General was fortunate in the time of his arrival at Rome. The excitement over the election of the new Pope had subsided, and Leo XIII. was comfortably seated in the Chair of St. Peter. His Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey, of New York, was present in Rome at the time, and immediately upon General Grant's arrival called upon him, and offered to secure for him any facilities he might desire for seeing the churches, the Vatican, and the objects of interest under the immediate care of the Church. The Car-

dinal also arranged for an interview between General Grant and the Pope, and accordingly on the 13th of March, General and Mrs. Grant were formally presented to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., who received them cordially, Cardinal McCloskey making the presentation. A pleasant interview followed, and the parties separated mutually pleased with each other.

Immediately upon the arrival of General Grant at Rome he



ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN—ROME.

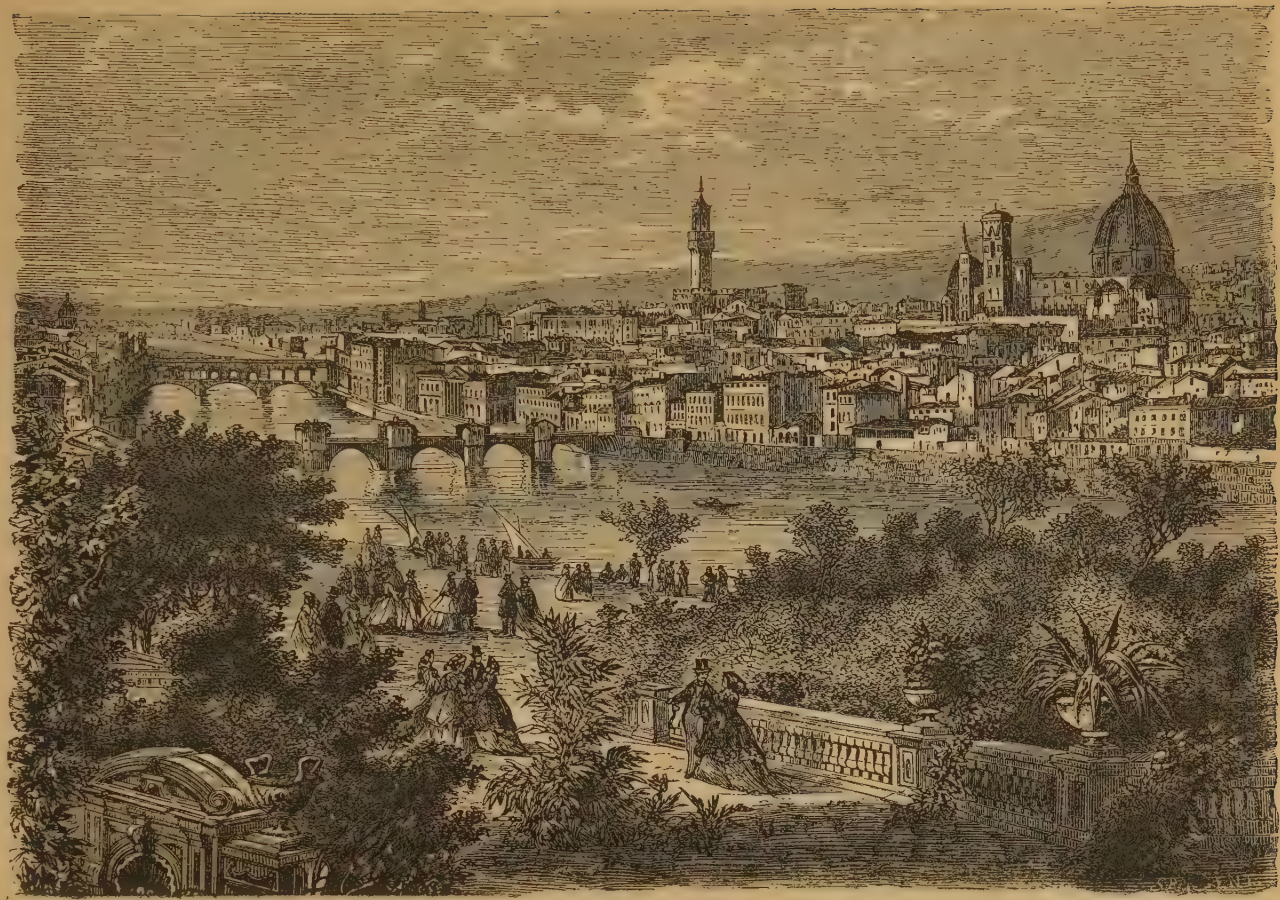
was waited upon by an aide-de-camp of King Humbert, who, in his sovereign's name, welcomed the General to Rome, and placed at his disposal every facility he might desire for seeing the countless monuments and museums of the Eternal City. The General promptly called upon the King, and an interesting and cordial interview took place. On the 15th of April King

Humbert entertained General Grant at a magnificent state dinner, at which all the Italian ministers were present. This was one of the most distinguished honors ever conferred by an Italian sovereign upon a citizen of a foreign country.

From Rome the travellers went to Florence, the favorite of Italian cities with Americans, which was reached on the 20th of April, 1878. The stay of the General and his party in this beautiful city was very brief, but very pleasant. The authorities of the city showed him every attention in their power, and exerted themselves to make his visit a delightful one. He was also the recipient of many attentions at the hands of the American residents.

There is no city in Italy more interesting and attractive from an artistic or historical point of view than Florence. It lies in a beautiful valley, on both sides of the Arno, which rushes swiftly through it, and is surrounded on all sides by the beauties of nature and art. Florence has always been one of the leading cities of Italy, and its history is deeply interesting. It is the birthplace of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Galileo, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Benvenuto Cellini, and Andrea del Sarto. Its climate is delightful, and its society noted for its refinement and culture.

The General's first visit was paid to the Uffizi Gallery, that wonderful collection of works of art of which Florence is justly proud. The General was surprised at the extent and magnificence of the collection, and greatly enjoyed the stroll through the galleries. Visits were paid to the Pitti Palace, which is also rich in paintings and statuary, the National Museum, the Academy of Fine Arts, and other prominent places. It was General Grant's good fortune also to be in Florence at Easter, when he attended the impressive services held at the great Duomo, or Cathedral del Santa Maria del Fiore. This beautiful structure is surmounted by a dome of grand proportions, which is said to have furnished Michael Angelo with a model for that of St. Peter's at Rome. The Baptistery of St. John was also visited, and its beautiful bronze gates admired. These are the gates which Michael Angelo declared were worthy to be the gates of Para-



FLORENCE

dise. Pleasant drives were taken in the vicinity of Florence, and views of the city obtained from the neighboring hills.

From Florence General Grant and his party went to Venice by railway, and reached that city on the 23d of April. He was met at the station by the American Consul-General, Mr. John Harris, and a large party of Americans. The city authorities were also present to welcome him to Venice and offer him the hospitalities of the city. Several speeches of a congratulatory character were made, to which the General returned suitable replies, and then the travellers were conducted to their hotel. Three days were passed in Venice. They were very pleasant, and, as there was much to see, were very busy ones.

Venice is in one respect the most remarkable city in the world. It is built upon one hundred and fourteen islands, lying in a bay near the Gulf of Venice, and but a short distance from the Adriatic Sea. "Its peculiar formation renders it singularly attractive. The islands upon which the city is built lie in the midst of extensive lagoons, which surround it on all sides." We condense the following glimpses of Venice from Mr. C. C. Fulton's admirable letters to the *Baltimore American:*

"The city is built upon one hundred and fourteen little islands, the streams running between them, with the exception of the Grand Canal, being seldom more than twenty feet in width. The tide from the sea rises and falls and flows through these canals, which are to the number of three hundred and forty-one, keeping the water always pure and healthy. Indeed, many of the lateral canals are scarcely more than twelve feet in width. Out of these canals the houses all rise abruptly, and their principal front and entrance always faces the canal, visitors stepping from the boat on to the door-sill. The houses of Venice have no yards, side-alleys, or any vacant ground connected with them. One end is on a canal, and the other on a narrow lane, or perhaps backed up solid against a neighbor's house. The city is 'finished,' because there is scarcely room left large enough to erect a lime-shed, except on the distant outlying islands. It is compact and solid, with the exception of some small squares or court-yards left near the churches.

"Those who suppose that Venice cannot be thoroughly explored by the pedestrian without resort to the gondolas and the canals are equally mistaken. It is provided with bridges, most of them very elegant little structures, of white marble or iron, to the enormous number of *three hundred and seventy-eight.* They are all arched bridges, springing up to the centre, so as to afford free passage under them for the gondolas. There is no street, or rather lane or alley, in Venice, which leads to a canal, that is not provided with a bridge, so that those who know how to find their way can make as much speed from point to point as if using a gondola. Both the streets and canals, with the exception of the Grand Canal, are so crooked that one hundred yards ahead can seldom be seen on either; indeed, fifty yards would be nearer the mark. They both turn and twist with equal facility, and it would require a long time for any one to become thoroughly familiar with them. The canals all intersect each other, and thus it becomes necessary to lay out the streets so as to meet the turnings of the canals.

"The great central attraction of Venice is St. Mark's Square, and, although it presents an irregular quadrangle, it is undoubtedly the finest square in all the world for the elegant magnificence of surrounding structures. Across the east end of the square the Cathedral of St. Mark stands out as the most prominent feature, with its three domes and numerous steeples. In the left corner of the square, facing the cathedral, stands the Campanile, or bell-tower, which rises to the height of three hundred feet, its base being thirty-eight feet wide, and its width at the top thirty-five feet. The base of this tower is very beautiful, and is finely ornamented with sculpture and statuary. On the south side of the square are the old City Hall and Clock Tower, on the west the Doge's palace, and on the north side the new City Hall and one side of the Old Library. These buildings all, with the exception of the cathedral, stand together in close order and constitute the outlines of the square. The lower story of all forms a continuous colonnade, similar to that around the interior of the Palais Royal, at Paris, and like it also this story is occupied by stores and cafés on the three sides of the square. The entire

square is paved with smooth blocks of granite, interspersed with iron pillars bearing clusters of gas jets, whilst another line of illumination extends along the entire fronts. The buildings fronting the square are all of white marble, four stories high, and adorned with an abundance of statuary. The entire length of the square is five hundred and forty feet, and the width two hundred and forty-six feet, whilst the piazzetta leading past the palace of the Doges and the Old Library, which is really a portion of the square, is three hundred and eleven feet long by one hundred and forty-six in width, extending down to the water's edge, at the mouth of the Grand Canal.

"On the Piazzetta, immediately facing the Grand Canal, are two majestic pillars of Oriental granite, not less in diameter than those before the Pantheon at Rome. These grand columns were brought to Venice in the year 1127 by Doge Michael, who found them lying on an island in the Grecian Archipelago, on his return from the Holy Land. There were originally three of them, but one was lost overboard in debarkation. They lay for forty-four years on their sides, after their arrival, no one being found to undertake the putting of them up. In the year 1371 a man named Niccolo undertook to put them on the bases prepared for them, and exacted for his services the privilege of keeping a gaming table between them. In the year 1529 the privilege was rescinded by the Republic."

The great attraction of Venice is the Cathedral of St. Mark. "It stands at the head of the square of the same name, with a front of one hundred and fifty-six feet. It is divided into five arches, and has five entrances. Its length is two hundred and forty-one feet, and the width at the cross one hundred and eighty-eight feet. The style of architecture is Byzantine. It was built some six hundred years ago, and the columns that have been used, from their varied styles and colors, are believed to have been taken from the most ancient edifices of Greece, and from the destroyed cities of Erachea and Altino. Standing in the centre of the square and looking at it, three domes and about a dozen small steeples are visible rising above its roof. The five lofty arches over the doorways each form a half dome, the ceil-

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS, VENICE, SHOWING THE DUCAL PALACE AND THE PRISON.

ings of which are ornamented with mosaic representations of the embarkation of the body of St. Mark in Alexandria, and its debarkation at Venice, with other incidents connected with the life of this patron saint of Venice. The central arch has a plain blue field, with stars, executed in mosaic. Over the doorway in the centre are the four famous bronze horses, which once ornamented Nero's triumphal arch. They were stolen by Constantine the Great, and carried to Constantinople, just one thousand years ago. When the Crusaders took Constantinople, in 1205, the horses were brought to Venice by one Marino Zeno, and placed in their present position.

"The interior of the cathedral is wonderful for the richness and profusion of its Oriental marble, and for its carvings, both of the ancient and Middle Ages, and its bronzes and mosaics, from the tenth to the eighteenth century. Even the form and style of this ancient church are taken from the Church of the Mother of God, in Constantinople. The interiors of the large and small domes are also brilliant with mosaics, as also the hundreds of niches in the walls, each representing some event in Scripture history. The interior is one mass of mosaics, executed from the cartoons of the greatest painters of past ages. Everything in the interior is on a grand scale. The high altar is especially imposing. The tabernacle and the semicircular arches are supported by four columns of Greek marble, covered all over with bas-reliefs, a work of the fourteenth century. There are six small marble figures upon the frame of the tribune. Behind the altar, sustained by marble bases, is the famous golden altar-piece. It is a wonderful and very rich piece of workmanship, studded with pearls and precious stones, measuring eleven feet in breadth and five and a half feet in height. It has the form of a rectangle, divided into two larger horizontal divisions and subdivided into eighty-three smaller ones. The value of the metal and precious stones, not counting the workmanship, is calculated at three millions of pounds sterling. Indeed there is no better evidence of the great wealth of Venice in past ages than this Cathedral of St. Mark."

The city being built in the water, communication between its

various parts is maintained by means of boats called gondolas. "The gondolas and gondoliers, of which there are about four thousand licensed, the same as we license public hacks, do not come up to the expectation of the stranger who has read of them in romances and poems. The gondolas are about thirty feet in length, with high iron prows, and are, by a law of the city dating three hundred years back, all painted black, having in their centre a black cabin, something like the body of a hearse, either painted or covered with black cloth, into which four persons can with difficulty be crowded. Instead of being gay and bright and beautiful, as we had supposed, they are a gloomy and deathly-looking craft, but with two gondoliers can be made to move through the water with great rapidity. The gondolier stands up when propelling his boat, and if there is but one, he uses but one oar, but guides his vessel through the intricacies of the canals without grazing the sharp angles which he is required to turn, or even checking his speed. A gondola is sometimes met belonging to private parties, who keep them the same as we do carriages. These have gayer fittings, and the gondolier will be arrayed probably in white, with pink sashes; but the common gondolier of Venice is about as plain in apparel and general get-up as one of our ferrymen. They are very active men, and are about as sharp in getting more than the law allows out of their passengers, especially if they happen to be strangers, as some of our hackmen are. The Grand Canal is always lined with them, moving about with passengers, and they can make short cuts by passing through the small canals, on which a goodly number are always running."

General Grant left Venice on the 26th of April, and reached Milan on the 27th. He remained in that famous city a week. He was received at the station, upon his arrival, by the Prefect, Syndic, and other city officials, and welcomed to the metropolis of Northern Italy. During his stay in Milan General Grant had a constant stream of American visitors. He visited the various points of interest, and attended the famous Opera of La Scala.

"Milan," says Mr. Fulton, whom we quote again, "is undoubtedly one of the very finest cities in Italy, and, indeed, there are

few cities in any country that can excel it in appearance and attractiveness. Like most ancient cities it is very irregularly laid out, but it is one of the most interesting in Europe, full of activity and wealth. It has some noble thoroughfares, and is rapidly improving, the buildings going up in its suburbs being of a very superior class to the old sections of the city. It is a walled city, but the interior side of the wall is laid out with gardens and planted with trees, an arrangement which surrounds the whole city with a park.

"All the cities of Europe are considerably ahead of the United States in the paving of streets, but we think that Milan is the best-paved city in Europe. There are no curbstones and no gutters, even in streets as broad as say Baltimore Street, all being smooth, from house to house, with a slight depression in the centre, where there are openings, narrow slits, in the stone carriage-way, to allow the rain to pass off into the sewers underneath. The drainage from the houses passes directly into the sewers by pipes, and there is nothing to provide for in the drainage of the streets, except rain. The foot-paths next to the houses are about six feet in width, of smooth granite. There are also two lines of granite for the wheels of vehicles to run upon in the centre of the street, by which means an omnibus with two horses can draw as many passengers as a street-railway car, rendering the latter unnecessary in a city so perfectly level as Milan. The balance of the street is paved with small round stones, which are laid in cement, and form an excellent pavement, smooth and solid. The smooth granite blocks, which form the whole bed of the streets in Naples, Florence, and Rome, are very hard upon the horses, almost one-half of which wear leather caps upon their knees to protect the knee-joint from damage in case of falling, as they are apt to do if moving with any speed. The pavements of Milan afford excellent footing for the horse, even better than our rough pavements, whilst the wheels glide over them with but little resistance. It is wonderful where so many stones of the right size can be obtained, but they appear as if having been through a sieve, and all rejected that exceed the standard size. If the pavements are crowded, as is constantly the case, people readily step upon them to pass without the slightest inconvenience.

MILAN.

"Every stranger who comes to Milan of course desires to see the world-renowned cathedral, the dome and spires of which are the first things visible in approaching from any direction. It certainly is a most wonderful structure, and if its architects desired to leave a building that will never be excelled in its ornamentation, they have, very likely, been successful. It is a perfect forest of marble pinnacles, with life-size statues peeping out from every niche in its walls. Wherever you cast your eye on any part of the exterior walls, your gaze is returned by a throng of those 'stone men and women' who, Father Barrett protests, are the main production of Italy. The number of these statues is variously estimated by different authors, but they are certainly so numerous that it would be folly to attempt to count them. Dr. S. I. Prime, author of 'Travels in Europe and the East,' affirms that there are already 7,000, and places for 3,000 more. Murray says 4,400, which is probably more nearly correct. The central tower and spire is especially beautiful, and, surrounded as it is by a throng of smaller spires, each surmounted by a statue, presents a combination of rare elegance almost impossible to describe. Then the wilderness of tracery in beautiful white marble which surrounds the roof, delicately marked against the sky, gives to the whole structure, large and massive as it is, the appearance of being as light and fragile as if the first gust of heavy wind might be expected to topple it over. The entire length of the cathedral, which is in the form of a Latin cross, is 490 feet, breadth 180 feet, height to top of the statue 354 feet, length of the transept 284 feet, and height of the nave 152 feet. As a monument of ornamental architecture it will probably stand forever unrivalled, as the taste of the present age does not run in the same direction. The interior of the cathedral is still more grand and imposing than the exterior. Its double aisles and clustered pillars, its lofty arches, the lustre of its walls, its numberless niches filled with noble figures, and its monuments, combine to give a grandeur and solidity to its appearance much more effective than the exterior view. It was commenced over 500 years ago, and was nearly a century in the course of construction. The scene in the interior, with the morning sun shining through its magnifi-

CATHEDRAL OF MILAN.

cent stained windows, is most strikingly beautiful. From the roof, looking down on the fine marble tracery and the forest of spires, a better idea is obtained of the vastness of the structure than from any other point. The Alps, with Mont Blanc in the distance, are distinctly visible from this elevated position."

During his stay in Milan General Grant made an excursion to Genoa, noted not only as one of the most famous of the old Italian Republics, but as the birthplace of Christopher Columbus.

General Grant was anxious to reach Paris by a given date, and after leaving Milan proceeded direct to France.

General Grant arrived in Paris on the 7th of May. At all points on the route from Italy he was paid marked attentions by the local and railway authorities. The best carriages of the lines used were placed at his disposal, and the attaches of the several companies seemed eager to render some service to the great American General.

Paris was reached on the 7th of May, 1878, and General Grant proceeded direct to his hotel. The International Exposition had been opened on the 3d of May, and was the absorbing topic in Paris. It was decided that General Grant should make a formal visit to the Exposition, and inspect the American Department, and on the 11th of June General R. C. McCormick, Commissioner-General for the United States, called on General Grant and asked him to fix a time for his visit. The 17th of May—Saturday—being the most convenient day, was appointed. On that occasion General and Mrs. Grant, together with a large party of friends, visited the Exposition, and were received by the officials of the American Department and escorted through it. The General was much pleased with the display made by his countrymen. He was shown through the other courts by the officials in charge of the exhibits of the various countries represented, and was everywhere received with marked respect and attention, and offered every facility for examining the various articles displayed.

General Grant remained in Paris a little more than a month, enjoying a constant round of hospitality at the hands of his countrymen and of distinguished Frenchmen. It was during this visit

VIEW OF THE HAGUE.

that President MacMahon declared that "France was honored by the presence of so illustrious a soldier."

The General began to tire of Paris, however, and near the middle of June set out for Holland, intending to make a tour of Northern Europe before returning to France.

The travellers went direct to the Hague, the capital of Holland, called by the Dutch, s'Gravenhagen, where an imposing reception met General Grant at the railway station. The General was presented to the King of the Netherlands, and was cordially received by him, and during his stay at the Hague a fine review of Dutch troops was held in his honor. He was entertained at luncheon by his Royal Highness, Prince Frederick, the King's uncle, at the royal villa of Hins in t'Bosch, or "The House in the Woods," about a mile and a half from the Hague, and the entertainment proved one of the most delightful enjoyed by the General during his visit abroad.

The Hague, apart from its beauty, is a very interesting place. It has a population of about 100,000 inhabitants, and is one of the best built cities of Europe. Its streets are wide, well shaded, and paved with brick. The National Museum contains a fine collection of paintings by Dutch and foreign artists. The Museum also contains rare and curious collections made in the development of the vast eastern commerce of Holland. The King's Palace stands near the Museum, but is not very imposing either within or without.

The General's time passed pleasantly at the Hague, for in spite of their proverbial phlegm, the Dutch were enthusiastic over their distinguished visitor, and showered upon him marks of attention and respect.

From the Hague General Grant went to Rotterdam, where he met with a cordial reception from the authorities and from many of his own countrymen residing there. Rotterdam is the second city of Holland in population and commercial importance, and lies on the right bank of the Maas. It has 132,054 inhabitants, and is provided with a magnificent harbor, a series of superb locks, and is intersected by a great many canals. The largest ships come up to the centre of the city, the canals being crossed

by drawbridges which open to let the vessels pass. The city is thoroughly Dutch in appearance, but is picturesque, clean, and healthy. Rotterdam possesses many fine public buildings and an interesting Museum and Zoological Garden.

During his stay in Rotterdam General Grant was entertained by the Burgomaster of the city at a grand dinner, which was numerously attended. Speeches were made and toasts were drunk expressing the heartiest and most unaffected friendship for General Grant and for the United States.

It was but a ride of a few hours from Rotterdam to Amsterdam, to which the travellers proceeded next. This city, the commercial metropolis of Holland, derives its name from the river Amstel, which in passing through it divides it into two nearly equal sections. It contains 290,000 inhabitants, and is extensively engaged in commerce with all parts of the world. The city is almost in the form of a crescent and is surrounded by ramparts, which have been converted into boulevards and planted with trees. "On both sides of the Amstel, in the centre of the city, the streets and canals are very irregular; but running parallel with the walls are four canals, and streets not easily matched in any other city of Europe, either for their length, width, or the elegance of their buildings. They are called Princen Gracht, Keyser Gracht, Heeren Gracht, and Singel Gracht. These are so intersected with other canals that they divide the city into ninety islands, which are crossed by nearly 300 bridges, partly wood and partly stone. The principal streets are about two miles long. The houses are nearly all of brick, large and well built. The whole city, however—wharves, streets, houses, and canals—is built on piles driven into the ground. The mouths of the canals which open into the River Y (pronounced *eye*), and also those of the river Amstel, are provided with strong flood-gates, and a dike is erected upon the side of the town nearest the sea to guard against the chance of inundations. The harbor is secure and spacious, and the largest ships come close up to the quays and warehouses."

The principal building of the city is the Royal Palace, a noble edifice. It is 282 feet in length, 235 in depth, and 116 in height,

with a cupola forty-one feet higher, and is built on a foundation of 13,000 piles. The Museum contains a rich collection of works of art by native artists, some of which were exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876.

Amsterdam is extensively engaged in the manufacture of linen, cotton, silk, leather, liquors, beer, and tobacco, and in ship building. A new canal, known as the North Sea Canal, now connects Amsterdam with the Helder, 50½ miles distant, thus obviating the necessity of navigating the shallow Zuyder Zee. It is twenty

SCENE IN HOLLAND.

feet deep, wide enough for two ships to pass each other, and is constructed in the most massive and substantial manner. It cost $5,000,000.

During his stay in Amsterdam General Grant was entertained at a magnificent banquet given in his honor by fifty of the leading merchants of the city. It was attended by all the dignitaries of the city, and by a brilliant company. It was one of the most splendid entertainments attended by General Grant while in Europe. A visit was made to the North Sea Canal in company with the directors of the company, and the General carefully

inspected that magnificent work. The excursion wound up with a superb collation offered to the General by one of the directors. Another excursion was to Haarlem, where the grand organ of the Church of St. Bavon, the largest instrument in the world, was played in honor of General Grant. Another excursion still was to Broek, a town six miles east of Amsterdam, and was of an amusing character. This place contains 9,000 inhabitants, and is noted for the wealth of its residents, who "are principally landed proprietors or retired merchants, but more celebrated for the extreme cleanliness of its houses and streets, the attention to which has been carried to an absurd and ridiculous excess. The houses are mostly of wood, painted white and green; the fronts of many of them are painted in various colors; the roofs are of polished tile, and the narrow streets are paved with bricks, or little stones set in patterns. Carriages cannot enter the town; you cannot even ride your horse through it, but must lead him or leave him outside. The natives are very much like the Turks: they take off their shoes before entering their houses, and walk in slippers or in their stockings. Even the Emperor Alexander, when he visited Broek, was obliged to comply with this custom."

Thus passed away two delightful weeks in Holland. General Grant would have been glad to prolong his stay, but he was anxious to be in Berlin during the European Congress, and was compelled to bid adieu to his pleasant Dutch friends and hasten on. His route lay through Hanover, where a brief halt was made to visit the city, the royal palace and other objects of interest, and then the journey was resumed to Berlin.

CHAPTER X.

PRUSSIA, DENMARK, NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

Arrival of General Grant at Berlin—The Prussian Capital—Unter den Linden—Statue of Frederick the Great—The Museum—The University—Excursion to Potsdam—The European Congress—Visit to Prince Bismarck—A Memorable Interview—A Review—Lunch with the Crown Prince—General Grant Dines with Prince Bismarck—A Quiet Chat—Dinner at the American Legation—Departure of General Grant from Berlin—Arrival at Hamburg—Cordial Reception—Attentions by the Municipal Authorities—The Fourth of July—Arrival of General Grant at Copenhagen—Departure for Norway—Reception at Gottenburg—Arrival at Christiana—General Grant's Interview with the King of Norway and Sweden—Visit to Stockholm—The Venice of the North.

GENERAL GRANT reached Berlin on the 26th of June, 1878. He was met at Stendahl, sixty miles from Berlin, by Mr. Bayard Taylor, the American Minister to Germany, who accompanied him to the German capital. Upon reaching the city he at once proceeded to his hotel in Unter den Linden. In the evening he enjoyed a pleasant and quiet stroll along that beautiful street.

Berlin is the fourth city in Europe in size and population, and contains 968,634 inhabitants. It is situated on both sides of the river Spree, which is crossed by fifty bridges. The circuit of the city is about twelve miles. Berlin is the capital of the Kingdom of Prussia and of the Empire of Germany, and is ordinarily the residence of the sovereign. The city contains a garrison of 20,000 men, which gives to it quite a martial appearance. Berlin is handsomely built, and contains many noble and imposing edifices.

The principal street is Unter den Linden, or "Under the Lindens," so called from the beautiful trees with which it is planted. At one end of it is the Brandenburg Gate, the principal entrance to Berlin, a magnificent triumphal arch, copied from the Propylæum at Athens, and erected in 1789. The street is lined with

THE TOWN HALL AT BERLIN.

magnificent buildings, among which are the Palace of the Emperor, the Palace of the Crown Prince, the Palace of Prince Bismarck, the Academy of Fine Arts, the Opera House, the Arsenal, the Schools of the Artillery and Engineers, the residences of the principal foreign ministers, and the leading hotels.

In the centre of Unter den Linden, opposite the Emperor's Palace, is a magnificent colossal equestrian statue of Frederick the Great by Rauch. It is one of the most perfect works in Europe. The pedestal is of granite, twenty-five feet high, and its sides are covered with life-size groups in bronze, embracing all the leading generals and statesmen of the Seven Years' War, numbering thirty-one in all. At each corner of the pedestal, above the groups, are figures of Justice, Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance; between which are bas-reliefs representing different periods in the life of Frederick. The equestrian statue surmounts the whole, and is seventeen feet high, and perfect in all its proportions.

The Arsenal was one of the most interesting places visited by General Grant. It contains a fine collection of arms, and trophies of the victories won by the Prussian armies since Malplaquet.

The Royal Palace is a handsome building, and its interior contains some very handsome apartments, among which are the Throne Room, and the Chamber of the Black Eagle.

The Museum of Berlin is the finest in the world. It consists of two beautiful edifices, known as the Old and New Museums, connected by a bridge. The picture galleries are extensive and magnificent, and the Museum of Antiquities and Historical Relics is unsurpassed by any in Europe.

Berlin is noted for its University, which is equal to any in Germany. It occupies a large and magnificent building, a portion of which is devoted to a splendid Museum of Natural History.

A pleasant excursion was made by General Grant and his party to Potsdam, the home of Frederick the Great, distant only thirty minutes by rail from Berlin. The town has a population of 43,784 inhabitants, and a garrison of 7,000 men. It is one of the principal stations of the Prussian army, and has a very martial appearance. The beautiful palace of Sans Souci, and the various

places connected with the life of Frederick the Great were visited, and then the party returned to Berlin.

General Grant was much interested in Berlin, and industriously visited its sights and places of interest. He was the recipient of many social attentions, and also met many German officers who had served under him during the American civil war, and who were eager to pay their respects to their old chief.

The European Congress for the final settlement of the questions arising out of the war between Russia and Turkey was in session at Berlin at the time of the General's visit. Most of the foreign representatives were known to General Grant, he having met them in their respective countries. Visits of ceremony were paid to each. As Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian Plenipotentiary, was too much crippled with the gout to make calls, General Grant called upon him, and had a long and pleasant interview. The Prince urged him to visit Russia, and assured him of a hearty and cordial reception by the Emperor and people.

Among the first to leave a card for General Grant was Prince Bismarck, the German Prime Minister. The General was unluckily absent at the time, and the visit of the Prince was repeated. General Grant at once sent a message to Prince Bismarck that he would call upon him at any hour that would suit his convenience. Four o'clock was named as the hour, and at a few minutes before that time the General left his hotel on foot, and strolled leisurely towards the Palace of the Chancellor, which was but a short distance from his lodgings.

Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, thus relates the interview that ensued:

"The General saunters into the court-yard. The sentinels eye him a moment curiously, and then present arms. His visit had been expected it was true, but it was supposed that an Ex-President of the United States would have come in a carriage and six and not quietly on foot. Throwing away a half-smoked cigar as he raises his hat in honor of the salute he advances to the door; but before he has time to ring, two liveried servants throw wide open the door, and the Ex-President passes into an open marble hall. Of all princes now living, this is perhaps the most renowned

—this of Bismarck-Schönhausen—who comes with a swinging, bending gait through the opening doors and with both hands extended welcomes General Grant. You note that time has borne heavily on the Prince these past few years. The iron-gray hair and mustache are almost white; there is weariness in the gait, a tired look in the face. But all the lines are there that are associated with Bismarck, for if ever manhood, courage, intellect are written on a man's face by his Creator, they are written on this face of the German Chancellor. There the lofty station which seems to belong to the Bismarck stamp of men, the bold outlines of the brain, under which empires have found their fate, the frank, intrepid, penetrating eye, and in that firmly-knit mouth the courage of the Saxon race. The Prince wears an officer's uniform, and on taking the General's hand, he says, 'Glad to welcome General Grant to Germany.'

"The General replied that there was no incident in his German tour that interested him more than this opportunity of meeting the Prince. Bismarck expressed surprise at seeing the General so young a man, but on a comparison of ages it was found that Bismarck was only seven years the General's senior.

"'That,' said the Prince, 'shows the value of a military life, for here you have the frame of a young man, while I feel like an old one.'

"The General, smiling, announced that he was at that period of life when he could have no higher compliment paid him than being called a young man. By this time the Prince had escorted the General to a chair.

"It was his library or study, and an open window looked out upon a beautiful park upon which the warm June sun was shining. This is the private park of the Radziwill Palace, which is now Bismarck's Berlin home. The library is a large, spacious room, the walls a gray marble, and the furniture plain. In one corner is a large and high writing-desk where the Chancellor works, and on the varnished floors a few rugs are thrown. The Prince speaks English with precision and slowly, as though lacking in practice, now and then taking refuge in a French word, but showing a thorough command of the language.

"One of the Prince's first questions was about General Sheridan.

"'The General and I,' said the Prince, 'were fellow-campaigners in France, and we became great friends.'

"General Grant said that he had had letters from Sheridan recently, and he was quite well.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN GENERAL GRANT AND PRINCE BISMARCK.

"'Sheridan,' said the Prince, 'seemed to be a man of great ability.'

"'Yes,' answered the General; 'I regard Sheridan as not only one of the great soldiers of our war, but as one of the great soldiers of the world—as a man who is fit for the highest commands. No better General ever lived than Sheridan.'

"'I observed,' said the Prince, 'that he had a wonderfully quick eye. On one occasion, I remember, the Emperor and his staff took up a position to observe a battle. The Emperor himself was never near enough to the front, was always impatient to be as near the fighting as possible. "Well," said Sheridan to me, as we rode along, "we shall never stay here, the enemy will in a short time make this so untenable that we shall all be leaving in a hurry. Then while the men are advancing they will see us retreating." Sure enough, in an hour or so the cannon-shot began to plunge this way and that way, and we saw we must leave. It was difficult to move the Emperor, however; but we all had to go, and,' said the Prince, with a hearty laugh, 'we went rapidly. Sheridan had seen it from the beginning. I wish I had so quick an eye.'

"The Prince then asked about Sheridan's command—his exact rank, his age, how long he held the command, and remarked that he was about the same age as the Crown Prince.

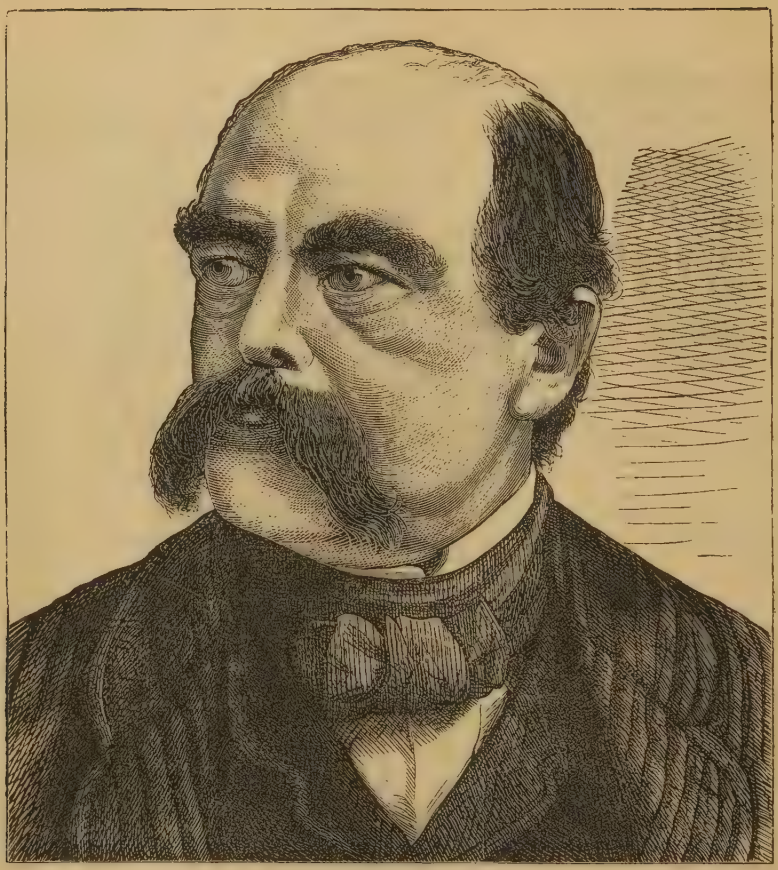
"The General made a reference to the deliberations of the Congress, and hoped that there would be a peaceful result.

"'That is my hope and belief,' said the Prince. 'That is all our interest in the matter. We have no business with the Congress whatever, and are attending to the business of others by calling a congress. But Germany wants peace, and Europe wants peace, and all our labors are to that end. In the settlement of the questions arising out of the San Stefano Treaty Germany has no interest of a selfish character. I suppose,' said the Prince, 'the whole situation may be summed up in this phrase, in making the treaty Russia ate more than she could digest, and the main business of the Congress is to relieve her. The war has been severe upon Russia, and of course she wants peace.'

"The General asked how long the Congress would probably sit, and the Prince answered that he thought seven or eight more sittings would close the business. 'I wish it were over,' he said, 'for Berlin is warm and I want to leave it.'

"The Prince said that another reason why he was sorry the Congress was in session was that he could not take General

NEW MUSEUM AT BERLIN



PRINCE BISMARCK.

Grant around and show him Berlin. He said also that the Emperor himself was disappointed in not being able to see the General.

"'His majesty,' said the Prince, 'has been expecting you, and evinces the greatest interest in your achievements, in the distinguished part you have played in the history of your country, and in your visit to Germany. He commands me to say that nothing but his doctor's orders that he shall see no one, prevents his seeing you.'

"The General said, 'I am sorry that I cannot have that honor, but I am far more sorry for the cause, and hope the Emperor is recovering.'

"'All the indications are of the best,' answered the Prince, 'for the Emperor has a fine constitution and great courage and endurance, but you know he is a very old man.'

"'That,' said the General, 'adds to the horror one feels for the crime.'

"'It is so strange, so strange and so sad,' answered the Prince, with marked feeling. 'Here is an old man—one of the kindest old gentlemen in the world—and yet they must try and shoot him! There never was a more simple, more genuine, more—what shall I say—more humane character than the Emperor's. He is totally unlike men born in his station, or many of them at least. You know that men who come into the world in his rank, born princes, are apt to think themselves of another race and another world. They are apt to take small account of the wishes and feelings of others. All their education tends to deaden the human side. But this Emperor is so much of a man in all things! He never did any one a wrong in his life. He never wounded any one's feelings; never imposed a hardship! He is the most genial and winning of men—thinking always, anxious always for the comfort and welfare of his people—of those around him. You cannot conceive a finer type of the noble, courteous, charitable old gentleman, with every high quality of a Prince, as well as every virtue of a man. I should have supposed that the Emperor could have walked alone all over the Empire without harm, and yet they must try to shoot him.

"'In some respects,' said the Prince, continuing as if in half a reverie, and as if speaking of a subject upon which he had been thinking a great deal—'In some respects the Emperor resembles his ancestor, Frederick William, the father of Frederick the Great. The difference between the two is that the old King would be harsh and severe at times to those around him, while the Emperor is never harsh to any one. But the old King had so much simplicity of character, lived an austere, home-loving, domestic life; had all the republican qualities. So with this King; he is so republican in all things that even the most extreme republican, if he did his character justice, would admire him.'

"Prince Bismarck said the Emperor was especially sorry that he could not in person show General Grant a review, and that the Crown Prince would give him one. 'But,' said the Prince, 'the old gentleman is so much of a soldier and so fond of his army that nothing would give him more pleasure than to display it to so great a soldier as yourself.'

"The General said that he had accepted the Crown Prince's invitation to a review for next morning, but with a smile continued: 'The truth is I am more of a farmer than a soldier. I take little or no interest in military affairs, and, although I entered the army thirty-five years ago and have been in two wars, in Mexico as a young lieutenant, and later, I never went into the army without regret and never retired without pleasure.'

"'You are so happily placed,' replied the Prince, 'in America that you need fear no wars. What always seemed so sad to me about your last great war was that you were fighting your own people. That is always so terrible in wars, so very hard.'

"'But it had to be done,' said the General.

"'Yes,' said the Prince, 'you had to save the Union just as we had to save Germany.'

"'Not only save the Union, but destroy slavery,' answered the General.

"'I suppose, however, the Union was the real sentiment, the dominant sentiment,' said the Prince.

"'In the beginning, yes,' said the General; 'but as soon as slavery fired upon the flag it was felt, we all felt, even those who did not object to slaves, that slavery must be destroyed. We felt that it was a stain to the Union that men should be bought and sold like cattle.'

"'I had an old and good friend, an American, in Motley,' said the Prince, 'who used to write me now and then. Well, when your war broke out he wrote me. He said, "I will make a prophecy, and please take this letter and put it in a tree or a box for ten years, then open it and see if I am not a prophet. I prophesy that when this war ends the Union will be established and we shall not lose a village or a hamlet." This was Motley's prophecy,' said the Prince, with a smile, 'and it was true.'

"'Yes,' said the General, 'it was true.'

"'I suppose if you had had a large army at the beginning of the war it would have ended in a much shorter time.'

"'We might have had no war at all,' said the General; 'but we cannot tell. Our war had many strange features—there were many things which seemed odd enough at the time, but which now seem providential. If we had had a large regular army as it was then constituted, it might have gone with the South. In fact the Southern feeling in the army among high officers was so strong that when the war broke out the army dissolved. We had no army—then we had to organize one. A great commander like Sherman or Sheridan even then might have organized an army and put down the rebellion in six months or a year, or at the farthest, two years. But that would have saved slavery, perhaps, and slavery meant the germs of new rebellion. There had to be an end of slavery. Then we were fighting an enemy with whom we could not make a peace. We had to destroy him. No convention, no treaty was possible—only destruction.'

"'It was a long war,' said the Prince, 'and a great work well done—and I suppose it means a long peace.'

"'I believe so,' said the General.

"The Prince asked the General when he might have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Grant. The General answered that she would receive him at any convenient hour.

"'Then,' said the Prince, 'I will come to-morrow before the Congress meets.'

"Both gentlemen arose, and the General renewed the expression of his pleasure at having seen a man who was so well known and so highly esteemed in America.

"'General,' answered the Prince, 'the pleasure and the honor are mine. Germany and America have always been in such friendly relationship that nothing delights us more than to meet Americans, and especially an American who has done so much for his country, and whose name is so much honored in Germany as your own.'

"The Prince and the General walked side by side to the door,

CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF GERMANY.

and after shaking hands the General passed into the square. The guard presented arms, the General lit a fresh cigar, and slowly strolled home.

"'I am glad I have seen Bismarck,' the General remarked. 'He is a man whose manner and bearing fully justify the opinions one forms of him. What he says about the Emperor was beautifully said, and should be known to all the Germans and those who esteem Germany.'"

The next morning, at half-past seven, General Grant attended a review given in his honor by the Crown Prince. A furious rain was driving across the field at the time, but, notwithstanding this, the manœuvres were brilliantly executed, all the branches of

the service taking part in the display. After the review, the General inspected one of the military hospitals, and the quarters of a cavalry regiment. This was followed by an informal mess-room lunch, with the Crown Prince and his officers, during which the General expressed his gratification at the spectacle he had witnessed, and proposed the health of the Crown Prince.

About noon on the same day, Prince Bismarck returned General Grant's visit, and was presented to Mrs. Grant. The visit proved exceedingly pleasant to all parties, and showed that the "man of blood and iron" had quite a lively interest in more human themes.

Prince Bismarck entertained General Grant at a grand dinner at the Radziwill Palace. After dinner the Prince and General Grant adjourned to a cozy apartment in the palace for a pleasant chat.

"The General was made comfortable with a cigar," says Mr. Young, in his letter to the *New York Herald*, "but the Prince would not smoke a cigar. His doctors, who had been bothering him about many things, had even interfered with his tobacco, and all they would allow him was a pipe. Just such a pipe as the American mind associates with a Hollander or German—a pipe with a black, heavy bowl, a smoking machine about two feet long. The Prince nursed this beneath his knees, with his head bent forward in the full tide of an animated conversation.

"The General and the Prince talked mainly upon the resources of the two countries; and this is a theme upon which the General never tires, and which, so far as America is concerned, he knows as well as any man in the world. The contrast between the two faces was a study; for I take it no two faces of this generation, at least, have been more widely drawn. In expression Bismarck has what might be called an intense face, a moving, restless eye, that might flame in an instant. His conversation is irregular, rapid, audacious, with gleams of humor, saying the oddest and frankest things, and enjoying anything that amuses him so much that frequently he will not, cannot finish the sentence for laughing. Grant, whose enjoyment of humor is keen, never passes beyond a smile. In conversation he talks his theme directly out with care, avoiding no detail, correcting himself if he

slips in a detail, exceedingly accurate in statement, always talking well, because he never talks about what he does not know. In comparing the two faces you note how much more youth there is in that of Grant than of Bismarck. Grant's face was tired enough a year ago when he came here fresh from that witches' dance of an Electoral Commission; it had that weary look which you see in Bismarck's, but it has gone, and of the two men you would certainly deem Grant the junior by twenty years.

"Mr. Taylor, the American Minister, was evidently impressed with the historical value of the meeting of Grant and Bismarck. He remembered a German custom that you can never cement a friendship without a glass of old-fashioned schnapps. There was a bottle of a famous schnapps cordial among other bottles. I am afraid to say how old it was. The Minister said, 'General, no patriotic German will believe that there can ever be lasting friendship between Germany and the United States unless yourself and the Prince pledge eternal amity between all Germans and Americans over a glass of this schnapps.' The Prince laughed and thanked the Minister for the suggestion. The schnapps was poured out, the General and Prince touched glasses, the vows were exchanged in hearty fashion, and the Prince, rising, led Mrs. Grant through the hall.

"As the party passed into the room where the Congress meets the Prince explained the position of the members and made some comments on the manner of doing business. 'We do not get on rapidly for one reason,' he said, 'because nearly every member when he speaks does it in so low a voice that he has to say it all over again.' At the head of the stairs the party separated, the Prince kissing the hand of Mrs. Grant in knightly German fashion."

Among the notable incidents of General Grant's stay in Berlin was the dinner given to him at the American Legation by Bayard Taylor, the American Minister, and a pleasant reception at the same place. They were both quiet and informal, but very pleasant.

From Berlin General Grant set out for Copenhagen, going by way of Hamburg, which place was reached on the 2d of July.

The General dined quietly with Mr. J. M. Wilson, the American Consul, and in the evening strolled through the city, enjoying its sights. On the morning of the 3d, a deputation of the Hamburg Senate called upon General Grant, and welcomed him to the city.

Hamburg is a free imperial city of Germany, and was formerly a member of the old Hanseatic Confederation. It is situated upon the Elbe, about seventy-five miles from its mouth, and contains 321,850 inhabitants. The newer portion of the city is handsomely built, and the whole town has a pleasant, bright, and busy appearance. The city is extensively engaged in commerce with all parts of the world, one of its enterprises being a weekly line of steamers to New York. Although a part of the German Empire, Hamburg is a Free City, and is governed by its own Burgomaster and Senate.

"Hamburg," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "gave itself up to the entertainment of the General with hearty good-will. On the morning after his arrival he was taken on board a small steamer, and made a tour of the docks and basins and a small run into the Elbe. The ships had their bunting up in the friendliest manner, some English and American ships showing all their flags. The trip was pleasant, notwithstanding the rain, which came and went. In the evening there was a dinner given by the Senate at the Zoölogical Gardens, the Burgomaster, Dr. Kirchenssauer, in the chair. Among the Senators present were Senators Oswald, Stamer, Moring, and Hertze. The Burgomaster proposed the General's health in the kindest terms, speaking of the honor Hamburg received from his visit. The next day, being the Fourth of July, the General went down to the country residence of James R. MacDonald, the vice consul, and spent the afternoon walking about the woods and talking with American friends. Then came a dinner at a country hotel near by, where about thirty American ladies and gentlemen were present, the consul presiding. Mr. Wilson proposed the General's health as 'the man who had saved the country.' This toast was drunk with cheers, to which the General responded appropriately."

The next morning, July 5th, the General went to see the races

in company with several of his Hamburg friends, but as it rained, he soon returned to his hotel.

General Grant left Hamburg on the 6th of July, and proceeded direct to Copenhagen, travelling through Schleswig-Holstein and Denmark.

Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, is a handsome and stately city, lying upon the coast of Zealand, and containing about 180,000 inhabitants. A part of the city is built on the small island of Amager, and is called Christianshaven, the channel between the two islands forming the port. The city is well fortified, being enclosed with a line of fortifications now used as a promenade; the harbor and approaches from the sea are defended by strong works. The city is noted for the large number of its palaces and public buildings, and also for its works of art. Chief among the art collections is Thorwaldsen's Museum, which contains many original works by the great Danish sculptor, with casts of all his other works. General Grant was much interested in this collection, and spent considerable time in inspecting it.

General Grant spent several very pleasant days in Copenhagen, exploring every portion of it, and was so much pleased with the city that he would have been glad to stay longer, but time was pressing, and he had to depart.

Leaving Copenhagen by steamer, the travellers sailed up the Cattegat to Gottenburg, in Sweden. This is a fine, flourishing city of 37,800 inhabitants, actively engaged in commerce. As the vessel bearing General Grant and his party neared the port it was seen that the shipping was gayly decorated with bunting, and fully 5,000 people were assembled at the landing to welcome the General. The reception was cordial and hearty in the extreme, and touched General Grant very deeply. He had intended to proceed direct to Christiana, but after this cordial greeting he decided to remain at Gottenburg during the day. The day was spent pleasantly, and the next morning the travellers resumed their journey to Christiana, by water.

Christiana, the capital of Norway, was reached on the 13th of July. Fully 10,000 people had assembled at the land-

COPENHAGEN.

ing-place to witness the arrival of General Grant, and as he came ashore he was received with enthusiastic cheers. He acknowledged the greetings of the Norsemen, and at once drove to his hotel.

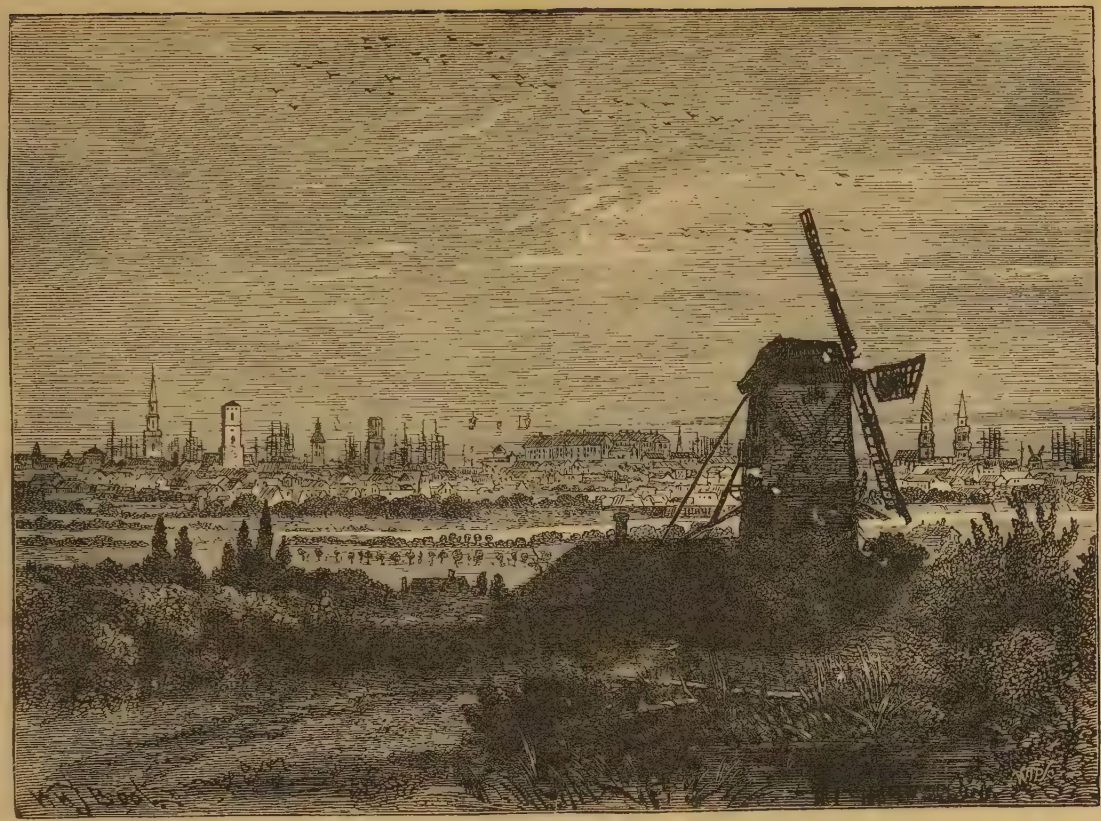
Christiana is a handsome city of about 70,000 inhabitants. Its principal public buildings are the Royal Palace and the University. Besides these there are numerous other handsome structures. Christiana is the principal port of Norway, the centre of its foreign trade, and possesses considerable shipping.

The Castle of Aggershuus, which stands on an eminence overlooking the city, is one of the principal sights of Christiana, and was the first place visited by General Grant. The castle was built in the early part of the fourteenth century. It is strongly fortified, and commands the city. It has been besieged unsuccessfully a number of times, the last time in 1716 by Charles XII. of Sweden. The national records and the crown jewels of Norway are kept here, and the place is also used as a prison for state convicts, who are kept heavily ironed.

King Oscar II. came from Stockholm to Christiana expressly to welcome General Grant to Norway, and the General promptly called upon the King. A pleasant interview ensued, the King cordially welcoming the American ex-President to Norseland, and offering to place every facility at his command at the General's disposal to enable him to see the country. At a later period of the visit the King entertained General and Mrs. Grant at dinner at the Royal Palace.

A pleasant excursion of several days into the interior of Norway was made by General Grant and his party, which enabled them to see Norwegian country life under peculiar advantages.

From Christiana General Grant made the journey to Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, by rail, reaching that city on the 24th of July, 1878. All along the route crowds assembled at the stations to see and cheer the distinguished American General; triumphal arches were erected, and addresses of welcome were read at the prominent places. Upon the arrival of the train at Stockholm, the General was met by the city authorities and welcomed to Stockholm. An immense crowd had assembled at



STOCKHOLM.

the station, and he was loudly cheered as he passed out on his way to his hotel.

The city of Stockholm is one of the most beautifully located in the world. It presents a handsome appearance, and is filled with rare and beautiful historical monuments and works of art. The city lies between Lake Maelar and the Baltic, and is built on eight islands and two semi-islands, and, being thus located in the midst of waters, it is often called the "Venice of the North." It possesses a large and safe harbor, and is extensively engaged in commerce. Many of the private houses are built on the mainland, on the north side.

The most prominent building is the Royal Palace, an immense quadrangular structure of granite and brick. The interior is very beautiful, and the state apartments are among the finest in Europe. The King gave orders that all the royal palaces and all the public establishments should be freely opened to General Grant, and the General was thus enabled to see them under peculiar advantages.

A very pleasant stay of several days was made at Stockholm, but the General's time did not permit a longer visit, and preparations for departure were accordingly made.

CHAPTER XI.

RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.

The Baltic Voyage—Arrival at Cronstadt—General Grant Saluted by the Russian Forts—Welcome to Cronstadt—Arrival of General Grant at St. Petersburg—A Welcome from the Czar—General Grant's Interview with the Czar—Prince Gortschakoff—Visit to Peterhof and Cronstadt—Interview with the Czarewitch—Description of St. Petersburg—General Grant Visits Moscow—The Ancient City—The Kremlin—Departure for Warsaw—Arrival of General Grant at Vienna—Count Andrassy Calls upon General Grant—Interview with the Emperor—General and Mrs. Grant Dine with the Emperor and Empress—The City of Vienna—Visit to Munich—Entertainment at Zurich—Return of General Grant to Paris.

EMBARKING at Stockholm on board of one of the Baltic steamers, General Grant and his party crossed the Baltic Sea to St. Petersburg. The length of the voyage is about four hundred miles. The passage was made in about two days. The weather was somewhat rough, but none of the party were seasick. As Cronstadt was approached the weather cleared up, and the steamer put out all her flags, and in honor of General Grant ran up the Stars and Stripes to the foremast. As the steamer drew near the outer forts, the heavy granite structures were wreathed in smoke, and a grand salute of welcome thundered over the waves. As other forts were passed salutes were fired, and at length the steamer came to anchor in the harbor. A deputation of the officials of the place came on board and welcomed General Grant to Russia. The General and his party were then transferred to a smaller steamer, which conveyed them to St. Petersburg.

The trip to the city was a short one, and, upon arriving at his hotel, the General was met by Mr. E. M. Stoughton, the American Minister to Russia, who warmly welcomed him to St. Petersburg. He was followed by Prince Gortschakoff, the Emperor's Aide-de-Camp, and several other high officers of the Imperial Court, who brought messages of welcome from the Emperor.

ALEXANDER II., EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

This was the 30th of July, and it was arranged that the General should be presented to the Czar the next day, July 31st.

Accordingly the presentation took place the next day. The Emperor manifested great cordiality. The General was presented by Prince Gortschakoff. His Majesty talked of his health and the General's travels. He seemed greatly interested in our national wards, the Indians, and made several inquiries as to their mode of warfare.

At the close of the interview the Emperor accompanied General Grant to the door, saying:

"Since the foundation of your government the relations between Russia and America have been of the friendliest character, and as long as I live nothing shall be spared to continue that friendship."

The General answered that although the two governments were directly opposite in character, the great majority of the American people were in sympathy with Russia, and would, he hoped, so continue.

General Grant also met the Grand Duke Alexis, who had visited the United States and been entertained at the White House during the General's Presidency.

General Grant also called upon Prince Gortschakoff the elder, the Russian Chancellor, whom he had met in Berlin. The visit lasted several hours, and was very pleasant.

An imperial yacht was placed at General Grant's disposal, and the General and his party made a pleasant excursion to Peterhoff—the Versailles of St: Petersburg—which commands a fine view of the Russian capital, Cronstadt, and the Gulf of Finland. After visiting Peterhoff, a visit was paid to the Russian man-of-war "Peter the Great," where the General was saluted with twenty-one guns. Cronstadt was also visited. The Russian fleet was lying at anchor there, and as the yacht steamed in among them, the vessels ran up the American flag to the fore, while the sailors manned the yards and gave three cheers.

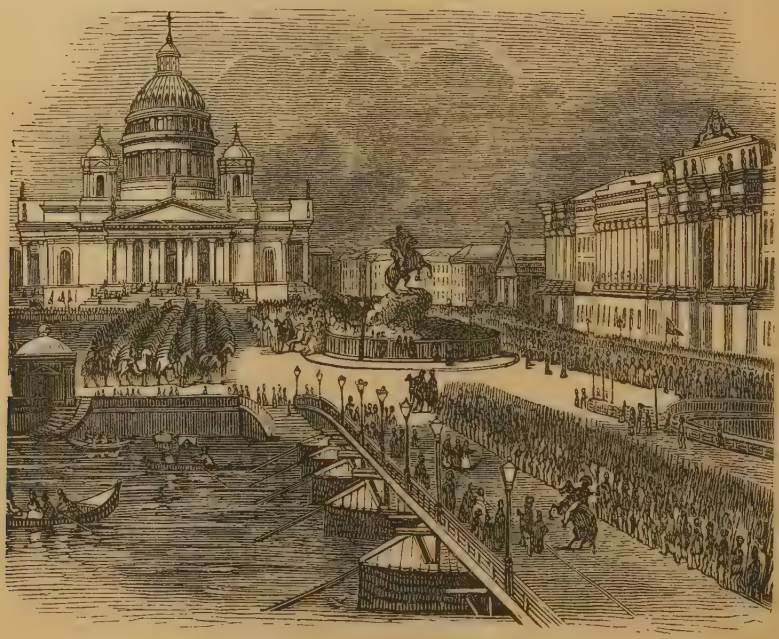
During his stay in St. Petersburg General Grant was received by the Czarewitch at a special audience. The French Ambassador gave a dinner in his honor, and there was a special review of the fire brigade of the city. The Emperor was unfailing in his kind attentions, and caused everything that could be done for the comfort of General Grant and his party to be done with promptness and cordiality.

St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia, is one of the most remarkable cities in the world. At the opening of the eighteenth century the site upon which it stands was a morass. Peter the Great resolved to build a city there, and in 1703 the work was begun. He personally superintended it, and the new city rose rapidly out of the marshes, the Czar exerting all his despotic power to push forward the undertaking, compelling from 40,000 to 50,000 peasants to labor constantly at the work. When Peter died, he left a fine city behind him, and successive sovereigns had added to and improved it until it is now one of the finest cities in

Europe. In the number and immense size of its public buildings it may be said to surpass all the European capitals. The population of the city is 667,026.

The Neva flows through the city, and its banks are walled up with massive masonry, forming handsome quays along which are situated the Imperial Palaces, the various public buildings, and the handsomest residences.

On the 8th of August, General Grant and party set out for Moscow. The distance is 400 miles, and the road, which unites



ST. ISAAC'S PLACE—ST. PETERSBURG.

the two places and which is a very good one, was built by two American contractors, Messrs. Winans, of Baltimore, and Harrison, of Philadelphia. The road is also one of the straightest in existence, running in almost a direct line between the two points. An elegant carriage was placed at General Grant's disposal, and the railway officials were courteous and attentive. Consequently, the journey was made comfortably, and Moscow was reached on the 9th.

THE KREMLIN—MOSCOW.

Moscow is the ancient capital of the Russian Empire. It claims a population of 800,000 inhabitants. It lies on both sides of the Moskva river, is circular in form, and covers a large area of ground. It is in appearance half European, half Asiatic, and this gives to it a grotesque aspect in spite of its magnificence. It is enclosed with walls, the streets are wide and long, and are in some instances paved.

The principal object of interest in Moscow is the Kremlin or citadel. It is two miles in circuit, and is a city in itself. It was the only part of old Moscow that escaped the conflagration at the time of the French occupation in 1812, and the injuries it suffered then have been entirely repaired. It is "crowded with palaces, churches, monasteries, arsenals, museums, and buildings of almost every imaginable kind, in which the Tartar style of architecture, with gilded domes and cupolas, generally predominates. There are towers of every form—round, square, and with pointed roofs; belfries, donjons, turrets, spires, sentry-boxes fixed upon minarets, domes, watch-towers, walls pierced with loop-holes, ramparts, fortifications of every species; whimsical devices, incomprehensible inventions, and steeples of every height, style, and color, the whole forming a most agreeable picture to look on from the distance."

The Kremlin contains about everything in Moscow of historical interest, as well as the principal sights of the city. The Imperial Palace is a large and handsome edifice. Its internal decorations are beautiful, and it contains one of the finest suites of State apartments in Europe. The Treasury of the Palace contains an extensive collection of historical relics of the earlier Russian sovereigns.

The Arsenal is an interesting place to visit. It always contains an equipment for 150,000 men.

The churches are numerous; some of them are very elaborate, and contain many interesting historical relics.

A few pleasant days were passed at Moscow, and then General Grant determined not to return to St. Petersburg, but to set off direct for Warsaw in Russian Poland, 600 miles distant. The start was made promptly, and on the 13th of August Warsaw

A COUNTRY SCENE IN RUSSIA—SHOWING THE LOG-HOUSES.

was reached. The travellers were very tired from their long railway journey, and several days were passed in the old Polish capital to rest. Then the journey was resumed, and on the night of the 18th of August, the party reached Vienna. The General was met at the railroad station by Minister Kasson, the secretaries and members of the American Legation, and a large number of the American residents. He was loudly cheered as he stepped out of the railway carriage.

On the 19th the General was visited at the Legation of the United States by Count Andrassy, the First Minister of the Council, and several colleagues. In the evening he dined with the Countess Andrassy and Mrs. Grant at Mrs. Post's. On the 20th he had an audience of His Imperial Majesty Francis Joseph at the lovely palace of Schoenbrunn, spending the remainder of the day driving about the imperial grounds and forests, and visiting points of interest in that romantic and historic neighborhood.

On the 21st General and Mrs. Grant were entertained by the imperial family, and dined with the Emperor in the evening. During the morning Baron Steinberg accompanied the Emperor's American guests to the Arsenal.

On the 22d Minister Kasson gave a diplomatic dinner in honor of our ex-President, at which nearly all the foreign Ambassadors were present. The members of the Austro-Hungarian Cabinet attended the reception in the evening, and added to the attractiveness and brilliancy of the occasion. The General expressed himself greatly pleased with Vienna. He was gratified also at the marked attentions of the Emperor's household and the earnest endeavor shown to honor him as a citizen of the United States.

Vienna is situated on the plain of the Danube, and is one of the most splendid cities of Europe. It has a population of 833,855 inhabitants. It is nearly circular in shape, with a circumference of twelve miles. The city is compactly and handsomely built, the streets being broad, well laid off, and lined with magnificent edifices.

A prominent feature of Vienna is the Prater, the principal

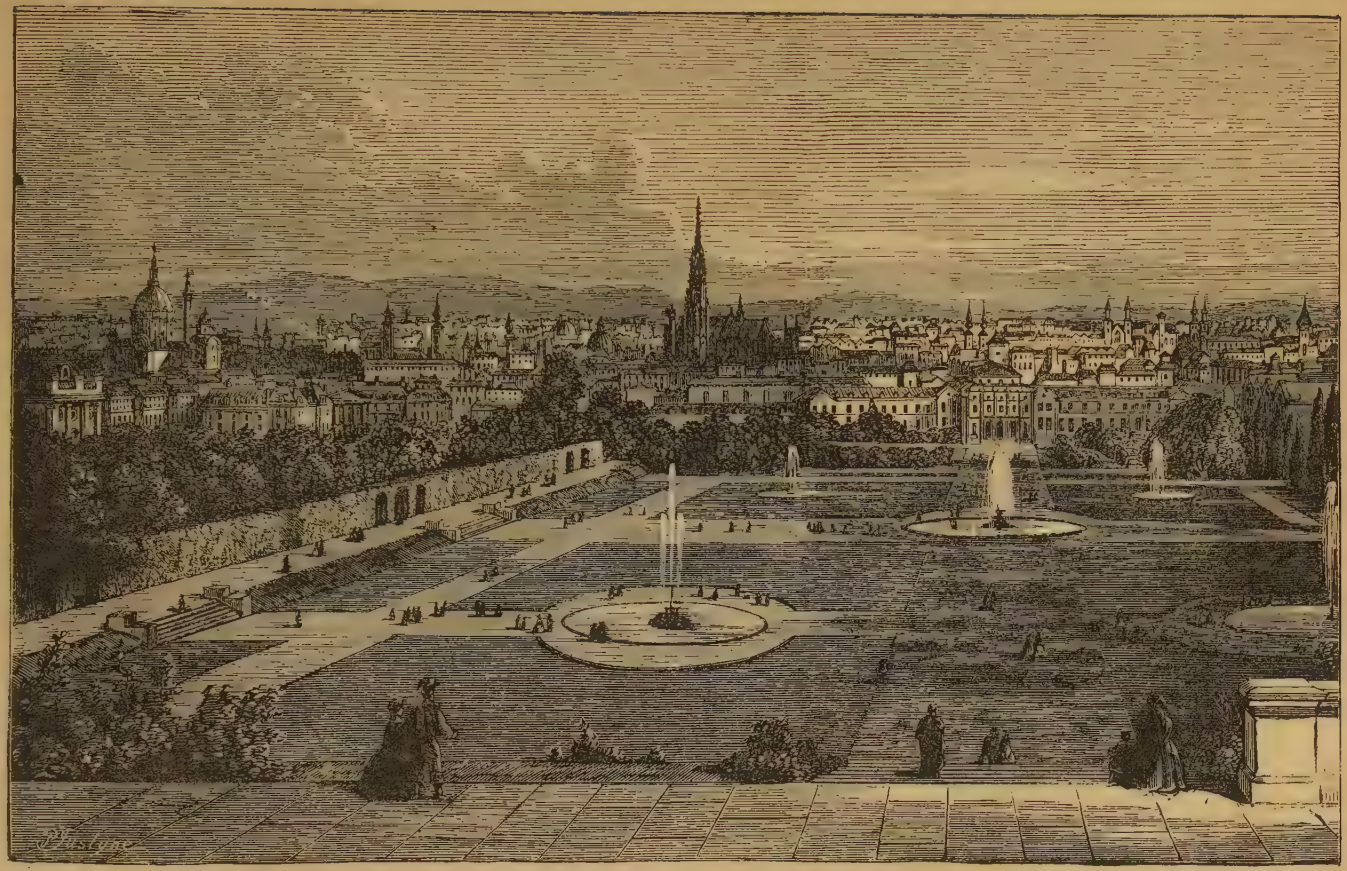
FRANCIS JOSEPH I., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

pleasure-ground or Park of the city. It is frequented by all classes.

The principal building is the Cathedral of St. Stephen, which marks the very centre of the city, and from which all the streets radiate. It is a magnificent Gothic structure, with a spire 450 feet high.

It would not be possible to give a complete description of Vienna within the limits allowed us, and so we must pass on.

Vienna proved so pleasant that the General was tempted to overstay his time several days.



THE CITY OF VIENNA.

From Vienna the travellers went to Munich, the capital of Bavaria, where several days were passed in seeing the city and its rich art treasures. A halt was also made at the venerable town of Augsburg, from which place the journey was continued through Ulm into Switzerland. Halts were made at Schaffhausen and Zurich. On the 23d of September, Mr. S. H. Byers, the American Consul at Zurich, entertained General Grant at a dinner at which the Burgomaster and the city authorities were present.

From Zurich General Grant returned to Paris by way of Lyons.

CHAPTER XII.

SPAIN, PORTUGAL, IRELAND.

Departure of General Grant for Southern France—A Message from the King of Spain—A Change of Plans—Departure for Spain—Biarritz—Irun—Interview with Castelar—Arrival at Vittoria—General Grant's Interview with the King of Spain—A Pleasant Meeting—The Boy-King—A Review—Arrival at Madrid—Life in Madrid—Visit to the Escurial—General Grant Witnesses the Attempted Assassination of King Alfonso—Visit to Lisbon—Cordial Reception by the King of Portugal—General Grant and the King at the Opera—General Grant Dines with the King's Father—Visit to Cintra—General Grant Returns to Spain—Visit to Cordova—The Mosque—General Grant at Seville—Visit to the Duke of Montpensier—General Grant at Cadiz—A Spanish City—The Angelus Bells—A Visit to Gibraltar—Lord Napier Entertains General Grant—Return to Spain—The Journey to Paris—General Grant in London—Departure for Ireland—Reception at Dublin—Presented with the Freedom of the City—Visit to Londonderry—Enthusiastic Reception—Visit to Belfast—A Cordial Greeting—General Grant Returns to England—Grant in Paris—Preparations for the Indian Tour.

ON the 10th of October, 1878, General Grant and party left Paris for a trip through Southern France. Several places of interest in the wine country were visited, and at last Bordeaux was reached.

"It was the intention of General Grant when he left Paris," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "to make a short visit to the Pyrenees, and especially Pau. But when he came to Bordeaux he was met by a message from the King of Spain, who was at the time at Vittoria, directing the manœuvres of his troops, and who especially requested that the General would honor him with a visit. If there is one thing the General dislikes it is reviewing troops; but the message from the King was so cordial that it could hardly be declined. Accordingly Pau was postponed, and the General went on as far as Biarritz, meaning to rest over night and cross the frontier next day. Biarritz was very beautiful. After cloudy Paris there was something joyous in the sunshine which lit up the old Biscayan town and streamed out over the sea. And the sea! How glorious it was to see it,

really see it, after so much living among rivers and hedges, and to feel that the farthest waves washed the coasts of dear America! Biarritz is a small frontier town, where the French come in winter and the Spaniards in summer. It juts out into the sea, and has a peculiar rocky formation, which breaks into ravines and caverns, and admits of quaint walks and drives. Biarritz might have lived on for a few centuries its drowsy existence, like hundreds of other towns which have a sea-coast and sand over which bathers could paddle and splash, entirely unknown, had not the last Napoleon builded himself a seaside residence. His wife had fancied Biarritz in early Spanish days, and it is supposed the house was built to please her. But from that moment Biarritz became famous. Many of the most interesting events of the Third Empire happened on this beach. You will read about the time they had in the books of Prosper Merimée. Biarritz seems to have been to the Empress Eugénie what the Trianon gardens in Versailles were to Marie Antoinette. It was here that she could do as she pleased, and it was so near Spain that old friends could drop in and talk about old times.

"We entered Spain about noon, passing many scenes of historical interest. I do not remember them all, the bewitching beauty of the coast and landscape usurping all mere historical reflections.

"At Irun there were a number of Spanish officers of high grade who awaited the coming of General Grant. They came directly from the King, who was at Vittoria, some hours distant. Orders had been sent to receive our ex-President as a Captain-General of the Spanish army. This question of how to receive an ex-President of the United States has been the source of tribulation in most European Cabinets, and its history may make an interesting chapter some day. Spain solved it by awarding the ex-President the highest military honors. More interesting by far than this was the meeting with Mr. Castelar, the ex-President of Spain. Mr. Castelar was in our train and on his way to San Sebastian. As soon as General Grant learned that he was among the group that gathered on the platform he sent word that he would like to know him. Mr. Castelar was presented to

the General, and there was a brief and rapid conversation. The General thanked Mr. Castelar for all that he had done for the United States, for the many eloquent and noble words he had spoken for the North, and said he would have been very much disappointed to have visited Spain and not met him; that there was no man in Spain he was more anxious to meet. Castelar is still a young man. He has a large, dome-like head, with an arching brow that recalls in its outline the brow of Shakespeare. He is under the average height, and his face has no covering but a thick, drooping mustache. You note the Andalusian type, swarthy, mobile, and glowing eyes that seem to burn with the sun of the Mediterranean. Castelar's presidency was a tempest with Carlism in the North, and Communism in the South, and the Monarchy everywhere. How he held it was a marvel, for he had no friend in the family of nations but America, and that was a cold friendship. But he kept Spain free, and executed the laws and vindicated the national sovereignty, and set on foot by his incomparable eloquence the spirit which pervades Spain to-day, and which, sooner or later, will make itself an authority which even the cannon of General Pavia cannot challenge. It was a picture, not without instructive features, this of Castelar, the orator and ex-President of Spain, conversing on the platform of the frontier railway station with Grant, the soldier and ex-President of the United States. 'When I reach Madrid,' said the General, 'I want to see you.' 'I will come at any time,' said Castelar. The only man in Spain who received such a message from General Grant was Emilio Castelar.

"A slight rain was falling as the train entered Vittoria, but the town is in a glow. The open space in front of our hotel is filled with booths and dealers in grains and other merchandise. The traders sit over their heaps of beans, peppers, melons and potatoes. They are mainly women, who wear a quaint Basque costume; the men in red and blue bonnets, with blue blouses, mostly faded, and red sashes swathed about the waist. These cavaliers spend most of their time smoking cigarettes, watching their wives at work. Now and then a swarthy citizen in a Spanish cloak saunters by, having been to mass or to coffee, and

eager to breathe the morning air. A farmer drives over the primitive stony street. His team is a box resting on two clumsy wooden wheels. When you remember that it has taken two thousand years of Basque civilization—the most ancient, perhaps, in Europe—to produce this wheel, you may guess how far the people have advanced. The team is drawn by two oxen, with their horns locked together and their heads covered by a fleece. In the cart is a pig, ready for the last and highest office a pig can pay to humanity. Other carts come laden with hay drawn by the slow, shambling oxen, all seeking a market. You hear drums and trumpets and army calls. The town is a camp, and ladies are thronging the lattice windows and soldiers come swarming out of the narrow streets into the market place. This is the season of the manœuvres. A crowd of citizens stand in the street about a hundred paces from our hotel, quiet, expectant, staring into an open gateway. This gateway leads into a long, irregular, low range of buildings of yellowish stone and red tiles. Over the gate clings the flag of Spain, its damp folds clustering the pole. A black streamer blends with the yellow and crimson folds, mourning the death of the Queen. Natty young officers trip about, their breasts blazoned with decorations, telling of victories in Carlist and Cuban wars, all wearing mourning on their arms for the poor young Mercedes. The sentinels present arms, a group of elderly officers come streaming out of the gateway. At their head is a stripling with a slight mustache and thin, dark side whiskers. In this group are the first generals in Spain —Concha, Quesada—captain-generals, noblemen, helmeted, spurred, braided with gold lace, old men with gray hairs. The stripling they follow, dressed in captain-general's uniform, and touching his cap to the crowd as it uncovers, is Alfonso XII., King of Spain.

"When General Grant reached Vittoria there were all the authorities out to see him, and he was informed that in the morning the King would meet him. Ten o'clock was the hour, and the place was a small city hall or palace, where the King resides when he comes into his capital. At ten the General called, and was escorted into an ante-room where were several

VITTORIA.

aides and generals in attendance. He passed into a small room, and was greeted by the King. The room was a library, with books and a writing-table covered with papers, as though his Majesty had been hard at work. His Majesty is a young man, twenty past, with a frank, open face, side whiskers and mustache like down. He was in the undress uniform of a captain-general, and had a buoyant, boyish way about him which made one sorrow to think that on these young shoulders should rest the burdens of sovereignty. How much he would have given to have gone into the green fields for a romp and a ramble—those green fields that look so winsome from the window. It was only yesterday that he was among his toys and velocipedes, and here he is a real King, with a uniform showing that he ranks with the great generals of the world heavily braided with bullion. Alfonso speaks French as though it was his own tongue, German and Spanish fluently, but not so well, and English with good accent, but a limited vocabulary. When the General entered, the King gave him a seat and they entered into conversation. There was a little fencing as to whether the conversation should be in English or Spanish. The general said he knew Spanish in Mexico, but thirty-five years had passed since it was familiar to him and he would not venture upon it now. The King was anxious to speak Spanish, but English and French were the only tongues used.

"The King said he was honored by the visit of General Grant, and especially because the General had come to see him in Vittoria; otherwise he would have missed the visit, which would have been a regret to him. He was very curious to see the General, as he had read all about him, his campaigns and his Presidency, and admired his genius and his character. To this the General answered that he would have been sorry to have visited Europe without seeing Spain. The two countries—Spain and the United States—were so near each other in America that their interests were those of neighbors.

"The General then spoke of the sympathy which was felt throughout the United States for the King in the loss of his wife. The King said that he had learned this, had seen its evidence in many American newspapers, and it touched him very nearly.

He then spoke of the Queen. His marriage had been one of love, not of policy. He had been engaged to his wife almost from childhood—for five years at least. He had made the marriage in spite of many difficulties, and their union, although brief, was happy. No one knew what a help she had been in combating the difficulties of the situation, for it was no pleasure to be an executive—no easy task. The General had seen something of it, and knew what it was. To this the General answered that he had had eight years of it, and they were the most difficult and burdensome of his life. The King continued to dwell on the burdens of his office. Spain was tranquil and prosperous, and he believed she was entering upon a career of prosperity; and from all parts of his kingdom came assurances of contentment and loyalty. There were no internecine wars, like the Carlists in the North or the Communists in the South, and Cuba was pacified. All this was a pleasure to him. But there were difficulties inseparable from the royal office. While his wife lived, together they met them, and now she was gone. His only solace, he continued, was activity, incessant labor. He described his way of living—rising early in the morning, visiting barracks, reviewing troops, and going from town to town.

"All this was said in the frankest manner—the young King leaning forward in his chair, pleased, apparently, at having some one to whom he could talk, some one who had been in the same path of perplexity, who could feel as he felt. The General entered into the spirit of the young man's responsibilities, and the talk ran upon what men gain and lose in exalted stations. There was such a contrast between the two men—Alfonso in his general's uniform, the President in plain black dress, fumbling an opera hat in his hand. In one face were all the joy and expectancy of youth—of beaming, fruitful youth—just touched by the shadow of a great duty and a heart-searing sorrow. Behind him the memory of his love, his dear love, torn from his arms almost before he had crowned their lives with the nuptial sacrament—before him all the burdens of the throne of Spain. In the other face were the marks of battles won and hardships endured and triumphs achieved—and rest at last. One face was young and

fair, the skin as soft as satin, youth and effort streaming from the dark, bounding eyes. The other showed labor. There were lines on the brow, gray hairs mantling the forehead, the beard gray and brown, the stooping shoulders showing that Time's hand was bearing upon them. One was twenty years of age, the other fifty-six; but in feeling, at least, it seemed that the younger of the two was the ex-President. Care and sorrow had stamped themselves on the young King's face.

"At eleven o'clock General Grant, King Alfonso, and a splendid retinue of generals, left the King's official residence to witness the manœuvres which were to take place on the historic field of Vittoria, where the French, under Joseph Bonaparte and Jourdan, were finally crushed in Spain by the allies under Wellington (June 21, 1813).

"King Alfonso and General Grant rode at the head of the column, side by side, His Majesty pointing out the objects of interest to the right and the left, and, when the vicinity of the famous field was reached, halting for a few minutes to indicate to his guest the location of the different armies on that famous June morning. As they proceeded thence General Concha was called to the side of the King and introduced to General Grant. Several other distinguished officers were then presented. The weather was very fine, and the scene was one of great interest to the American visitor. General Grant spent all day on horseback, witnessing the manœuvres."

In the evening General Grant dined with the King, and the next day there was a grand review of the troops held in his honor.

From Vittoria General Grant went to Madrid, reaching that city on the 28th of October. "General Grant's visit to Madrid," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "may be summed up briefly, so far as the festivities and ceremonies were concerned. James Russell Lowell, our Minister, met him at the station, when the General was welcomed on behalf of the King by the civil authorities, and especially by Colonel Noeli, a Spanish officer of distinction, who was detailed to attend him. The King had not arrived, but was in the north visiting Espartero and

reviewing his conscripts. Mr. Lowell gave the General a dinner and a reception, where men of all parties came to pay their respects to the ex-President. It seemed like a truce in the heat of Spanish politics to see Canovas and Castelar in Mr. Lowell's saloons in long and friendly converse; but I presume there is a life behind the scenes in Spanish politics as in our own, and that patriots and national enemies may talk opera over cakes and ale. There was a dinner at the Presidency of the Council, the only State dinner given since the poor Queen died. There were arsenals to be inspected and picture galleries, the royal palace and the royal stables. There were long walks about Madrid and long talks with Mr. Lowell, whom General Grant had never met before, but for whom he conceived a sincere attachment and esteem. There were calls from all manner of public men, especially from Captain-General Jovellar, with whom the General had satisfying talks about Cuba, and one from Castelar, whom the General was most anxious to see. Castelar had been so friendly to the North in our war, and he had been also a constitutional President of the Republic, and the General was anxious to do him honor. He contemplated a dinner to Castelar. But Spanish politics is full of torpedoes, and the General was in some sort a guest of the nation, and it was feared that the dinner might be construed into a republican demonstration—an interference in other people's affairs—and it was abandoned.

"There were excursions to Toledo and to the Escurial, of which something may be said at another time. What impressed your correspondent in Madrid were the changes that had taken place since his former visit, five years ago. It seemed to have become transformed from a Spanish into a French town. New stores had sprung up on the Alcala, and new hotels advised you that they gave meat and entertainment in the French fashion. Street railways traverse the narrow highways, and it seemed a desecration, almost, to hear jangling car bells in the drowsy old alleys along which I used to pad my way to the street of Isabel the Catholic to hear from Sickles or Adee what had happened to Spain during the night. For poor Spain was then in an interesting condition and the strangest births were then coming to light.

And when we had nothing else to do we used to go out and join the people when they went to demonstrate before the public offices—generally before the Palace of the Interior, on the Puerta del Sol, where there was room to shout and hustle and carry our banners, and where, moreover, Pi y Margall was in power. Pi, being a friend of the people, was sure to give us a welcome and tell us to be patient and we should have bread and work. Sometimes we used to go down to the Cortes and demonstrate in favor of more radical measures and more speed in making the Republic, and wait until Castelar and Salmeron and Garrido came out that we might hail them as friends of liberty and saviours of Spain. Pi was arrested the other day as a revolutionist, and Garrido is in exile, and Castelar, almost alone among Republicans, is tolerated in the Cortes because of his marvellous eloquence, and because, as Canovas said when he sent word to the government agents not to oppose his return, 'A Spanish Cortes would be nothing without Emilio Castelar.' And so in five years the world wags its curious course.

"In those days Madrid was a Spanish town, and it was pleasant to walk in the streets and see the quaint, picturesque life so new to Saxon eyes; to see the varied costumes of the provinces, to hear the odd cries, to visit the cafés, with their curious drinks of almond and pomegranate and orange, temperate and tasteless, and see damsels and wrinkled women gorging ices and grave men smoking cigarettes. Pleasant was the Prado when the evening shadows came, and all Madrid was out to take the air and see the wonderful beauty of the skies, which have a beauty of their own in this captivating Spain. Pleasant it was to stroll up and down the Prado and see the maidens, with vails and mantillas, grouped in couples, with demure, gazelle-like eyes that looked at you so shyly, and if they spoke at all it was with a glance or with the fan, which, in the hand of a Spanish lady, is an organ of speech. Pleasant it was to see the nurses in Andalusian peasant costumes, their brown faces and ripe, bonny bosoms, which children were draining, ranged in chairs and watching the swaying world in unconscious, innocent wonder. Pleasant were the dancing groups which you met in the public squares or the

denser parts o. the town, dancing their slow measured step to the music of a guitar and the time of the castanet. And the bull fighters on Sunday afternoon! Was anything more pleasant than to stroll up the Alcala and study the hurrying crowd, hurrying on to the arena to see the bulls, to be there in time for the procession! Maidens, duchesses, beggars, statesmen, priests, workingmen and soldiers, parents and their children are hurrying to the ring. Pleasant were the evenings at Café Fornos, with old Dr. Mackeehan, the oldest American resident in Madrid, at the head of the table, and telling his recollections of a generation of Spanish life, especially his recollections of the dynasty of American Ministers under whom he had served, from Barringer to Cushing, and how he had seen Soulé fight his duel, and how he hated a certain Secretary of Legation. I have never, by the way, seen an expatriated American who did not have some cherished hatred which he nourished and worshipped—as the Hindoos do idols of evil import—and generally it was another American. But there was no kindlier or friendlier soul than the old Doctor, and nothing pleased him more than to celebrate the Fourth of July. Pleasant were the dinners Adee and I were wont to have with our mysterious friend, who lived in an upper story—our mysterious friend, whose business every one was seeking to know, and no one could discover—and who always roasted his partridges himself after we had arrived. Pleasant were the brisk walks with Forbes over the windy plains around Madrid and the strolls with Austin in the narrow streets of the old town. Pleasant it was to hear the Minister throw his leg over his crutch and preach about Spain and the Republic, and marvellous preaching it was, for he knew Spain well and believed in the Republic. But how changed! Cold winds drive maidens and nurses from the Prado. The Fornos table, with the good Doctor at the head, has vanished in the State Department, and Forbes is in Afghanistan and Austin in India, and a new Minister reigns in the stead of the Seventy, and as I passed the old Legation on Isabel the Catholic street, I was informed by public placard that if I wished to rent the building I had only to say the word and take possession.

"Even the bull ring has gone—the clumsy old bull ring, with its narrow entrances and dingy boxes and strangest smells, and blocks upon blocks of imposing houses occupy its site. There is a new bull ring a half mile further out—a spick-and-span affair of brick, which does not look like a bull ring, but a Moody and Sankey tabernacle of the Chicago order of architecture. New avenues stretch in all directions paved with curbstones, and young trees, and buildings, everywhere artisans at work—new buildings in every part of the town. The aspect of the city has wholly changed. There is the Calle Mayor and the old Plaza. I always visit that antique enclosure, because it reminds me of the days when Spain was really governed by kings. Plaza Mayor was where the heretics were tried and sentenced to be burned; and there was the balcony where those sovereigns of sainted memory—Charles II., Philip III. and other divinely-vouchsafed princes—were wont to perch themselves and see the trials go on and hear monks denounce heresy and applaud with tingling fingers as the poor wretches, in their costumes of degradation, were led to the stake. It was here, too, that Charles I. of England, also of blessed memory, came to witness a bull fight—one of the most famous exhibitions ever given—the fighters being gentlemen of quality, and one of them a young woman, who attacked a bull singly and killed it with her dagger. This Plaza Mayor seemed to have outlived any fear of change, and it was pleasant to wander under its arches and look at the trees and study Philip III. on horseback and summon back the phantoms who once made it their holiday. But even the plaza is changed and has become a mere market, with shops, where you can buy cheap jewelry and clothes, and prominent are placards in eulogy of American machines and canned meats. All the color and repose of the old plaza have vanished. The sewing machine has taken the place of the auto de fé, and, as an antiquity, Plaza Mayor has no more interest than the Fulton Market or Tweed's ancient Court House opposite the City Hall."

During his stay in Madrid General Grant visited the Palace of the Escurial, which is about two hours distant from Madrid. "This mammoth edifice, second only to the Pyramids of Egypt

in size and solidity, was commenced by Philip II., to fulfil a vow made to San Lorenzo, that if the battle of St. Quentin, which was fought on the saint's day, should result favorably to him, he would erect a temple to his honor; and also to obey the injunctions of his father, the Emperor Charles V., to construct a tomb

THE ESCURIAL—THE RESIDENCE OF THE KINGS OF SPAIN.

worthy of the royal family, and most magnificently did he carry out both purposes." The building stands on an elevation 2,700 feet above the sea, and is a rectangular parallelogram in shape. It is 744 feet from north to south, and 580 feet from east to west. It contains eighty-eight fountains, fifteen cloisters, eighty-six stair-

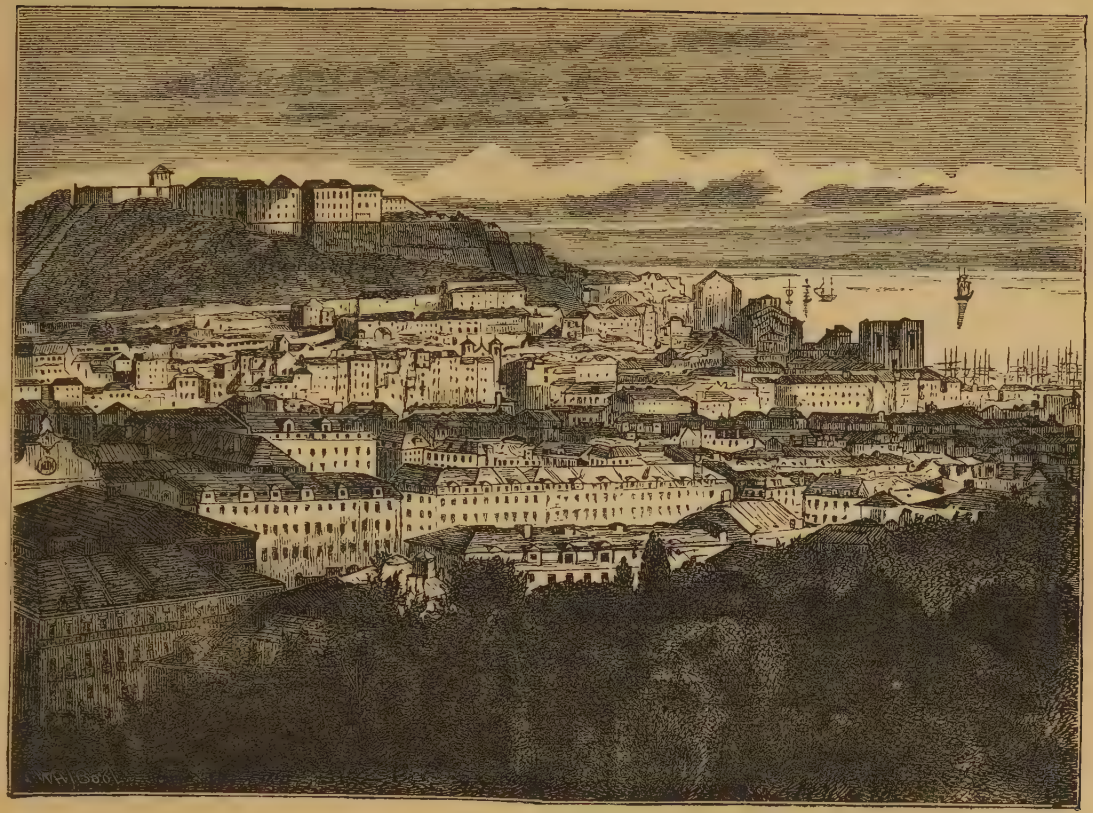
ways, sixteen court-yards, and a vast number of apartments. Some of these are of great magnificence. The church is especially grand. Under the high altar is the royal tomb, in which only kings and the mothers of kings can be buried. Charles V. and Philip II. lie here.

A notable incident of General Grant's visit to Madrid was the attempted assassination of King Alfonso. General Grant was standing when the shot was fired at a window of the Hotel de Paris (situated at the junction of the Carrera San Geronimo and the Calle de Alcala), overlooking the Puerta del Sol. This hotel is a long distance from the scene of the attack, but looks across the great central plaza of Madrid directly down the Calle Mayor. General Grant, who was following with his eyes the progress of the royal cavalcade which had just passed across the Puerta del Sol before him, said to Mr. Young that he clearly saw the flash of the assassin's pistol. The General had already "booked" for Lisbon by the night train, leaving at seven o'clock, and therefore could not in person present his congratulations to King Alfonso; but to Señor Silvera, the Minister of State, who called soon after and accompanied him to the railway station, General Grant expressed his sympathies, and regrets that he was unable to postpone his journey in order that he might personally call upon his Majesty. He begged Señor Silvera to convey to the King his sincere congratulations on his escape from the assassin's bullet.

From Madrid General Grant went to Lisbon, the capital of the kingdom of Portugal.

"Lisbon," says Mr. Young, in his letter to the *New York Herald*, "is a city built as it were on billows. The view from the river is very beautiful, recalling in some degree the view of Constantinople from the Bosphorus. The skies were gracious to our coming, and the air was as warm as a Virginia spring.

"The King of Portugal, on learning that General Grant had arrived in Lisbon, came to the city to meet him. There was an audience at the palace, the General and his wife meeting the King and Queen. The King, after greeting the General in the splendid audience chamber, led him into an inner apartment, away from the ministers and courtiers who were in attendance



VIEW OF LISBON.

on the ceremony. They had a long conversation relative to Portugal and the United States, the resources of the two countries, and the means, if means were possible, to promote the commercial relations between Portugal and America. Portugal was, above all things, a commercial nation, and her history was a history of discovery and extending civilization. Lisbon, in a direct line, was the nearest port for ships leaving New York. It was on the lines of latitude south of the icebergs, and a pleasanter part of the ocean than the routes to Liverpool. There was a harbor large enough to hold any fleet, and the King believed that when the new lines of railway through Portugal and Spain were built the route would be seventeen miles shorter than over the present many-winding way of the Salamanca road. The advantages of such a port as Lisbon would be many for travellers, and the King had no doubt that markets for American produce and manufactures would be found in the countries around Lisbon. The King had been a naval officer, and the conversation ran into ships of war and naval warfare. There were other meetings between the King and the General. The day after the palace reception was the King's birthday, and there was a gala night at the opera. The King and royal family came in state, and during the interludes the General had a long conversation with his Majesty. The next evening there was a dinner at the palace in honor of the General, the Ministry, and the leading men of the court in attendance. The King conversed with the General about other themes—wanted him to go with him and shoot. It seems the King is a famous shot. But the General's arrangements left him no time to accept this courtesy.

"The King of Portugal, Don Luis I., is a young man in the fortieth year of his age, second cousin to the Prince of Wales, who is three years his junior, and between whom there is a marked resemblance. The Queen is the youngest sister of the present King of Italy. The King's father is Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, cousin of the late Prince Consort of England. His first wife, the mother of the King, died many years since. His second wife, now living, is an American lady from Boston, named Henzler, and is called the Countess d'Edla. One of the

King's sisters is wife to the second son of the King of Saxony, the other wife to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, whose election to the throne of Spain by Prim was one of the causes of the war between Germany and France.

"It seems the King is a literary man, and having translated 'Hamlet' into Portuguese, the conversation ran into literary themes. The King said he hoped to finish Shakespeare and make a complete translation into Portuguese. He had finished four of the plays—'Hamlet,' 'Merchant of Venice,' 'Macbeth' and 'Richard III.' 'Othello' was under way, and already he had finished the first act. The question was asked as to whether His Majesty did not find it difficult to translate such scenes as that between Hamlet and the gravediggers—almost dialect conversations—into Portuguese. The King said he thought this was, perhaps, the easiest part. It was more difficult to render into Portuguese the grander portions, where the poetry attained its highest flight. 'The Merchant of Venice' he liked extremely, and 'Richard III.' was in some respects as fine as any of Shakespeare's plays. 'What political insight,' said the King; 'what insight into motives and character this play contains!' The King asked the General to accept a copy of 'Hamlet,' which His Majesty presented with an autograph inscription. As the time came to leave, the King asked the General to allow him to mark his appreciation of the honor the General had done Portugal by visiting it by giving him the grand cross of the Tower and Sword. The General said he was very much obliged, but that, having been President of the United States, and there being a law against officials accepting decorations, he would rather, although no longer in office, respect a law which it had been his duty to administer. At the same time he appreciated the compliment implied in the King's offer and would always remember it with gratitude.

"Don Fernando, the King consort and father to the King, was also exceedingly courteous to the General. His Majesty is sixty years of age, and is a tall, stately gentleman, resembling somewhat his relative, Leopold I. of Belgium. Don Fernando is one of the Coburg house of princes, who are spreading over Europe.

He belongs to the Catholic wing of the family—these great houses having Catholic and Protestant wings, to suit the exigencies of royal alliances. He came to Portugal forty-two years ago as the husband of Doña Maria II., Queen of Portugal, and sister to Dom Pedro of Brazil. Doña Maria died in 1853, and Don Fernando became regent until his first son, Dom Pedro V., was of age. Dom Pedro reigned six years, and was succeeded by his brother, the present sovereign. Americans will be pleased to know that His Majesty, on his second marriage, selected a Boston lady. The marriage is morganatic—that is to say, the Church blesses it, but the lady not being royal, the law will not recognize her as Queen. Countess d'Edla, as she is called, is much respected in Lisbon. When the General called she escorted him through the various treasure rooms of the palace, and seemed delighted to meet one of her countrymen, and especially one who had ruled her country. Countess d'Edla seems to have had a romantic career. She studied music, and came to sing in Lisbon. Here Don Fernando made an acquaintance which ripened into love, and in 1869 she became his wife. Don Fernando, like his son, the King, is an accomplished man, skilled in languages and literature, with an especial interest in America. He talked to General Grant about California and the Pacific coast, and expressed a desire to visit it. His Majesty has a curious and wonderful collection of pictures, bric-à-brac, old armor and old furniture—one of the most curious and interesting houses in Europe. He is fond of painting, and showed us with pride some of his painting on porcelain.

"Finally Don Fernando gave us a pressing invitation to visit his palace at Cintra. A visit to Cintra was down in our programme, but the King's invitation put the palace at our disposal, a privilege rarely given. Cintra is about fifteen miles from Lisbon, and we were compelled to go early in the morning. Our party included the General and his wife, Mr. Dimon, our Consul, Viscount Pernes and Mr. Cunha de Maier, formerly Portuguese Consul-General in the United States, and author of a history of the United States in Portuguese. Mr. Moran, our Minister, was unable to join us on account of indisposition. The drive was at-

tractive, tnrough a rolling, picturesque country, with cool breezes coming in from the sea that made overcoats pleasant. Cintra is one of the famous spots in Europe.

"The Convent of Cintra was seized by the Government in the early part of the century, and finally became the property of Don Fernando, and at a vast expense he has rebuilt it into a château or palace, one of the most beautiful in the world. The 'horrid crags' are traversed by good roads, and we ride upon our donkeys as easily as we could ride up Fifth Avenue. The mountain moss and the sunken glens have all been covered with a rich vegetation, notably of the camelia, which is rarely seen in this latitude, but which His Majesty has made to grow in profusion. Our Lady's House of Woe is the palace of a prince, and as we ride under the overarching doorway attendants in royal livery are waiting. The house is in Norman-Gothic style, and the rooms are what you might see in other palaces. There is a small chapel of rare beauty, with exquisite carvings in marble and jasper, illustrating the Passion of our Lord. The beauty of Cintra is seen in its fulness as you stand on the lofty turrets. It is built on the summit of a rocky hill 3,000 feet high. The descent on one side to the village is a triumph of exquisite gardening. On the other side the descent is almost precipitous. You look from the giddy height at the trees and the tumbled masses of rock, tossed and heaped in some volcanic age. You see the landscape rise and swell in undulating beauty, and the lengthening shadows rippling over it. Far off are the lines of Torres Vedras, built by Wellington's armies to defend Lisbon from the French. Beyond is the sea, gleaming like amber and pearl. It was over that sea that Vasco de Gama sailed, and from this lofty summit King Manuel watched his coming and in time saw him come, bringing tribute and empire from the Indies. You can see if you look carefully the outlines of Mafra palace, built to rival the Escurial. You see the Tagus spreading out to the sea, forcing its way through forests and hills and valleys until it falls into the ocean's arms. Lisbon lies under the Monsanto hills, but the view sweeps far beyond Lisbon until it is lost in the ocean. There was a fascination in this view that made us loth to leave it,

and for a long time we lingered, watching every tint and shadow of the picture under the changing sunlight. It is indeed 'the glorious Eden' of Byron's verse.

"We walked and drove around Cintra village. General Grant was so charmed with the place that he regretted he could not remain longer. There was a royal engagement bidding him to Lisbon. So we dined at Victor's Hotel, and as the night shadows came down bundled into our carriages for the long drive home. The air was clear, the skies were bright, and it was pleasant to bound over the stony roads and watch the brown fields; to pass the taverns, where peasants were laughing and chatting over their wine; to roll into the city and feel the breezes from the river as we came to our hotel. We had made a long journey, and the hills we climbed made it fatiguing. But no one spoke of fatigue, only of the rapturous beauty which we had seen. Cintra itself is worth a long journey to see, and to be remembered when seen as a dream of Paradise."

From Lisbon General Grant returned to Spain, and proceeded direct to Cordova. "It was late in the evening," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "and a heavy rain was falling, when General Grant and his party reached Cordova. The Governor of the city and the authorities were waiting at the station.

"After a long ride it was pleasant to rest, even in the indifferent condition of comfort provided in a Spanish inn. There was a visit to the theatre, a ramble about the streets, which is General Grant's modern fashion of taking possession of a town; there was a stroll up the Roman bridge, the arches of which are as stout and fresh as if the workmen had just laid down their tools. There was a visit to a Moorish mill, in which the millers were grinding wheat. There was the casino and the ascent of a tower from which Andalusia is seen spreading out before us, green and smiling. And this sums up Cordova. What you read of its ancient Roman and Moorish splendor, all traces of it have vanished, and you feel, as you wind and unwind yourself through the tortuous streets, that you are in a forgotten remnant of Spain. The only evidence of modern life is the railway station.

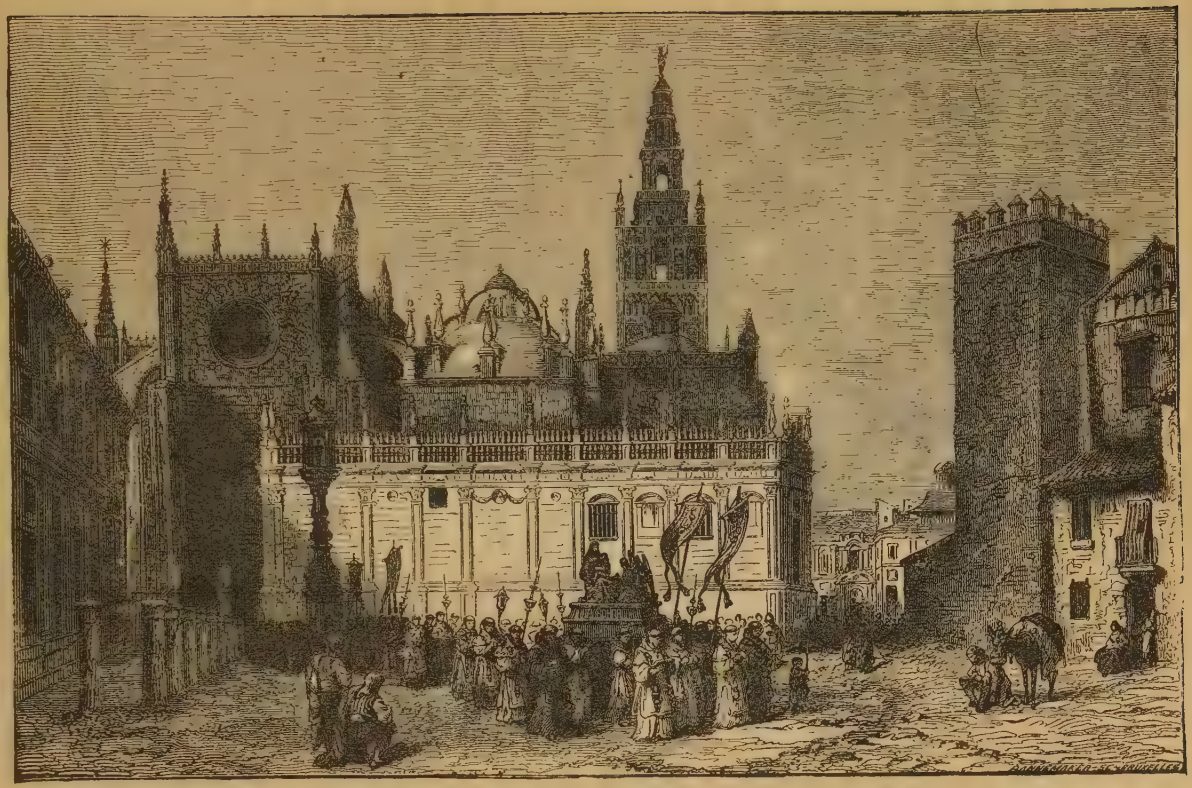
"In the morning the mosque was visited. We had thought that it might be better to visit the mosque alone, without state or ceremony, but the authorities of Cordova were in an advanced stage of courtesy, and our visit was in state. It seemed almost like a desecration—this dress and parade within these unique and venerable walls. The mosque is even now among the wonders of Europe. It stands on the site of an ancient temple of Janus. Eleven centuries ago the Moors resolved to build a temple to the worship of God and Mohammed his prophet, which should surpass all other temples in the world. Out of this resolution came this building. You can see even now the mosque in its day justified the extravagant commendations of the Arabian historians. There was an enclosed court-yard, in which orange trees were growing and priests walking up and down, taking the morning air. This enclosure seemed to be a bit out of Islam, and it looked almost like a profanation of Moslem rites to see men in attendance wearing the garb of Rome—so cool, so quiet, so retired, so sheltered from the outer world that one could well imagine it to have been the place of refuge and rest which Mohammed intended as the special purpose of every mosque. As you enter, the first impression is as of a wilderness of low columns that run in all directions. These columns were formerly whitewashed by the Christians after the taking of Cordova, but under Isabella's government the whitewash was removed, and you now see the ancient red and white brick walls and precious stones of which they are made. There is a tradition that most of these columns were made out of the materials of the ancient Roman temple which stood on this site, and that some were sent from the temples of Carthage. It was easy to see that they were not the work of any one mind, but rather represent the enterprise of the builders in rummaging among other ruins, or the generosity of priests and rulers who showed their desire to stand well with the governor of Cordova by sending a quantity of columns for the mosque. In this way it happens that some of the columns are of jasper, others of porphyry, others of choice marbles. Some you notice are short, and have had to be supplemented by mechanical contrivances. But although a close

examination of the mosque shows these differences, and really adds to its interest, the general effect is unique and imposing. You note with impatience that the governors under Charles V. had a large part of this incomparable series of arches removed to build a modern chapel, and, although the chapel was not without interest in respect to woodwork and tapestry, its presence here seems a violence to all the laws of art, and one can understand the chagrin of Charles V., who, when he examined the mosque for the first time in 1526 and saw what had been done in the building of this chapel, said: 'You have built here what any one might have built anywhere else, but you have destroyed what was unique in the world.'

"It is difficult to give an exact description of the mosque. Its value lies in the impression it makes on you, and in the fact that it is an almost perfect monument of Moslem civilization in Spain. There is the ever-recurring Oriental arch, the inventor of which you sometimes think must have found his type in the orange. There are elaborate and gorgeous decorations of the sacred places of the mosque, where the Koran was kept, where the guilty ones sought refuge and unfortunate ones succor, where justice was administered and the laws of the Koran expounded. It all seems as clear and fresh—so genial in this Andalusian atmosphere—as it came from the hands of the faithful kings who built it. As one strolls through the arches, studying each varying phase of Oriental taste, the voices of the priests chanting the morning service and the odor of incense are borne upon the air. It is startling to find Christians in the performance of their sacred office within the walls of a building consecrated by the patience and devotion of the unfortunate Moors."

From Cordova the travellers went to Seville, which was reached on the morning of December 4th, 1878.

"Our stay in Seville," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "was marked by one incident of a personal character worthy of veneration—the visit of General Grant to the Duke of Montpensier. The day after General Grant arrived in Seville the Duke called on him, and the next day was spent by the General and his party in the hospitable halls and gardens of



VIEW IN SEVILLE.

St. Telmo. The Duke regretted that, his house being in mourning on account of the death of his daughter, Queen Mercedes, he could not give General Grant a more formal welcome than a quiet luncheon party. The Duke, the Duchess and their daughter were present, and after luncheon the General and Duke spent an hour or two strolling through the gardens, which are among the most beautiful in Europe. The Duke spoke a great deal of his relations with America, and especially of the part which his nephews had played in the war against the South. At the close of the reception the General drove back to the hotel."

After leaving Seville, the route of General Grant and his party lay along the beautiful Guadalquiver to Cadiz, sixty-seven miles distant. Cadiz was reached on the 6th of December.

Cadiz is a beautiful city, lying directly upon the sea, and enjoying a most delightful climate. "As you saunter along the streets," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "you see the outside life of Spain. As the afternoon lengthens and the white houses become tawny in the shadows of the descending sun, it is pleasant to stroll out to the Battery. You have no care as to your road, for in this mazy town the first corner into any road will lead to the Battery. All the world is going with you—grave, stately señors to smoke their cigarettes in the cooling, wholesome air, and gracious señoras in their bewitching Spanish costumes, who glance at you with their deep, black, Oriental eyes and float along. My best authority on the ladies of Cadiz is that of Lord Byron. But His Lordship pays tribute to this beauty at the expense of higher qualities when he pays Cadiz a 'sweeter though ignoble praise,' and tells how Aphrodite made her shrive within these white walls.

"Lord Byron was more of a poet than a historian in these criticisms. You can trust his Lordship in his descriptions of scenery, but not in historical or moral reflections. And as you float on this ripple of beauty that wafts on toward the Battery and the sea, you feel that so much beauty must have a higher purpose than revelry and crime, and that the sweeping lines in 'Childe Harold' were applied to Cadiz because they happened to

fit, and might as well have been written about Cowes or Hamburg. In the evening every one goes to the Battery. The air is warm with the sunshine, with airs that come from Africa, yet tempered with the ever-soothing influence of the sea. The gardens are in bloom—the orange, the pomegranate, the banana and the palm. You stroll along the Battery wall and look out on the sea. The waves ripple on the shore with the faintest murmur. A fleet of fishing boats is at anchor, and their graceful bending masts recall the lateen masts of the Nile. A couple of boats have just come in and are beached above the receding tide, and the fishermen, up to their knees in water, are scrubbing the sides and the keel. The work is pleasant, and the sea has been good, I hope, in its offerings, for they sing a graceful song to lighten their labors. The tinkling bells denote the patient, heavy-laden donkeys, who pace their slow way along the beach, laden with fish or fruit or water or wine. The city is on your right, the white walls rising on the terraced hills, glowing with white as they are seen against this deep blue sky. There are Moorish domes and Arabian turrets, that show all the meaning of their graceful outlines as you see them now massed into a picture, warmed with the richer hues of the descending sun. How beautiful is Cadiz, seen as you see her now, looking out like a sentinel upon the sea! And thus she has stood, a sentinel between contending civilizations, for ages. I am almost afraid to say how many ages; but the books will tell you that Hercules founded Cadiz more than three centuries before Rome was born, eleven centuries before our Saviour died. Here where the oceans meet, the southernmost point of Continental Europe, teeming Africa only a step beyond —here for ages, and through so many civilizations, the city whose glowing towers grow pink and purple in the sun's passing rays has stood guard. You think of the tides that have rolled and receded over the Mediterranean world, of cities that once ruled the world with their enterprise and splendor; of envious Babylon and forgotten Tyre, and remember that modest Cadiz, who never sought empire, never challenged the cupidity of the bandit, has passed through the storms that destroyed her splendid rivals and seems good for centuries more. Just over this smooth sea,

where you might run in a few hours with one of these fishing boats, is a sandy seaside plain where Arabs grow corn and dates and loll in the noonday sun. This was Carthage, and how she looked down upon poor little Cadiz in her day, with her fleets proudly sweeping around these shores and promontories, with her armies striding over mountain and valley, with her captains resolved to conquer the world! Yet of Carthage only the name remains, only a shadow, and modest Cadiz keeps her guard here, watching the splendors of London and New York and Paris, seeing all the world carry them tribute, seeing the flags of the Englishman sweep past her shores as proudly as the fleets of Hannibal and Cæsar in other days. I wonder if beautiful Cadiz has patience in recalling this, and is content with her modest work, and feels that she will keep guard perhaps when the glory that now environs her has passed like that which once came from Carthage and Rome, and the sceptre of a world's supremacy will have passed to other hands.

"You think of these things as you lean over this battery wall and look at the beautiful city, growing more beautiful in the purple and pearl of the descending sun. A freshening breeze comes over the sea and the waves purr and play as they gambol on the rough, stony beach. A ship comes hurrying in, hugging the coast, scudding on at full sail. How beautiful she looks! Every sail set, her flag sending signals to the shore, her prow bent forward like a strong man running his race, anxious for the goal. In a few minutes the evening gun will fire and the port will close. So she flies along, firm in her purpose, eager diving, laden with the purposes and achievements of another world, minister and messenger of peace. I remember an idle discussion—perhaps I read it in some forgotten book, perhaps I heard it in some foolish dinner debate—as to which was the most beautiful object in the world, a maiden in the fulness of her years, a racehorse at his highest speed, or a ship in full sail. I have forgotten what my own views may have been; perhaps it was a subject on which I had not taken definite sides. But, looking over this sea wall at the ship that, with every sail bent wooing the winds and striving for the haven, I can well see that the beauty it implies is of the

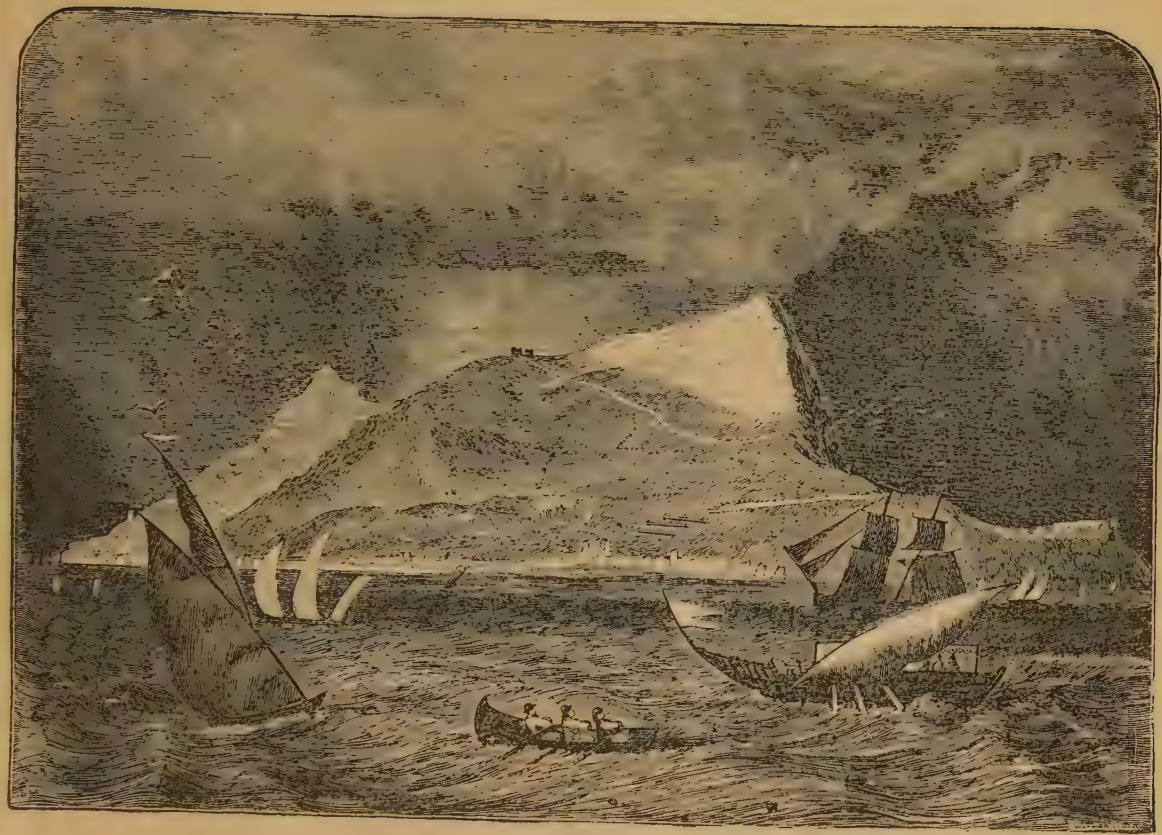
highest and noblest type. There is the beauty of form, the snugly set keel breasting the waves, the lines that bend and curve, the lines that tower into the air. There is the beauty of purpose—which really is the soul of all beauty—the purpose being to win the race, to carry her treasure, to make a true and good voyage, to do something, to defy wind and waves and relentless seas, and come into this harbor and strew the wharf with corn, cotton or oil. There is the beauty of nature, for the sea is before us and long lines of hills crest the horizon; and just over the crisp and curling blue a light tint of silver falls, and you look into the heavens and there, coming out of the skies, you see the outlines of a full-orbed moon that soon will throw a new radiance over these towers and hills and waves. You watch yon ship as she moves in, and feel that, for this moment at least, there is nothing more beautiful, and you are content to see that fortune favors her, and that she comes into her refuge before the port is closed.

"As we stand leaning over the sea wall and follow every tint of the changing scene, we note the long bronze cannon that look through the embrasures, pointing to the sea. They seem out of place in Cadiz. Surely she has lived all these ages, triumphant over so many civilizations, who would still be living if cannon could assure life. They are poor, foolish cannon, too, long, narrow bronze affairs, that look puny beside those mighty engines which now secure the prowess of England and Germany. But even Cadiz has human nature, and if other people wear cannon, she must needs have cannon. I suppose the instinct which prompts these expenses and performances is like the instinct which prompts those we love, protect and cherish to run into crinoline in one season and into the reverse another. Cadiz wears her cannon like crinoline. It is the custom, and her sons and daughters look proudly upon these lean, lank, crouching guns, and feel that they bar out the opposing world, when, as a matter of fact, the opposing world, if it came behind the guns of England, would fear those cannon no more than if they were bamboo tissues.

"But we cannot quarrel with the vanities of the beautiful city,

and hope she deems her cannon becoming. The light starts up from various points—a light here and there, giving token of the coming night. The ringing of bells falls on the ear—of many bells—that ring as though it were a summons or an admonition. They come from all parts of the city, and their jangling is tempered into a kind of music by the distance and the clearness of the air. This is the angelus. In this Catholic country it is the custom when the sun goes down for the priest to go to his prayers, and for all Christian souls to cease whatever calling may employ them and for a few moments to join him in his prayer, thanking the Virgin for having given them the blessing of another day, thanking the saints for having watched over them, praying our Saviour to be with them alway, and give them at the end the grace of a happy death. As the bells ring out you know that all Cadiz turns by instinct and for a few moments joins the praying priest in his supplications."

From Cadiz General Grant paid a visit to Gibraltar. "We left Cadiz early in the morning," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "and the sea was in her gentlest mood. General Duffie, our gallant and genial consul, was with us. The run from Gibraltar carries you past some of the famous cities of the world. It is the thin line that divides two continents, the barrier over which civilizations have dashed and fallen. Cadiz vanishes away. It is a long time before we lose sight of her, as for a long time she remains glowing on the horizon, like a radiant gem in azure setting. We pass a jutting promontory and enter a bay, and we know that here giants have contended, for in this bay was fought the battle of Trafalgar seventy-six years ago, and the might of England was permitted to grapple with the might of France. I suppose no event, for centuries at least, was more decisive of the fate of the European world than the battle which took place in these smooth waters over which our small bark merrily courses, and which we, a party of idle, gossiping tourists are studying, not without an impatient feeling toward the Spanish cooks who are behind with breakfast. There is scarcely a breeze to disturb its fair surface, so rent and torn on that fateful day.



GIBRALTAR.

"It is not a long journey from Cadiz to Gibraltar, and after passing Trafalgar all eyes look for the teeming rock on which England holds guard over the highway to India. Gibraltar is one in a line of posts which English policy is compelled to retain for the defence of her empire. Oddly enough, the impartial observer cannot help noting that this England, the most inoffensive of nations, always craving peace, wishing to molest no one, always selects for these posts a position of menace to other Powers.

"The sea was very calm as we came from Cadiz, but as we entered Gibraltar Bay it began to roughen. The first thing to welcome us was the American flag flying from one of our men-of-war. There was some difficulty in distinguishing the vessel until we came nearer, when we recognized Captain Robeson and several other officers, our old friends and shipmates of the steamship 'Vandalia.' The General directed his vessel to steam around the 'Vandalia,' and cordial greetings were exchanged between the two ships. As we headed into port the 'Vandalia' mounted the yards, and Captain Robeson came in his barge to take the General on shore. The American Consul, Mr. Sprague, and two officers of Lord Napier's staff met the General and welcomed him to Gibraltar in the name of the general commanding. Amid a high sea, which threw its spray over most of the party, we pulled ashore. On landing a guard of honor presented arms, and the General drove at once to the house of Mr. Sprague, on the hill.

"Mr. Sprague has lived many years at Gibraltar, and, I believe, is the oldest consular officer in the service of the United States. General Grant is the third ex-President he has entertained at his house. Lord Napier of Magdala, the commander at Gibraltar, had telegraphed to Cadiz, asking the General to dinner on the evening of his arrival. At seven o'clock the General and Mrs. Grant, accompanied by the Consul, went to the palace of the Governor, called the Convent, and were received in the most hospitable manner by Lord Napier. His Lordship had expressed a great desire to meet General Grant, and relations of courtesy had passed between them before, Lord Napier, who

commanded the expeditionary force in Abyssinia, having sent General Grant King Theodore's Bible. The visit to Gibraltar may be summed up in a series of dinners—first, at the Governor's palace; second, with the mess of the Royal Artillery; again, at the Consul's. Then there were one or two private and informal dinners at Lord Napier's, and, in fact, most of General Grant's time at Gibraltar was spent in the company of this distinguished commander—a stroll round the batteries, a ride over the hills, a gallop along the beach, a review of troops, and taking part in a sham battle. Lord Napier was anxious to show General Grant his troops, and although, as those who know General Grant can testify, he has a special aversion to military display, he spent an afternoon in witnessing a march past of the British garrison, and afterward a sham battle. It was a beautiful day for the manœuvres. General Grant rode to the field accompanied by Lord Napier, General Conolly, and others of the staff. Mrs. Grant, accompanied by the Consul and the ladies of the Consul's family, followed and took up her station by the reviewing post. The English bands all played American airs out of compliment to the General, and the review was given in his honor. Lord Napier was exceedingly pleased with the troops, and said to General Grant he supposed they were on their best behavior, as he had never seen them do so well. The General examined them very closely, and said that he did not see how their discipline could be improved. 'I have seen,' said the General, 'most of the troops of Europe; they all seemed good; I liked the Germans very much, and the Spaniards only wanted good officers, so far as I could see, to bring them up to the highest standard; but these have something about them—I suppose it is their Saxon blood—which none of the rest possess; they have the swing of conquest.'

"The General would have liked to have remained at Gibraltar longer, but there is nothing in the town beyond the garrison. I suppose his real attraction to the place was the pleasure he found in Lord Napier's society and again coming in contact with English ways and customs after having been so long with the stranger. Gibraltar is a military despotism tempered by smuggling. Held

in spite of Spain by a foreign Power, without any dependence upon the Power which governs it, except that of a soldier who obeys his general, without municipal pride, Gibraltar seems to be a refuge for all kinds of characters and adventurers, and depends for its support on two industries—first, the industry of supplying the wants of the garrison, and, second, that of smuggling tobacco into Spain. You will have observed from the debates in the Spanish Cortes that Spain complains bitterly that this smuggling costs their treasury several millions of dollars a year, and they ask England to prevent this. But one of the Spanish officials told us in Gibraltar that the main troubles about this smuggling was the cupidity of the Spanish officials themselves. There seems to be no reason why England should build and support custom houses for Spain, and there was a panic among some of the merchants at the bare possibility of custom houses being established. On the other hand, the fair view of the subject you take is that if England holds Spanish territory for her own imperial purposes she should, as an act of kindness to a friendly nation, see that that possession does not interfere with Spanish prosperity."

From Gibraltar General Grant returned to Spain and journeyed directly north to Paris. But a brief stay was made in Paris, General Grant and his party proceeding immediately to England. General Grant now determined to redeem his promise to visit Ireland, and Mrs. Grant decided to remain with her daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, in England, during the General's absence in Ireland.

General Grant left London by the regular mail train on the evening of January 2d, 1879, going by way of Holyhead and Kingstown. He was accompanied by General Noyes, General Badeau, Mr. Russell Teney, and Mr. Fitzgerald. He reached Dublin on the morning of January 3d, and was met by the representatives of the corporation. He was driven to the Shelbourne Hotel, and at once prepared to visit the City Hall to meet the Lord Mayor. The city was full of strangers, and much enthusiasm was manifested when the General and his party left their hotel to drive to the Mansion House. On arriving at the Mayor's official residence, they were cheered by a large crowd

CARLISLE BRIDGE AND SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.

that had gathered to meet the illustrious ex-President. The Lord Mayor, in presenting the freedom of the city, referred to the cordiality always existing between America and Ireland, and hoped that in America General Grant would do everything he could to help a people who sympathize with every American movement. The parchment, on which was engrossed the freedom of the city, was enclosed in an ancient carved bog-oak casket.

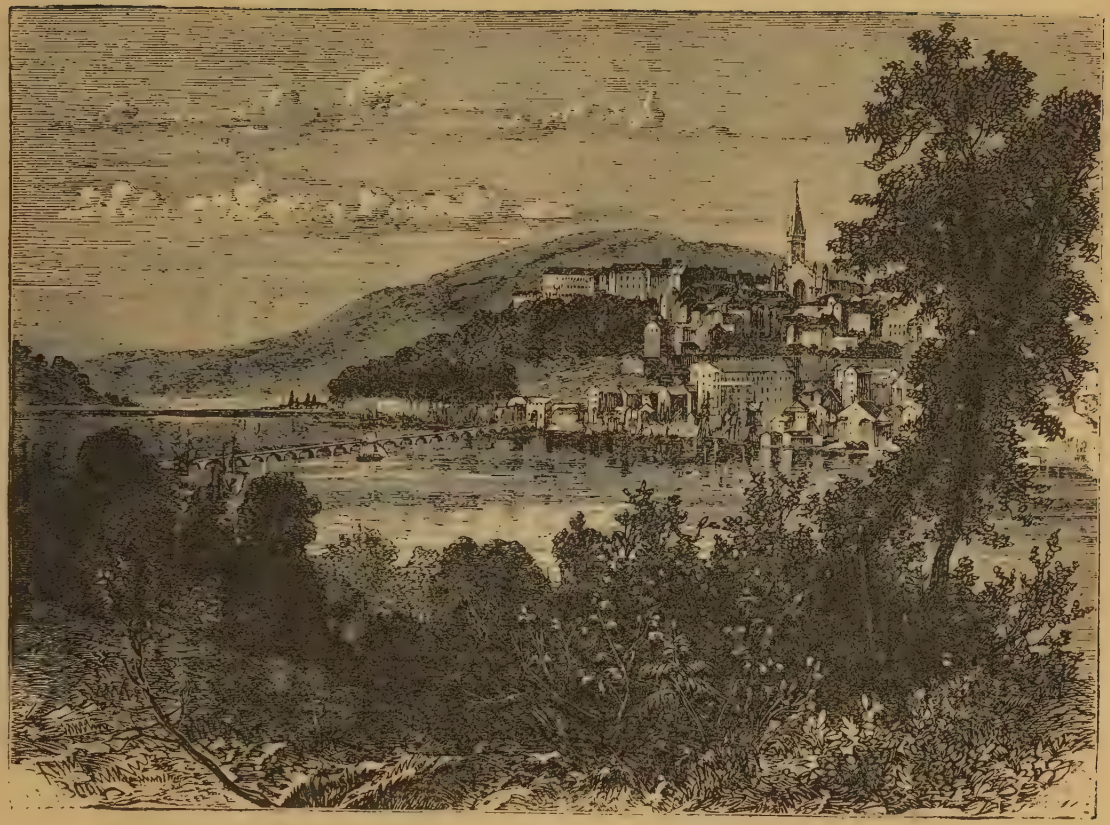
General Grant appeared to be highly impressed by the generous language of the Lord Mayor. He replied substantially as follows: "I feel very proud of being made a citizen of the principal city of Ireland, and no honor that I have received has given me greater satisfaction. I am by birth the citizen of a country where there are more Irishmen, native born or by descent, than in all Ireland. When in office I had the honor—and it was a great one, indeed—of representing more Irishmen and descendants of Irishmen than does Her Majesty the Queen of England. I am not an eloquent speaker, and can simply thank you for the great courtesy you have shown me." Three cheers were given for General Grant at the close of his remarks, and then three more were added for the people of the United States.

Mr. Isaac Butt, the well-known Home Rule member of Parliament, speaking as the first honorary freeman of this city, congratulated General Grant on having consolidated into peace and harmony the turbulent political and sectional elements over which he triumphed as a soldier. His speech throughout was highly complimentary of the ex-President.

In the evening General Grant was entertained by the city authorities at a handsome banquet. The Lord Mayor presided.

On Saturday, the 4th, General Grant breakfasted with the Viceroy, the Duke of Marlborough, and the rest of the day was spent in strolling about Dublin and seeing the sights of the city, and Sunday was passed quietly at the Shelbourne Hotel.

At eight o'clock, Monday morning, January 6th, General Grant and his party left Dublin for Londonderry. The weather was cold, raw, and stormy, but in spite of this large crowds had assembled at Dundalk, Omagh, Strabane, and other places, and



LONDONDERRY, IRELAND.

cheered the General enthusiastically upon the arrival and departure of the train. Londonderry was reached at two o'clock. An immense crowd had assembled around the station, and General Grant's arrival was hailed with a storm of cheers. The General was received by the Mayor in a complimentary speech of welcome, to which he replied briefly. He then entered his carriage, and was driven off to his hotel followed by the crowd, which cheered him continuously. A heavy cold rain now set in, in the midst of which General Grant, at three o'clock, set out for the Town Hall. The crowd was so dense that it was with difficulty the hall could be reached. At the entrance of the building the Mayor and Council, in their robes of office, received the ex-President. Amid many expressions of enthusiasm from the people of Londonderry, an address was read extolling the military and civil career of General Grant, which was pronounced second in honor only to that of Washington.

General Grant signed the roll, thus making himself an Ulster Irishman. He then made a brief address. He said that no incident of his trip was more pleasant than accepting citizenship at the hands of the representatives of this ancient and honored city, with whose history the people of America were so familiar. He regretted that his stay in Ireland would be so brief. He had originally intended embarking from Queenstown direct for the United States, in which case he would have remained a much longer time on the snug little island; but, having resolved to visit India, he was compelled to make his stay short. He could not, however, he said, in conclusion, return home without seeing Ireland and a people in whose welfare the people of the United States took so deep an interest.

The ex-President returned to his hotel, making a short visit at the house of Consul Livermore *en route*. In the evening a handsome banquet was given to General Grant by the Mayor.

The next morning, January 7th, was spent in exploring the sights of the city, and the party left for Belfast, accompanied by Sir Harvey Bruce, lieutenant of the county, Mr. Taylor, M. P., and other distinguished gentlemen. At every station crowds assembled to welcome and cheer General Grant, and among

those thus assembled were many old soldiers who had served in the United States army under General Grant during our recent Civil War, and who were eager to greet their old commander. At Coleraine there was an immense crowd. General Grant, accompanied by the Member of Parliament, Mr. Taylor, left the cars, entered the waiting-room at the depot and received an address. In reply General Grant repeated the hope and belief expressed in his Dublin speech that the period of depression was ended, and that American prosperity was aiding Irish prosperity. At Ballymoney there was another crowd. As the train neared Belfast a heavy rain began to fall.

The train reached Belfast station at half-past two o'clock. The reception accorded General Grant was imposing and extraordinary. The linen and other mills had stopped work, and the workmen stood out in the rain in thousands. The platform of the station was covered with scarlet carpet. The Mayor and members of the City Council welcomed the General, who descended from the car amid tremendous cheers. Crowds ran after the carriages containing the city authorities and their illustrious guest, and afterward surrounded the hotel where the General was entertained.

Belfast was *en fête*. The public buildings were draped with American and English colors, and in a few instances with Orange flags. Luncheon was served at four o'clock, and the crowd with undaunted valor remained outside amid a heavy snow storm and cheered at intervals. The feature of the luncheon was the presence of the Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese, who was given the post of honor. The luncheon party numbered 170—the Mayor said he could have had 5,000.

The Belfast speakers made cordial allusions to many people in America, and were anxious to have Grant declare himself in favor of free trade, but the General in his reply made no allusions to the subject, to the disappointment of many of those present. Minister Noyes made a hit in his speech when he said that General Grant showed his appreciation of Belfast men by appointing A. T. Stewart, of Belfast, Secretary of the Treasury, and offering George H. Stuart, a Belfast boy, the portfolio of Secretary of the Navy.

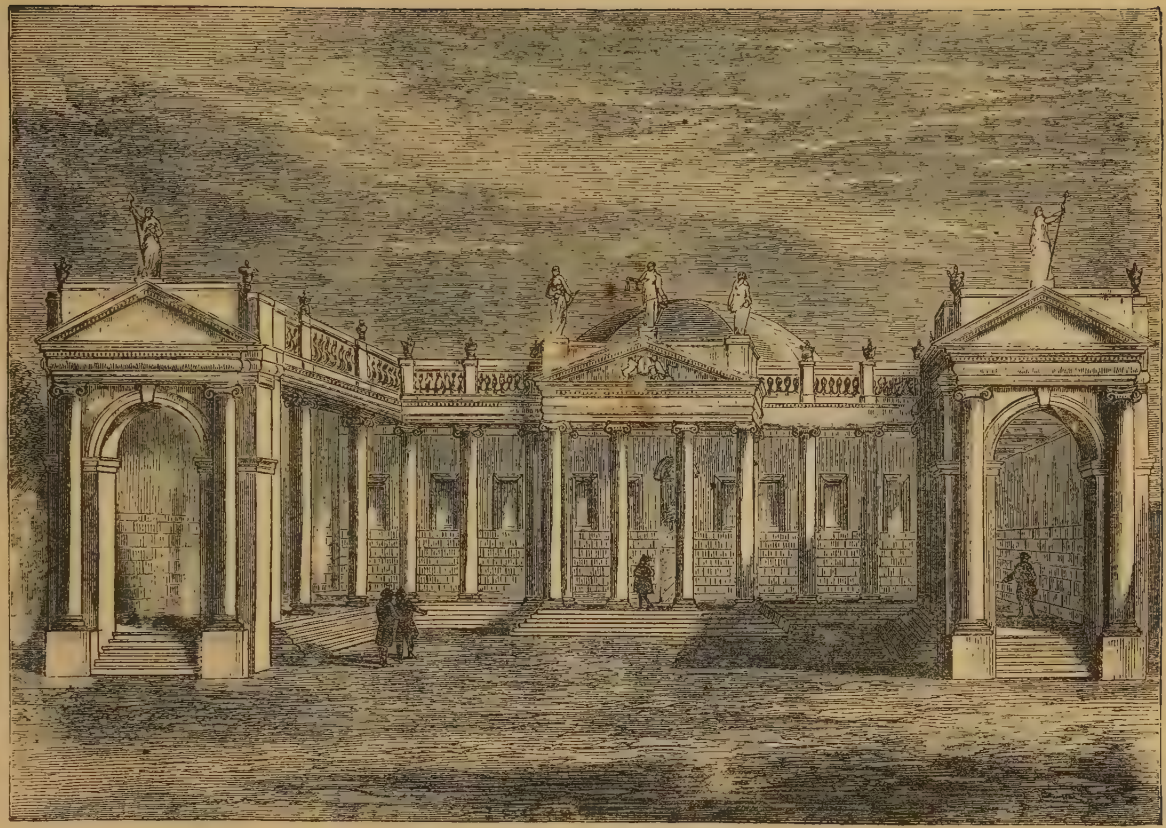
After the luncheon was over General Grant remained quietly in his apartments, receiving many calls, some from old soldiers who served under him during the war.

On the morning of the 8th, General Grant and his party, accompanied by Mayor Brown, visited several of the large mills and industrial establishments of the city. Before he left the hotel he was waited on by a number of the leading citizens and several clergymen. Bishop Ryan, the Catholic Bishop of Buffalo, and Mr. Cronin, editor of the *Catholic Union*, were among the callers and had a pleasant interview. The General then drove to the warehouses of several merchants in the linen trade, to the factories and shipyards. At the immense shipyard where the White Star steamers were built the workmen, numbering 2,000, gathered around Grant's carriage and cheered as they ran alongside. The public buildings and many of the shops were decorated. The weather was clear and cold.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the General left for Dublin. Immense crowds had gathered at the hotel and at the railway station. The Mayor, with Sir John Preston and the American Consul, James M. Donnan, accompanied the General to the depot. As the train moved off the crowd gave tremendous cheers, the Mayor taking the initiative. One Irishman in an advanced stage of enthusiasm called out, "Three cheers for Oliver Cromwell Grant!" To this there was only a faint response.

At Portadown, Dundalk, Drogheda and other stations there were immense crowds, the populations apparently turning out *en masse*. Grant was loudly cheered and thousands surrounded the car with the hope of being able to shake the General by the hand, all wishing him a safe journey. One little girl created considerable merriment by asking the General to give her love to her aunt in America. At Dundalk the brother of Robert Nugent, who was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-ninth New York Regiment in 1861 and afterward commander of a brigade in the Second Corps, Army of the Potomac, said he was glad to welcome his brother's old commander.

The train reached Dublin fourteen minutes behind time. Lord Mayor Barrington and a considerable number of persons were on



OLD PARLIAMENT HOUSE—DUBLIN.

the platform at the railway station and cordially welcomed the General. As soon as all the party had descended the Lord Mayor invited the General into his carriage and drove him to Westward Row, where the Irish mail train was ready to depart, having been detained eight minutes for the ex-President.

There was a most cordial farewell and a great shaking of hands. The Mayor and his friends begged Grant to return soon and make a longer stay. Soon Kingston was reached, and in a few minutes the party were in the special cabin which had been provided for them on board the mail steamer. Special attention was paid to the General by the officers of the vessel. Grant left the Irish shores at twenty minutes past seven o'clock.

London was reached on the morning of the 9th of January, and the General spent the day and evening at the residence of Mr. John Welsh, the American Minister.

On Monday, 13th, General Grant and his party left London for Paris, reaching that city the same evening. The season was so far advanced that an immediate departure for India was necessary.

General Grant spent a week in Paris preparing for his Indian voyage, and receiving many attentions at the hands of the authorities and citizens. On the evening of the 16th he was entertained by President MacMahon at a grand dinner at the Elysée.

On the 21st he left Paris with his party for Marseilles, intending to embark at that place for India.

CHAPTER XIII.

INDIA.

A Change of Plans—The "Richmond" Behind Time—General Grant Embarks at Marseilles for India—The Voyage to Alexandria—Railroad Ride to Suez—The "Venetia"—On the Red Sea—General Grant and his Party—Life on the Indian Steamer—Killing Time—Arrival at Aden—News from Europe—In the Indian Ocean—Arrival at Bombay—General Grant's Welcome to India—Malabar Point—The Government House—General Grant at Bombay—Life in India—Hospitalities to General Grant at Bombay—The Sacred Caves of Elephanta—State Dinner to General Grant—General Grant Leaves Bombay—Visit to Allahabad—Arrival at Agra—The Fort—Visit to the Taj-Mahal—The Most Beautiful Building in the World—Hospitalities to General Grant at Agra—Visit to Jeypore—The Maharajah Entertains General Grant—The Ride to Amber—The Ancient Capital—An Elephant Ride—Jeypore—Reception by the Maharajah—A Nautch Dance—Departure from Jeypore—Visit to the Maharajah of Bhurtpoor—A Native Despot—General Grant Returns to Agra.

"WHEN General Grant returned from Ireland," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "he learned that the American man-of-war 'Richmond,' which was to carry him to India, had not left the United States. The London *Times* had announced its sailing on the 10th of December, and the General's arrangements had been based upon the understanding that the *Times*' despatch was true. The 'Richmond,' or any vessel leaving the United States in January, must necessarily arrive in India too late to allow you to see the country. The warm season comes, and all the General's advices were to the effect that he should be out of India by the 1st of April. He concluded to abandon the 'Richmond,' and leave Marseilles for Alexandria on the 'Labourdonnais,' a steamer belonging to the Messagerie Maritime, and connect at Suez with the Peninsular and Oriental steamer. On the 24th of January, at noon, our party embarked on the 'Labourdonnais,' at Marseilles. There were several American friends to wish us a pleasant journey, and as we turned from the land-locked bay sud-

denly into a high rolling sea, we saw their handkerchiefs waving us a last farewell.

"Our party, as made up for the Indian trip, is composed of General Grant, Mrs. Grant, Colonel Frederick D. Grant, Mr. A. E. Borie, formerly Secretary of the Navy; Dr. Keating, of Philadelphia, a nephew of Mr. Borie, and the writer. It was remarked that a year ago we had visited Thebes, those of us who remained as members of the Grant party. Even in so small a company time has made changes. The officers of the 'Vandalia,' three of whom were the General's guests on the Nile, have gone home. Jesse Grant is in California. Hartog, the courier, does not go to India. Colonel Grant takes his brother's place. Mr. Borie came rather suddenly. His health had not been good, and the sea was recommended as a restorative, and the General was delighted with the idea that one whom he held in so high honor would accompany him around the world.

"Our life on the 'Labourdonnais' may be briefly told. The 'Labourdonnais' is an old-fashioned ship, not in the best of order and not very comfortable. The table was fair and the attendance middling. We were told that it was unfortunate that we had not taken some other ship on the line, which would have made all the difference in the world. However, I will not complain of the 'Labourdonnais,' which carried us safely through, and thereby earned our gratitude. I have noticed in my seafaring experiences that the difference between a good ship and a bad one in their degrees of comfort is not essential. If you like the sea, and have no terror for its tribulations, you will not be critical about the ship that bears you. If you do not like the sea, damask and sandalwood and spices from Ceylon, with M. Bignon as your cook, would not make it welcome. Our first hours on the Mediterranean were on a high sea, but on the second day the sea went down, and we had charming yachting weather. On Friday, the 24th of January, we passed between Corsica and Sardinia, having a good view of the sombre coasts of the former island. On the 25th, about noon, Ischia came in sight, and through the hazy atmosphere we could trace the faintest outline of Vesuvius. The sea was so calm that we were enabled to sail so near the

shores of Ischia as to note the minutest form of geological strata and distinguish minor objects on the shore. Ischia is a beautiful island, and we noted smiling villages and inviting bits of sunshine and greenery as we sailed along. Then, as the afternoon shadows lengthened, we passed the island, and, leaving Capri to our right, nestling under a cloudy canopy of azure and pearl, we sailed into the Bay of Naples. A year had almost passed since we left Naples. But the glorious beauty of the bay was as fresh as ever, and as we noted spot after spot in the landscape—the King's palace, the place where Brutus found refuge after Cæsar's death, the scene where Pliny witnessed the destruction of the cities of Sorrento and Pompeii, the range of shining hills, the convent looking down from a beetling crag, which we climbed one December day; the anchorage of the 'Vandalia,' and above all the towering volcano, from which came smoke and flame—it was as if we were meeting old friends. We came into the harbor, and old friends came on board in the person of Mr. Maynard, our Minister to Turkey, and Mr. Duncan, our Consul to Naples. The Doctor and I went ashore to make sure of a telegraphic message that it was my duty to send, but it was so late in the afternoon that none of the party followed our example, and as the sun went down we steamed out to sea. The last we saw of the city was Vesuvius, the smoke resting above it in a dense wavy cloud, and the flames flashing like a beacon in the calm summer air.

"On the morning of the 26th, the Sabbath, Mr. Borie, who has earned the first prize for early rising, came to my berth and said that Stromboli was in sight. Last year when we sailed through these islands Stromboli was drenched in showers and mist, and when Lieutenant Strong pointed out the volcano from the quarterdeck of the 'Vandalia,' all I could see was a mass of rain and fog. But here we were sailing under the shadow of this ancient and famous island. What we saw was a volcano throwing out ashes and smoke in a feeble, fretful manner, as though jealous of its flashing rival in Naples Bay, and a cluster of houses at the base, evidently a village. I can understand a good many puzzling things the older I grow—why Brooklyn will remain an

independent city, why New Jersey does not become annexed to Pennsylvania and New York, why an Ohio man may resign office—but I cannot conceive any reason for human beings living in Stromboli. They are at the absolute mercy of the sea and the furnace; they are far away from neighbors and refuge and rescue. It must be to gratify some poetic instinct, for Stromboli is poetic enough. And now we are coming, with every turn of our screw, into the land of classic and religious fame. These islands through which we are sailing are the islands visited by the wandering Ulysses. This rock that we study through our glasses in the gray morning light is the rock of Scylla, and we sail over Charybdis. This town that looks very modern, on whose white roofs the sun shines with a dazzling glare, is Reggio, which in holy days was called Rhegium. It was here that Paul landed after Syracuse and Malta adventures, carrying with him the message of Christ, going from this spot to preach the Gospel to all mankind.

"We pass Etna on the left, but the mighty mountain is wrapped in mist and cloud and snow. We sail through the Messina Straits, the sea scarcely rippling, and we are soon again in the open sea, the land fading from view. On the second morning we pass close to Crete and see the snowy mountain ranges on that glorious and unhappy island. At noon they fade, the line of snow becoming a line of haze, and as we bid Crete farewell we say farewell to Europe, for we head directly toward Egypt and the Red Sea and India, and who knows what beyond. Farewell to Europe, and farewell to many a bright and happy hour spent on its shores, of which all that now remains is the memory.

"On the evening of the 29th of January—this being the evening of the seventh day of our journey from Marseilles—we came to an anchor outside of the harbor of Alexandria. There was some disappointment that we did not enter that evening, but we were an hour or so late, and so we swung at anchor and found what consolation we could in the enrapturing glory of an Egyptian night. In the morning, when the sun arose, we picked our way into the harbor, and when we came on deck we found ourselves at anchor, with Alexandria before us—her minarets looking

THE COAST OF CRETE.

almost gay in the fresh light of the morning sun. A boat came out about eight, bringing General C. P. Stone, Mr. Farman, our Consul-General, Mr. Salvago, our Consul in Alexandria, and Judge Morgan, of the International Tribunal. General Stone came with kind messages from the Khedive and the hope we might be able to come to Cairo. But this was not possible, as we had to connect with our English steamer at Suez, and Suez was a long day's journey. So all that was left was that we should pull ashore as rapidly as possible and drive to the train. The Consul-General, with prudent foresight, had arranged that the train should wait for the General, and thus it came that our ride through Egypt, from Alexandria to Suez, was during the day, and not, as otherwise would have happened, during the long and weary night.

"Pleasant it was to see Egypt again, although we only saw it through the windows of a hurrying train. Pleasant, too, it was to land in quiet, unostentatious fashion, without pomp and ceremony and pachas in waiting and troops in line, the blare of trumpets and the thunder of guns. The escape from a salute and a reception was a great comfort to the General, who seemed to enjoy having no one's hands to shake, to enjoy a snug corner in an ordinary railway car, talking with General Stone and Mr. Borie and the Consul-General. The train waited a half hour for us, and would have been detained longer but for the energy and genius shown by Hassan—our old friend Hassan, who accompanied us on the Nile. Hassan came down to meet the General in his full consular uniform, and when he found that a train was waiting, and that we were behind, he took command at once. There was not an idle Arab on the quays who was not pressed into the service by Hassan, and shortly after we reached our station our bags and bundles came after us in a kind of procession—a hurried, scrambling procession. Hassan, in high words, stick in hand, calling out—let us hope—words of sympathy and encouragement. Hassan, as the official guard of the Legation, wearing a sword, is an authority in Egypt, and I am afraid he used his authority to the utmost in having our traps and parcels carried from the wharf to the train. Our ride to Suez was with-

out incident, and Egypt as seen from the car windows was the same Egypt about which so much has been written. The fields were green. The air was clear and generous. The train people were civil. When Arabs gathered at our doors to call for backsheesh in the name of the prophet, Hassan made himself, not without noise and effect, a beneficent influence. The General chatted with Stone about school times at West Point, about friends, about the new days—and one fears the evil days—that have fallen upon his Highness the Khedive. Mr. Borie made various attempts to see the Pyramids from the cars, and talked over excursions that some of us had made, and we came near remaining in Cairo for another steamer to enable him to visit the Pyramids and the Sphinx, and the Serapeum at Memphis, where were buried the sacred bull. But we are late for India, and Mr. Borie would not consent to the sacrifice of time on the General's part, and so we keep on to Suez.

"The sun is down, and the lingering shadows of an Egyptian sunset light up the desert and the Red Sea with a variety of tints, and the sky is a dome of glowing light—so intense and clear and vast that it affects you like music—as we come into Suez. There are our friends, the dusky boys and Arabs in muslin, and a tall Arab with a turban, carrying a lantern, who leads the way to a hotel. The dogs are out in chorus, and Hassan, having conscripted all the Arabs in sight and made them burden-bearers, puts them in march and gives us his company. We enter Suez walking in the middle of a sandy lane, Hassan, with a stick, in the advance, loudly making his authority known to all, Mrs. Grant and General Stone, and the rest of us bring up the rear. As the road is through sand and is rather a long one Mr. Borie casts reflections upon a civilization which, although boasting of the Sphinx and the Pyramids, does not have hotel omnibuses and coaches like Philadelphia. I mention to my honored friend that this was the place where Moses crossed the Red Sea and Pharaoh was drowned, and that from our hotel you could see the well where the Israelites halted while Miriam sang her song of triumph and joy. But my honored friend does not see why that should keep a people from having comfortable

coaches, and not make visitors tramp and tramp through narrow, sandy lanes. I do not attempt to parry my friend's criticism. I have my own opinions of a civilization which, although it built Karnak, has no omnibuses, and it is not pleasant to tramp and drag through the sand, not exactly sure where you are going. In time, however, we came to our hotel—to welcome and supper.

"The hotel of Suez was, I am told, formerly a harem of one of the Egyptian princes. You can sit on your balcony and look out on the Red Sea—on the narrow line of water which has changed the commerce of the world, and which is the Suez Canal. Suez is a small, clean town—clean from an Oriental standard. We drove around it next morning on donkeys, and went through the bazaars. We drove into the suburbs and saw a Bedouin camp, and, having driven all over the town in half an hour, and having nothing else to do, we drove all over it two or three times. The boat which was to carry us to India had not arrived. She was blocked in the canal. We might have to remain all night and the next day. Everybody begins to regret that we had not gone to Cairo and come to Suez on the morrow. But about five in the afternoon the masts of the Peninsular and Oriental steamer 'Venetia' began to loom up above the sands. Everything was hurried on the tender. As the sun went down we went on board the steamer, Mr. Farman and General Stone remaining until the last moment to say farewell. About eight in the evening of January 31st, the last farewell is spoken, we feel the throbbing of the vessel beneath us, and know that at last we are off for India.

"Adjusting one's self to life at sea, among the odds and ends of mankind that you meet on the steamer in strange far lands, is a good deal like dealing a hand at whist. How will the cards turn out? Will they run well or ill? I generally ask myself that question the first day at sea, as I look down the table and try to read the faces of those who are to be companions for days and weeks, companions in the closest relation. How will the cards run? That imposing person who talks in a strident key, that glaring lady who recites her high acquaintances, shall we find them kings and queens when we come to need their true value, or

will they be useless cards in a short suit that it will be a comfort to throw away? We are the only Americans of the company sailing on the good ship 'Venetia,' and we form a colony of our own. We have pre-empted a small claim just behind the wheel, in the stern of the vessel. There is a grating about six feet square a foot above the deck. Here you can lounge and look out at the tumbling waves that come leaping after, or look into the deep ultramarine and learn what the waves have to say. Here, if you come at any hour of the day, and at a good many hours of the night, you will find the members of our expedition. Mrs. Grant sits back in a sea chair, wearing a wide brimmed Indian hat, swathed in a blue silk veil. There is the sun to fight, and our ladies make themselves veiled prophetesses and shrink from his presence. The General has fallen into Indian ways enough to wear a helmet, which shields the face. The helmet is girded with a white silk scarf, which falls over the neck. We all have helmets, which we bought in Suez, but only wear them as fancy seizes us. Mr. Borie has one which cost him eight shillings, an imposing affair, but no persuasion has as yet induced him to put it on. Dr. Keating wears his so constantly that an impression is abroad that he sleeps in it. This, I fear, arises from envy of the Doctor, who takes care of himself and comes out of his cabin every morning neat enough to stroll down Chestnut street, and not, like the rest of us, abandoned to flannel shirts and old clothes and frayed cuffs and cracked, shiny shoes.

"As I was saying, if you came on board the good ship 'Venetia' you would find the expedition encamped on the rear grating. What do we do with ourselves? Kill time. I cannot see that we do anything else. I am writing this in the morning, for instance, and as I write six bells are struck. Well, six bells mean that it is just eleven o'clock. All the passengers are on deck walking, reading, chatting, knitting, nursing children—killing time! The ship goes on in a lazy, lounging motion. Mrs. Grant looks out of her cloud of blue silk. She has brought up the interesting, never-failing question of mails. That is the theme which never dies, for you see there are boys at home, and if only

boys knew the interest felt in their writings, what an addition it would be to our postal revenues. Colonel Grant, curled up in a corner, is deep in 'Vanity Fair.' The Colonel is assuming a fine bronzed mahogany tint, and it is suggested that he will soon be as brown as Sitting Bull. You see it is the all-conquering sun who is having his will upon us. I am afraid the General's complexion failed him years ago, in the war days, and I do not see that the sun can touch him further. But the rest of us begin to look like meerschaum in various degrees of hue. What shall we be when we reach India?

"Well, the mail question sinks and the talk drifts one way and another. Did you ever observe how talk drifts when people are killing time? I am sitting on the deck, twisted up, with the edge of the grating for a table. I have tried to write in all parts of the ship—my stateroom, the cabin, various corners of the deck. I could have managed in the stateroom but for the fact that on the deck overhead was a barn-yard of animals—sheep, ducks, chickens, turkeys, awaiting the inevitable doom. Whenever the bell strikes or the ship lurches there is a barn-yard chorus which is not conducive to literary composition. So, after all, the edge of the grating is the best place, for the sea is around me and the skies are above, and when I weary of writing I can do my share in the idle chatting and help kill time. Mr. Borie is just a little homesick. A few minutes ago he asked me, seeing a pen in my hand, to write him down 'donkey' for seeking at his time of life to go around the world. But Mr. Borie, although the oldest, is in some respects the youngest of the party, and wagers have been offered that he will shoot the first tiger. Between Mr. Borie and the General there exists a friendship that is beautiful to see in a world where friendship is not always what it should be. 'I feel homesick for Mr. Borie,' the General said in Paris the other day, when it was uncertain whether our friend had arrived or not. I am quite sure that no influence could have induced Mr. Borie to venture around the world but his desire to be with General Grant. Sea life agrees with him. He has been talking about his hundred days in the Navy Department, as Secretary of the Navy. I am sorry to say that he speaks of

that high place as a hole. The General has been teasing the ex-Secretary about the difficulty he found in making him resign, and remarks that he made a good many democrats in his time by forcing republicans to resign, but that somehow Mr. Borie had not become a democrat. I will not repeat the emphasis with which the ex-Secretary received the suggestion that, under any circumstances, he could be a democrat. And so the talk ripples on—killing time.

"The beardless members of the expedition have resolved not to trouble their beards until we reach home. He who touches razor is to pay the others a penalty. This is one of the ways in which people at sea kill time. The Doctor looks as if he regrets the compact, for the truth is that the beardless ones begin to look like hair brushes in various processes of manafacture, and there are several young ladies on board, and a handsome young man like the Doctor would rather not have to depend upon his eyes alone in making his way into the deck society. We try to read. I came on board laden with information—cyclopædias, almanacs, guide-books, old numbers of New York newspapers. I had laid out for myself a plan of study between Suez and Aden, between Aden and Bombay. I meant, for instance, to tell the readers of the *Herald* all about India, about tigers and maharajahs and rupees and pagodas. Somehow one always makes resolutions of this serious kind when beginning long journeys. I am ashamed to say all my useful books are down in my cabin. I looked at them this morning as I was dressing in a ruminatory mood, and thought of readers at home hungering about India, and resolved to begin and cram myself with knowledge. But I looked out the open window and there was the sea, flushed with feathery tufts of waves; a fresh, cool breeze coming from the shores of Arabia—so cool, so green, so winsome that I could not deny its solicitings, and when breakfast was over I came to our American encampment and coddled myself around this wooden grating, not to write useful facts about India, but to kill time.

"The shining line of sand and the mountain range upon which Mr. Borie was gazing when his thoughts wandered back to Darlington butter and old Philadelphia, is called Sinai—so some one

tells us—and how suddenly the whole scene assumes a new color, and lights up with a sacred beauty, as all our childhood memories of the mount where God appeared to Moses flash over it. The captain tells us, in a quiet, business-like, matter-of-course tone, that the mountain to the right, the lesser of the peaks, is Sinai. All glasses are directed toward the memorable summit. It was here that the Lord gave the Ten Commandments. 'And all the people saw the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking; and when the people saw it, they removed, and stood afar off.' What we see is an irregular, jagged peak, the outlines dimmed by the long distance from the seashore. The wilderness upon which the people of Israel encamped, and through which they wandered, seems, as far as we can see it through our glasses, to be a wide, barren, sandy plain—a fragment of the desert which has been appearing and reappearing ever since we left Alexandria.

"While we keep our encampment on the grating in the stern and have our life circling from hour to hour in easy, idle fashion, there is another world about us with which we slowly establish relations. The companions of our voyage are mainly English, bound for India. The other morning there was a muster, and the ship's company fell into line. Hindoos, Mussulmans, Chinese, Egyptians, Nubians—it seemed as if all the nations of the Oriental world had been put under contribution in order that the good ship 'Venetia' should make her way from Suez to Bombay. The 'Venetia' is commanded by Englishmen and served by Orientals. To those unaccustomed to the Oriental it is strange at first to see these quaint forms floating around you. They have as a general thing clear, well-cut faces, thin, lithe limbs, and move about like cats. We have no type in America that resembles the Hindoo. They have not the strength or vigor of our Indians, but have kinder faces and a higher intelligence. They have more character than the African types, and I can well understand the development of the race to a high point of civilization. They seem to be good servants, doing their work with celerity and silence. A group will move around the deck, sweeping, swabbing, hauling ropes, or what not, all silent and all busy.

A party of laborers in our country would chatter and chirp and sing, and find some means of throwing life and harmony into their labors. The Indians are like so many machines. At night they cuddle up in all corners, and as you pass between decks you step over blanketed forms. They have the simplest raiment—blue cotton gowns for work, white cotton gowns for ceremony. I saw them in their gala dress on inspection, and the trim, well-cut forms in flowing white gowns, with brown bare feet, scarlet and yellow turbans, scarlet and blue handkerchiefs around the waist, were picturesque and odd, and, on first glimpses, of Indian color. The good ship 'Venetia,' on which we are sailing, is one of the Peninsular and Oriental line—a famous line—which connects England with her Asiatic possessions. The 'Venetia' is a clean, bright ship, built to fight the sun. The builders were thinking of the sea and the air. Our Atlantic vessels are meant for stormy seas, are strong and clumsy compared with these light, graceful vessels of the tropics. These staterooms are pierced with crannies, as many as will let in the air and keep out the sea. The decorations are in wood, varnished and oiled woods. The cabin is high, and over the dining table swing long fans or punkahs, which are kept in motion when we are at table. The table is good, with a predominance of curry and poultry. At nine we have breakfast, at one o'clock luncheon. We dine at six, and if we care to have tea it will be given at eight. The food is good and the wines fair. But what impresses you about the ship is the discipline. I have seen nothing so perfect since I left our man-of-war 'Vandalia,' and you feel so admirable in discipline, as if your ship was in the hands of a strong, brave man, and that you could fight and conquer any wind or any sea.

"Life on board these tropical ships is a constant seeking for comfort. Every hour we go to the south. Yesterday at noon—yesterday being Monday, February 3, 1879—we were in latitude 19° 50′, longitude 38° 45′. At noon to-day our position was latitude 11° 11′, longitude 41° 09′. To-morrow we hope to see Aden. Aden is at the mouth of the Red Sea. Every hour we move into a warmer atmosphere, and killing time becomes really a contest with the sun. The General looks at the tropical pros-

pect with composure, and tells of his own experience in the regions of the equator, when with a company of infantry he found himself in Panama in July and the cholera came among his people. The rest of us are planning what to do when the weather becomes really warm. My own private opinion is that the Hindoos have solved the problem, and that if we only could array ourselves in loose cotton robes and go about in bare feet it would be comfort. Our English friends blossom out in various tints of gray and white, and the deck assumes the aspect of a June yachting party on Long Island Sound. But the Englishman is a comfort-seeking animal. Our cabins are as good as can be, and all over the ship there are contrivances for bringing air, fans for moving the air, space and cleanliness. In the matter of cleanliness nothing could be better than the 'Venetia.' Twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four seem devoted to scrubbing, and from bow to stern she is as bright and clean as a model housewife's dairy. I observed that one of the passengers who had been in India and knew the ways of the Red Sea had his bed carried up on deck and slept under the stars. The example seemed a good one, and the second night of our voyage my bed was made on the skylight. I preferred camping on our grating, but one of the officers told me that if I slept on the grating the moon would shine in my face with appalling results; that in India to sleep with the moon shining in one's face was a fearful thing. This question of what the moon would do became an interesting theme. The lady of the American encampment quite confirmed the evil reports about the moon. The General recalled the many, many nights when, with no pillow but the base of a tree and no covering but the universe, he slept under a full and beaming moon. However, I move myself under the awning and sleep. It would be much better than the cabin but for the scrubbing, the heaving the lead, and the constant movement around you. If I open my eyes I am sure to find a purring, creeping Indian with a broom or a brush cleaning something. But in time you become used to this, and you sleep with soft breezes from Arabia blowing upon you, and if you awake from your dreams around you is the sea and above you the heavens in all their glory.

"We are most of us night birds—with the exception of Mr. Borie, whose hour is the morning. We sat up last night very late, and even then there was a supplementary hour in our cabins, the General being on the theme of our medical service during the war, and we listened as he told of the modest heroism of the medical staff. And when midnight struck, and I came on the deck to find my cot on the skylight, it seemed impossible to sleep. About me were fellow-passengers sleeping, some on benches, some on the grating, some on the deck. Above us was the glowing night. I don't know what life would be without its midnights. I suppose it is the habit which you acquire in early newspaper service, when you labor at midnight that the world may have the news at sunrise; but midnight in a great city, in London, in New York, in Paris, has always been a useful hour. Here is midnight on the Red Sea. One should go to bed, but how can you resist the temptation to lounge back in a corner and have an hour with yourself—with yourself and immensity? To-night we are to see the Southern Cross. You lounge in your corner and study the sky and the sea and the scene around you, and watch the smoke of your cigar circle around the planets—that constellation, for instance, that cluster of stars which used to shine upon your childish, wondering eyes. I suppose people at home are looking at it and thinking if the light that falls upon them also falls upon those who wander and sail on far seas. The officer walks the bridge, watching the sky and sea. The bell strikes and a voice calls 'All's well,' and voices answer 'All's well,' and you feel that brave men watch over you as they drive this huge machine through the willing waves. Every few moments a guard slides along seeing that all's well, giving you a cheerful good-evening as he passes, wondering perhaps why you have not gone to bed with better folks; wondering what should keep any one awake who could go to bed. The sailors come and throw the log. You watch the dripping rope that comes in and make a mental wager with yourself as to the ship's pace. 'Twelve knots,' I say to myself. 'Eleven and a half, sir.' The sails are up, for we are saving every breeze that will help us along to Aden. Well, you draw your shawl over you and crawl upon the skylight. Before

the sun rises you are awakened. The decks must be cleaned. Your servant comes and tells you that your bath is ready. The bathing arrangements are perfect. After the bath you come on the deck and find the early birds of the voyage hopping around in bare feet and the faintest raiment. For this hour the ship is given over to passengers walking around in bare feet, trying to kill time. Your servant comes again with a pint of coffee, and you sip it in a kind of sheeted, ghostly company—friends coming from the bath and going to the bath. At nine breakfast and women come on the scene, and our friends reappear in cool white linen garments to get through the day—the hot and weary day—to kill time.

"There were lazy head winds in the Red Sea which kept the 'Venetia' lagging on her way. We should have reached Aden on the 5th of February, and many plans were arranged for excursions. But when the sun went down the report was that we should reach Aden and be on our way into the Indian Ocean almost before it rose again. Aden juts into the mouth of the Red Sea, commanding the entrance. It was taken by the British in 1838, as a part of the English policy of dotting the world with guns and garrisons.

"Aden is a rock, thrown up in volcanic times, in area five square miles, with a population of 22,000. There is a garrison, and the forts are manned with heavy guns. The government is martial law, tempered with bribery. The British pay the native chiefs annual tribute money to behave themselves. Aden is a sort of gateway to the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, and the regulations of the British Government in reference to commerce are stringent and would scarcely be tolerated on the coasts of a stronger Power than Arabia. Every vessel carrying more than a certain number of passengers must stop at Aden. The nominal reason is to obtain a clean bill of health. The real reason is that it enables the government to keep a close scrutiny upon all that is doing in the Indian waters. It also adds to the revenues of Aden, for every vessel that stops sends money on shore, and thus the fort, while securing a most important position, while commanding the Red Sea and making it almost a British lake,

supports itself. I have observed, in studying the growth of the British Empire, that the self-supporting principle is always encouraged. The British give good government and make the governed ones pay the bills, with a little over for home revenues when possible. About three in the morning of February 6th the engines stopped, and we knew by the unearthly noises attending the taking in of coal that we were at Aden. The iron pipe for conveying the coal ran through the cabin of Colonel Grant and myself, and the noise made sleep impossible. I went on deck and found Mr. Borie ready to go on shore as soon as the sun rose. None of the others had appeared, and but for the noise we might as well have remained in our berths; for there was a rolling, splashing, uncomfortable sea, and all we could see of the shore were the moving lights of sentinel posts and the shadow of the hill. Those of us who had improved our time on the journey, and had written letters, sent them on shore, and not without a feeling of sentiment at seeing them go, for it seemed a farewell to our own world, that we were leaving Europe and America and passing into the opening door of Indian civilization. As the morning came over the sea and the darkness turned into gray the passengers came on deck, the General appearing about sunrise. The proposal to go ashore was vetoed on account of the sea, the early hour and the fact that we were to sail at eight. The inhabitants of the island were hospitable and came out to see us, paddling little cigar-shaped, feather-like canoes, which danced about on the waves. There were several races among them, and the quaint blending of character and costume interested us, especially as it was our first glimpse of the strange contrasts and developments of the Indian world.

"At Aden we touched on our world long enough to hear of the resignation of Marshal MacMahon and the change in the French Republic. It was just a touch of news, but it gave us a theme for talk, and when you have a week of sea-life before you any theme is a welcome one. On the morning of February 6th, about eight, the last Somali swimmer was tossed over the side of the vessel into the water; the last pedler in feathers was hustled down the gangway; the Parsees took a sad leave of their friend,

who looked a dismal farewell, the engines moved and we turned our course toward India. It was an hour or two before we lost sight of Aden, and all the afternoon there were bits of the Arabian coast coming and going on the horizon. To our north was Arabia, and our course was northeast. If you look at the map you will see that the journey from Suez to Bombay is like going down one side of a triangle and up the other side. Aden is about the twelfth of a parallel north, and Bombay about the eighteenth, consequently in passing Aden we touched the southernmost station of our Indian trip. We had been told to expect something severe in the way of weather at Aden; that we would bake, or burn, or broil in the Indian Ocean; that it would be so warm that the vessel would have to reverse her engines and go backward to make a current of air. All of these prophecies failed. Our whole journey from Aden to Bombay was over a calm sea, the ship as a general thing scarcely rolling. We spent most of our time on deck in conversation with our English friends, with whom we became closely acquainted, and among whom we found high intelligence and courtesy. It was a good opportunity of studying the character of the men whom England sends out to rule India. They seemed to have something of the American. There was less of the reserve of the insular quality which marks the Englishman generally; more of our American shrewdness and energy and knowledge of the world.

"At noon, on February 12th, our position was latitude 18° 05′ north, longitude 69° 22′ east. We were scudding along at eleven knots an hour, and in the morning would see Bombay. The sea became a dead calm, and the morning brought with it a purple haze, which flushed the horizon, and it was after a time and by shading the eyes from the sun that we could manage to trace the line of the hills and knew that this was the coast of India. Our departure from Europe had been so sudden that we had no idea that even our Consul at Bombay knew of our coming. All arrangements were made to go to a hotel, and from thence make our journey; but the 'Venetia' had scarcely entered the harbor before we saw evidences that the General was expected. Ships in the harbor were dressed with

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flags, and at the wharf was a large crowd—soldiers, natives, Europeans. As we passed the English flagship a boat came alongside with an officer representing Admiral Corbett, welcoming the General to India. In a few minutes came another boat bearing Captain Frith, the military aid to Sir Richard Temple, Governor of the Presidency of Bombay. Captain Frith bore a letter from the Governor welcoming the General to Bombay and offering him the use of the Government House at Malabar Point. Captain Frith expressed the regret of Sir Richard that he could not be in Bombay to meet General Grant, but duties connected with the Afghan war kept him in Sind. The Consul, Mr. Farnham, also came with a delegation of American residents and welcomed the General and party.

"At nine o'clock in the morning the last farewells were spoken, we took our leave of the many kind and pleasant friends we had made on the 'Venetia,' and went on board the government yacht. Our landing was at the Apollo Bunder—the spot where the Prince of Wales landed. The tides in the harbor are high, and there were stone steps over which the sea had been washing. As we drew near the shore there was an immense crowd lining the wharf and a company of Bombay volunteers in line. As the General ascended the steps he was met by Brigadier-General Aitcheson, commanding the forces; Sir Francis Souter, Commissioner of Police; Mr. Grant, the Municipal Commissioner, and Colonel Sexton, commanding the Bombay volunteers, all of whom gave him a hearty welcome to India. The volunteers presented arms, the band played our national air, and the General, amid loud cheers from the Europeans present, walked slowly with uncovered head to the state carriage. Accompanied by Captain Frith, who represented the Governor, and attended by an escort of native cavalry, the General and party made off to Malabar Point.

"Our home in Bombay is at the Government House, on Malabar Point, in the suburbs of the city. Malabar Point was in other days a holy place of the Hindoos. Here was a temple, and it was also believed that if those who sinned made a pilgrimage to the rocks there would be expiation or regeneration of soul. The

Portuguese who came to India were breakers of images, who believed that the religion of Christ was best served by the destruction of the pagan temples. Among the temples which were subjected to their pious zeal was one on Malabar Point. There are only the ruins remaining, and masses of rock, bearing curious inscriptions, lie on the hillside. Malabar Point is an edge of the island of Bombay jutting out into the Indian Ocean. Where the bluff overlooks the waters it is one hundred feet high. This remnant of the rock has been rescued from the sea and storm, and decorated with trees and shrubbery, the mango and the palm. Overlooking the sea is a battery with five large guns, shining and black, looking out upon the ocean and keeping watch over the Empire of England. It is difficult to describe a residence like Government House on Malabar Point. Architecture is simply a battle with the sun. The house is a group of houses. As you drive in the grounds through stone gates that remind you of the porter's lodges at some stately English mansions, you pass through an avenue of mango trees, past beds of flowers throwing out their delicate fragrance on the warm morning air. You come to a one-storied house surrounded with spacious verandas. There is a wide state entrance covered with red cloth. A guard is at the foot, a native guard wearing the English scarlet, on his shoulders the number indicating the regiment. You pass up the stairs, a line of servants on either side. The servants are all Mohammedans; they wear long scarlet gowns, with white turbans; on the breast is a belt with an imperial crown for an escutcheon. They salute you with the grave, submissive grace of the East, touching the forehead and bending low the head, in token of welcome and duty. You enter a hall and pass between two rooms—large, high, decorated in blue and white, and look out upon the gardens below, the sea beyond and the towers of Bombay. One of these rooms is the state dining-room, large enough to dine fifty people. The other is the state drawing-room. This house is only used for ceremonies, for meals and receptions.

"You pass for one hundred paces under a covered way over a a path made of cement and stone, through flower beds and palm

trees, and come to another house. Here are the principal bedrooms and private chambers. This also is one story high and runs down to the sea, so that you can stand on a balcony and throw a biscuit into the white surf as it combs the shore. These are the apartments assigned to General Grant and his wife. There are drawing-rooms, ante-rooms, chambers, the walls high, the floors covered with rugs and cool matting. As you pass in, servants, who are sitting crouched around on the floors, rise up and bend the head. You note a little group of shoes at the door, and learn that in the East custom requires those in service to unslipper themselves before entering the house of a master. Another hundred paces and you come to another house, with wide verandas, somewhat larger than the General's. These are the guest-chambers, and here a part of our party reside. Still further on is another house, and here the writer finds a home, and as he sits at the table writing these lines he looks out of the open door, shaded by a palm tree, and sees the white surf as it breaks over the rocks, and hears its drowsy, moaning, unending roar.

"I look out of the window and see a tall flagstaff with a stone base. From this staff the flag of England floats when the Governor is home. My house is a series of rooms arched over with high walls. The chamber in which I write is a comfortable working room, with many windows and easy chairs. The room adjoining is a bedchamber. Other rooms complete the suite, and from my chamber window I can look out on the sea, on the embrasured guns, and watch the coming and going of the tides. You note that the builders of this house had only one idea—to fight the sun. It is now the coolest winter weather, remarkably cool for Bombay. Every window and every door is open, and even my summer garments are warm, and when weary with the heat I throw down the pen and walk out under the palm trees, and look at the surf and woo the breezes that come over the seas from Persia, and throw myself upon the lounge and dip into one of the books piled about—books about Indian history, religion, caste—which I have found in the library and in which I am trying to know something of this ancient and wonderful land.

"So far as beauty is concerned—beauty of an Indian character

with as much comfort as is possible in Hindostan—nothing could be more attractive than our home on Malabar Point. We are the guests of the Governor, and the honors of his house are done by Captain Frith and Captain Radcliffe, of the army, two accomplished young officers, the last representatives of the last type of the English soldier and gentleman. We take our meals in the state dining-room, and when dinner is over we stroll over to the General's bungalow and sit with him on the veranda looking out on the sea—sit late into the night, talking about India, and home, and all the strange phases of this civilization. Mrs. Grant seems to enjoy every moment of the visit, more especially as we are to have a week's mail on Wednesday, and the steamer never breaks its word. Mr. Borie is in fine spirits and health, all things considered, and has surprised us in the virtue of early rising. All manner of plans are proposed to induce Mr. Borie to throw lustre upon the expedition by destroying a tiger and carrying home a trophy of his prowess to Philadelphia, but he steadily declines these importunities, taking the high-minded ground that he has never had a misunderstanding with a tiger in his life, and does not propose now to cultivate the resentments of the race.

"The attentions paid to the General and his party by the people of Bombay have been so marked and continuous that most of our time has been taken up in receiving and acknowledging them. What most interests us, coming fresh from Europe, is the entire novelty of the scene, the way of living, the strange manners and customs.

"Life in India, however, as far as I can see it, is simply life at Government House on Malabar Point. What you note in the arrangement of a house like this is the number of servants necessary to its order. There is a minute division of labor and a profusion of laborers. When I began this paragraph it was my intention to say how many servants waited on me for instance in my own modest bungalow. But the calculation is beyond me. At my door there is always one in waiting, a comely, olive-tinted fellow, with a melting dark eye. If I move across the room he follows with noiseless step to anticipate my wishes. If I sit down to read or write, I am conscious of a presence as of a shadow,

and I look up and see him at my shoulder or looking in at the window awaiting a summons. If I look out of my bedchamber window toward the ocean I see below another native in a blue gown with a yellow turban. He wears a badge with a number. He is a policeman and guards the rear of the bungalow. If I venture across the road to look in upon some of my friends, a servant comes out of the shade of the tree with an umbrella. His duty is to keep off the sun. You cannot pass from house to house without a procession forming around you.

"The General strolled over a few mitutes ago with some letters for the post, and as I saw him coming it was a small procession—a scarlet servant running ahead to announce him, other scarlet servants in train. If you go out at night toward the Government House for dinner, one in scarlet stands up from under a tree with a lantern and pilots you over a road as clearly marked as your own door sill. In the early morning, as you float from the land of dreams into the land of deeds, your first consciousness is of a presence leaning over your couch, with coffee or fruit or some intimation of morning. If you go driving, servants in scarlet cluster about your carriage, and in the General's case there is always a guard of native horsemen. If you could talk with your natives you might gain some curious information. But they know no English, and your only method is pantomime. This constant attention, curious at first, becomes, especially to eager Americans taught to help themselves in most of the offices of life, oppressive. But there is no help for it. I went into Mr. Borie's room last evening, and found him quite disconsolate over a native who was creeping around him, tearing his buttons and trying to put him in order. Mr. Borie in every key and intonation was trying to tell the native that he did not want him, that he could manage his buttons unaided. I tried to help him out, but my knowledge of the dialect was scarcely comprehensive enough to help a friend in an emergency. There was no resource but to bow to fate. In the evening, thanks to the offices of Captain Frith, Mr. Borie added to his knowledge of tongues the Hindostan phrase for 'let me alone.' Since then there has been comparative peace in 'Tiger Hall.'

"'Tiger Hall' is the name we have given to Mr. Borie's bungalow. You see that forty years ago this Malabar Point was a jungle, and sportsmen came here and shot tigers among these very rocks, where we stroll about in the cool of the evening, smoking our cigars and looking down upon the tumbling surf.

"My own bungalow is called Cobra Castle. I cannot imagine what gruesome fancy led to that name. I am afraid it was the Colonel, fertile in epithet. After the tiger, the cobra is the common enemy of man in India. The cobra is a snake, from whose bite no human being has ever recovered. The government has taken steps to extinguish the cobra. It has offered a large reward to any one who will discover a remedy for the bite. The fact that my bungalow is apart by itself near the sea, overlooking the rocks, and open to any invasion, led to its being called Cobra Castle. But I am bound to say that I have seen no animal within its wall but a harmless lizard, about six inches long, which curled itself under one of the arches and clung there in a torpid condition.

"We live in sumptuous fashion. There is the ever-present sea, the shading trees, the walks, the perfume of the flowers scenting the air—the beautiful bay, which reminds you of Naples. In the early morning and the evening you are permitted to go out and ride or stroll. When the sun is up you must remain indoors. We have had our own experiences of the sun at home, and you cannot understand the terror which he inspires in India. An hour or two ago the Colonel came into my bungalow, and as he passed to his own I strolled with him, perhaps a hundred paces, without putting on my helmet. One of our friends of the staff, who happened to be at the door, admonished me in the gravest manner of the danger that I had incurred. 'I would not,' he said, 'have done that for a thousand rupees. You have no idea how treacherous the sun is here. Even when the breeze is blowing you must not even for an instant allow your head to be uncovered. The consequences may attend you through life.' This morning the General went out on horseback for a spin through the country, accompanied by Sir Francis Souter, Captain Frith and Colonel Grant. Seven was the hour named—'because,'

said Sir Francis, 'we must be home before nine. In India we dare not trifle with the sun.'

"The mail leaves this afternoon for England, and I find that I have much to say about Bombay and the General's stay. On Friday evening he visited the ball of the Volunteer Corps, and was received by Colonel Sexton. The ball-room was profusely decorated with flags—the American flag predominating. On Saturday, at two, he visited Dossabhoy Merwanjee, a Parsee merchant. The reception was most cordial, the ladies of the family decorating the General and party with wreaths of jessamine flowers. In the afternoon he drove to the Byculla Club, lunched, and looked at the races. In the evening there was a state dinner at the Government House, with forty-eight guests. The government band played during dinner. The member of Council, Hon. James Gibbs, who represents the Governor, was in the chair. At the close of the dinner he proposed the health of the General, who arose, amid loud cheering, and said that he was now carrying out a wish he had long entertained of visiting India and the countries of the ancient world. His reception in Bombay had been most gratifying. The cordiality of the people, the princely hospitality of the Governor, the kindness of the members of the household, all combined to make him feel the sincerity of the welcome. It was only a continuance of the friendliness he had met in Europe, and which was especially grateful to him because it indicated a friendly feeling toward his own country. In this spirit he accepted it, for he knew of nothing that would go further toward insuring peace to all nations, and with peace the blessings of civilization, than a perfect understanding between Englishmen and Americans, the great English-speaking nations of the world. The General said he hoped he might see his hosts in America. He would be most happy to meet them and return the hospitality he had received. He was sorry he could not see Sir Richard Temple, the Governor of Bombay, of whom he had heard a great deal and whom he was anxious to meet. But he would ask them to join with him in drinking the health of the Governor. This sentiment was drunk with all the honors. The dinner was finely served, and after

dinner the General and guests strolled about on the veranda, smoking or chatting, looking out on the calm and murmuring ocean that rolled at their feet and the lights of the city beyond. There was a luncheon with Sir Michael R. Westropp, Chief-Justice of Bombay. Sunday was spent quietly at home. This afternoon the General visits a Parsee female school, interesting as an evidence of the efforts of the Parsees to introduce education among their females. Mrs. Grant will visit the missions. At four the General will go on board the 'Euryalus,' the flagship of the British Indian squadron, to visit Admiral Corbett. On his return he goes to the university. In the evening there is another state dinner at the Government House, to meet the high officials of the Bombay government. After the dinner the leading native merchants and citizens will attend a levee.

"Life in Bombay grew to be almost home-life under the genial hospitality of our hosts on Malabar Point. Although we had been a week in Bombay, there was so much of Europe about us that we could not make up our minds that we were in India. We had not seen a tiger or a cobra, and all our associations were with Europeans. There was a club where you could read the English newspapers and *The New York Herald.* There was a racing club, where you could sit at your window and see the horses gallop over the course. There were two or three English newspapers published in Bombay, two in English—the *Gazette* and *The Times in India*—well printed and well written. It is wonderful how speedily you go through a paper that has no roots in your own country, and how even as sad an article as a minute on the famine has no interest to you. Bombay is more European than Indian, and I suppose will always be so while the sea throws the commerce of the world upon her wharves.

"There was a visit to the English man-of-war 'Euryalus,' the flagship of the English squadron in India. Admiral Corbett received the General, and, on his leaving the vessel, fired twenty-one guns. There was a visit to the Elephanta Caves, one of the sights in India. We left the wharf and steamed across the bay in a small launch belonging to the government. The afternoon was beautiful, the islands in the bay breaking up the horizon into

various forms of beauty that reminded you of Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean. Elephanta Caves belong to Hindoo theology. Here in the rocks the Brahmins built their temples, and now, on holy days, the people come and worship their gods according to the ritual of their ancestors. What the temple might have been in its best days you cannot imagine from the ruins. After seeing the stupendous remnants of ancient monuments in Egypt, Karnak, and Abydos, and Memphis, you cannot enter into the enthusiasm with which rocks like these at Elephanta are regarded. In Egypt you see that religion was the supreme expression of the people's life, and there is nothing else in her monuments. The same might be said of India, perhaps, but the men who dug out the Elephanta Caves, and fashioned the rocks into temples and the forms of gods, had not the earnest spirit of those who built the mighty monuments whose ruins strew the banks of the Nile.

"Our visit to Elephanta was a kind of picnic. Everything we have seen in India thus far has a Prince of Wales value, if I may use the expression. You are taken to see things because the Prince of Wales saw them on his tour. It is remembered that the Prince came to the caves and dined in the halls consecrated in the Hindoo eyes to sacred memories. There were illuminations and fireworks, and the night was so warm that no one enjoyed the dinner. We have a cooling breeze coming in from the Indian Ocean, and, as we slowly climb easy flights of steps, we have an almost naked retinue of Hindoos, in various stages of squalor, asking alms and offering to sell us gold beetles. The temples are reached in time, and we stroll about studying out the figures, noting the columns and the curious architecture, full, rude, massive, unlike any forms of architectural art familiar to us. The main temple is 125 feet long and the same in width. The idols are hewn out of the rock. The faces of some are comely, and there is a European expression in the features that startles you. The type is a higher one than those we saw in Egypt. One of the idols is supposed to be the Hindoo Trinity—Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. There is matter for thought in the fact that the idea of the trinity, of the holiest of holy mysteries, was some-

how grasped by these pagan worlds long before our blessed Lord came among men. There is a figure of a woman with a single breast—the wife of Siva—and you note in these pagan faiths that woman, who holds so sad a place in their domestic economy, was worshipped as fervently as some of us worship the Virgin. It is the tribute which even the heathen pays, as if by instinct, to the supreme blessing of maternity. But, when the Portuguese came with the sword and the cross, little mercy was shown to the homes of the pagan gods. It is believed that these temples were cut out of the rocks in the tenth century, and that for 800 years these stony emblems, which we finger and poke with canes, were worshipped. General Grant observes that his memories of Karnak make it difficult for him to appreciate the caves at their true value. So we saunter about and look out on the waters and watch the descending sun throw its purple golden shadows over Bombay. The night is falling as our launch pushes into the bay. In this land there is no twilight, and a few minutes after the sun goes down darkness reigns; darkness over everything, only the lights of the distant town and the stars looking down from a cloudless sky.

"There were visits to be made, and Monday was a busy day. Letters were written. Mail day does not come as often in India as at home, and throughout the dominion it is a day dedicated to home. I am afraid we caught the infection, for Sunday was given to zealous correspondence, and the steamer that went out on Monday caused an addition to her Majesty's postal revenues. There was a visit to the school of a Parsee gentleman, whose hobby is education.

"On Monday the General was entertained in state at the Government House at Malabar Point. Hon. James Gibbs, the member of the Council who acted as Governor in the absence of Sir Richard Temple, presided, and at the close of the dinner the company drank the health of the General. In response the General referred to the kindness he had received in India, which was only renewing the kindness shown him all over Europe, and which he accepted as an evidence of the good will which really existed between Englishmen and Americans, and

which was to his mind the best assurance of peace for all nations. After the dinner the General received a large number of the native merchants and gentlemen of Bombay. It seemed odd to our American eyes that merchants and gentlemen should be asked to come in at the end of a feast and not to take part. But this exclusion is their own wish. Many of these merchants and gentlemen belong to castes who look on the food of the Europeans as unclean, who believe in the sacredness of life, and will not eat animal food, and who could not sit at the table with the General without losing caste. These men will meet you in business, will serve you in various ways, but their religion prevents their sharing your table. So the invitation to the natives to meet the General was fixed at an hour when dinner was over.

"They came in groups—Hindoos, Arabs, Parsees, native officers—in uniforms, in quaint flowing costumes. The General stood at the head of the hallway, with Mr. Gibbs and Major Rivett-Carnac, the Governor's military secretary. As each native advanced he was presented to the General with some word of history or compliment from Mr. Gibbs. 'This is So-and-So, an eminent Brahmin scholar, who stands high among our Barristers;' or, 'This is So-and-So, a Parsee merchant, who has done a great deal of good to Bombay, and has been knighted for his services by the Queen;' or, 'This is the oldest Arab merchant;' or, 'This is a gallant officer in our native cavalry;' or, 'This is the leading diamond merchant in Bombay, a Hindoo gentleman, one of the richest in India.' As each of them advanced it was with folded hands, as in prayer, or saluting by touching the breast and brow in the submissive, graceful, bending way, so strange to our eyes. Here were men of many races—the Parsee from Persia, the Arab from Cairo, whose ancestors may have ridden with Omar; the Brahmin of a holy caste, in whose veins runs the stainless blood of Indian nobility, descendant of men who were priests and rulers ages before England had risen from her clouds of barbarism. Between these races there is no love. If they do not like England they hate one another. Religious differences, tradition, memories of war

and conquest, the unaccountable antipathies of race which we have not eliminated from our civilization—all generate a fierce animosity which would break into flames once the restraining hand were lifted. What welds them together is the power of England, and as you look at the picturesque group—their heads, full eyes, their fine Asiatic type of face, clear and well cut—here assembled peacefully, you see the extent of the empire to which they all owe allegiance, and you admire the genius and courage which has brought them to submit to a rule which, whatever it may have been in the past, grows more and more beneficent.

"This dinner at Malabar Point closed our visit to Bombay. After the reception of the native gentlemen and merchants the General strolled over to his bungalow, and, sitting on the veranda looking out upon the ocean, he conversed for a long time with Mr. Gibbs, Major Carnac, Mr. Borie and the gentlemen of the household. It was our last night in Bombay, and so many things were to be talked about, the English in India and the strange romance of their governing India. It is in conversations such as these where you meet gifted men, charged with great trusts, full of their work, and familiar with it, that travel has its advantages, and especially to one in the position of General Grant. Himself a commander of men and ruler of a nation, it is instructive to compare notes with men like those he meets in India, who are charged with the rule of an empire. The interesting fact in India as a political question is this. Here the Englishman is solving the problem of how to govern an ancient and vast civilization, or, rather, varieties of civilization, to govern it by prestige and the sword. In America the Englishman is trying to create a new nation, based on a democracy. The two problems are full of interest, and, fresh from English-speaking America, we see something new every hour in English-governed India. The governments are as far apart as the Poles, for there is no despotism more absolute than the government of India. Mighty, irresponsible, cruel, but with justice, and after safety mercy. This is what you see in India.

"On Tuesday, February 18th, 1879, we left Bombay. The day was very warm—oppressively warm. We had an idea of what

might be felt in an Indian summer. The General drove into town and made some farewell calls. At five he left Government House in a state carriage, accompanied by Major Carnac, who represented Governor Temple, and escorted by a squadron of cavalry. On arriving at the station there was a guard of honor of native infantry drawn up, which presented arms and lowered colors. All the leading men of the Bombay Government—Parsee and native merchants; our Consul, Mr. Farnham, whose kindness to us was untiring; Mr. Gibbs, and all the members of the government household—were present. Among those who came to say good-by was Colonel H. S. Olcott, of New York. Colonel Olcott had just arrived in India, where he proposes to study Indian philosophy. He was accompanied by some Brahmins of high caste, whom he presented to the General. In a few minutes the signal for leaving was made, and the General thanking his good friends of Malabar Point, the train pushed off amid cheers and the salutes of the military."

On the 20th the party arrived at Tatulpur, and visited the Marble Rocks, after which the journey was resumed to Allahabad, where a short stay was made. On the 22d of February General Grant left Allahabad for Agra, where he arrived the next day.

"Our stay in Agra was short," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "but it would have been impossible to have left India without seeing the Taj. This building is said to be the most beautiful in the world. As we came into Agra in the early morning the familiar lines of the Taj—familiar from study of pictures and photographs—loomed up in the morning air. You have a view of the building for some time before entering the city. The first view was not impressive, and as we looked at the towers of the Taj and the white marble walls that reflected the rays of the rising sun, it seemed to be a beautiful building as a temple, and no more. Perhaps the long night ride may have had something to do with our indifference to art, for the ride had been severe and distressing, and it was pleasant to find any shelter and repose. The General and Mrs. Grant went to the house of Mr. Laurence, the nephew of Lord Laurence, and a member of one of the ruling families of India. The remainder

of the party found quarters in a hotel, the only one, I believe, in the place, a straggling, barn-like building, or series of buildings, over which an American flag was flying. Indian hotel life is not the best way of seeing India, as most travellers, in passing through the country, are entertained in private houses, bungalows of the officials, mess quarters of the officers, or missionary stations. The Agra Hotel seemed to have been built for the millennium, when all shall be good and crime unknown. There were no gates or windows, no doors—all was open. The rooms all ran into one another, and the boarders seemed to live on a principle of association. I never knew who was the landlord, never saw a servant in authority. Everybody seemed to keep the hotel, and when you wanted anything you simply went and took it. Mr. Borie was accommodated with an apartment on the ground floor, the others quartered above him.

"Agra contains only one monument, the Taj, and the remains of a beautiful palace, now used as a fort. When the descendants of the great house of Tamerlane overran India, Agra was among the cities which they captured. It was in the seventeenth century one of the wealthy cities of India, a rendezvous for Indian and Persian merchants. Akbar, who reigned in the sixteenth century, and was among the greatest of the Moguls, gave Agra its grandeur. He built his palace, which is now the fort. What it must have been in the time of the Emperor we may imagine from what we see at Jeypore, where the Maharajah still reigns and lives in Oriental splendor. No modern palace can give you an idea of what these royal residences must have been in their day. Royal life now is not what it was under the great kings. A Mogul kept about him thousands of retainers. I was told in Jeypore that there were 10,000 within the enclosures of the palace. A palace was a fort, a barracks, a home for the sovereign, his harem, his ministers and his nobility. You can understand then why the palace of Akbar should have occupied a site of nearly four square miles. But the mere size of the Agra palace will give you no conception of its splendor. Many changes have taken place since Akbar's time. The mutiny led the English to sweep away certain sections for strategic reasons. As a monu-

ment of Moslem architecture the palace is one of the best specimens and reminds you of the Alhambra, although in a better condition and with marks of a barbaric splendor which do not belong to the Alhambra and which are the effect of Indian taste blended with Saracenic art. It was in this palace that the families of the British residents took refuge during the mutiny of 1857.

"It was late in the afternoon when we went to the Taj. The ride is a short one, over a good road, and we had for an escort Judge Keene, of Agra, who has made the art, the history and the legends of the Mohammedan domination in India a study, and to whose excellent history of the Taj I am indebted for all my useful facts. It happened to be Sunday, and as we drove along the road there seemed to be a Sunday air about the crowds that drifted backward and forward from the gardens. On our arrival at the gate the General and party were received by the custodians of the building, and as we walked down the stone steps and under the overarching shade trees we had grown to be quite a procession.

"The principle which inspires these magnificent and useless tombs is of Tartar origin. The Tartars, we are told, built their tombs in such a manner as to 'serve for places of enjoyment for themselves and their friends during their lifetime.' While the builder lives he uses the building as a house of recreation, receives his friends, gives entertainments. When he dies he is buried within the walls, and from that hour the building is abandoned. It is ever afterward a tomb, given alone to the dead. There is something Egyptian in this idea of a house of feasting becoming a tomb; of a great prince, as he walks amid the crowds of retainers and friends, knowing that the walls that resound with laughter will look down on his dust. This will account for so many of the stupendous tombs that you find in Upper India. Happily, it does not account for the Taj. If the Taj had been a Tartar idea—a house of merriment to the builder and of sorrow afterward—it would have lost something of the poetry which adds to its beauty. The Taj is the expression of the grief of the Emperor Shah Jehan for his wife, who was known in her day as

Mumtaz-i-Mabal, or the Exalted One of the Palace. She was herself of royal blood, with Persian ancestry intermingled. She was married in 1615 to Shah Jehan, then heir to the throne, and, having borne him seven children, died in 1629 in giving birth to the eighth child. Her life, therefore, was in the highest sense consecrated, for she gave it up in the fulfilment of a supreme and holy duty, in itself a consecration of womanhood. The husband brought the body of the wife and mother to these gardens and entombed it until the monument of his grief should be done. It was seventeen years before the work was finished. The cost is unknown, the best authorities rating it at more than two millions of dollars. Two millions of dollars in the time of Shah Jehan, with labor for the asking, would be worth as much as twenty millions in our day. For seventeen years 20,000 men worked on the Taj, and their wages was a daily portion of corn.

"The effect of the Taj as seen from the gate, looking down the avenue of trees, is grand. The dome and towers seem to rest in the air, and it would not surprise you if they became clouds and vanished into rain. The gardens are the perfection of horticulture, and you see here, as in no part of India that I have visited, the wealth and beauty of nature in Hindostan. The landscape seems to be flushed with roses, with all varieties of the rose, and that most sunny and queenly of flowers seems to strew your path and bid you welcome as you saunter down the avenues and up the ascending slope that leads to the shrine of a husband's love and a mother's consecration. There is a row of fountains which throw out a spray and cool the air, and when you pass the trees and come to the door of the building its greatness comes upon you—its greatness and its beauty. Mr. Keene took us to various parts of the garden, that we might see it from different points of view. I could see no value in one view beyond the other. And when our friend, in the spirit of courteous kindness, pointed out the defects of the building—that it was too much this, or too much that, or would have been perfect if it had been a little less of something else—there was just the least disposition to resent criticism and to echo the opinion of Mr. Borie, who, as he stood looking at the exquisite towers and solemn

marble walls, said 'It was worth coming to India to see the Taj.' I value that criticism because it is that of a practical business man, concerned with affairs, and not disposed to see a poetic side to any subject. What he saw in the Taj was the idea that its founder meant to convey—the idea of solemn, overpowering and unapproachable beauty.

"As you enter you see a vast dome, every inch of which is enriched with inscriptions in Arabic, verses from the Koran, engraved marble, mosaics, decorations in agate and jasper. In the centre are two small tombs of white marble, modestly carved. These cover the resting-place of the Emperor and his wife, whose bodies are in the vault underneath. In other days the Turkish priests read the Koran from the gallery, and you can imagine how solemn must have been the effect of the words chanted in a priestly cadence by the echo that answers and again answers the chanting of some tune by one of the party. The more closely you examine the Taj, the more you are perplexed to decide whether its beauty is to be found in the general effect of the design as seen from afar, or the minute and finished decorations which cover every wall. The general idea of the building is never lost. There is nothing trivial about the Taj, no grotesque Gothic moulding or flowering Corinthian columns—all is cold and white and chaste and pure. You may form an idea of the size of the Taj from the figures of the measurement of the royal engineers. From the base to the top of the centre dome is 139½ feet; to the summit of the pinnacle, 243½ feet. It stands on the banks of the river Jumna, and it is said that Shah Jehan intended to build a counterpart in black marble in which his own ashes should rest. But misfortunes came to Shah Jehan—ungrateful children, strife, deposition—and when he died his son felt that the Taj was large enough for both father and mother. One is almost glad that the black marble idea never germinated. The Taj, by itself alone, is unapproachable. A duplicate would have detracted from its peerless beauty.

"We remained in the gardens until the sun went down, and we had to hurry to our carriages not to be caught in the swiftly descending night. The gardener came to Mrs. Grant with an

offering of roses. Some of us, on our return from Jeypore, took advantage of the new moon to make another visit. We had been told that the moonlight gave a new glory even to the Taj. It was the night before we left Agra, and we could not resist the temptation, even at the risk of keeping some friends waiting who had asked us to dinner, of a moonlight view. It was a new moon, which made our view imperfect. But such a view as was given added to the beauty of the Taj. The cold lines of the marble were softened by the shimmering silver light. The minarets seemed to have a new height, and the dome had a solemnity as became the canopy of the mother and queen. We strolled back, now and then turning for another last view of the wonderful tomb. The birds were singing, the air was heavy with the odors of the rose garden, and the stillness, the twilight stillness, all added to the beauty of the mausoleum and combined to make the memory of our visit the most striking among the many wondrous things we have seen in Hindostan.

"Our further stay in Agra was made pleasant by a dinner at the Agra Club, a roomy building in an enclosure of trees and grass. This dinner was complimentary to Grant in the presence of Rana Nehal Singh, the Maharajah of Dholpur, who presided. This young prince is in the sixteenth year of his age. He is a Jat by descent; the Jats, supposed to be a tribe of Scythians driven through China and over the mountains to find a home in Rajputana. The Maharajah governs a small province, 1,600 square miles in extent, with a population of 500,000 and a revenue from the province of $4,500,000 annually. The Maharajah has been under the tutelage of the British Government, his guardian being Lieutenant-Colonel Denneby. The Maharajah wore a picturesque Hindoo costume and jewels of immense value. He sat next to Mrs. Grant, with whom he had a long conversation. The Prince speaks English fluently, and, having been under English influence from his infancy, it is believed will be a loyal prince. The experience of the English in the education of princes and Indians of high caste has not always been satisfactory. After they marry and pass out of the control of their guardians they remember much of their English education that

might as well be forgotten, and forget much that might be remembered. I suppose blood is stronger than the school books, and many an Englishman has reminded me with bitterness that before the mutiny no Indian prince was more frequently in English society and more popular with officers and residents than the Nana Sahib, who butchered women and children in Cawnpore. I do not recall this to throw the least imputation upon the Maharajah or connect his name in any way with the saddest memory in Indian history. The Maharajah is a young man, with a pleasing countenance and manly, frank manners, and seemed to be fond of the old Colonel who was in charge of him. At the close of the dinner the Prince arose, and the health of the Queen was proposed. Then came a toast to General Grant, proposed by Judge Keene, and a response from the General, the substance of which has gone to you by telegraph and need not be repeated. At the close of the dinner a company of native players gathered on the veranda and told stories in the Indian dialect, and gave little mimic charades or comedies, the actors being puppets, a kind of Hindoo Punch and Judy show. The subjects illustrated were incidents of the mutiny and scenes in the life of a tax-gatherer. There was a good deal of skill and some humor shown in the management of the puppets, and altogether it was an odd experience. The dinner over we took our leave of our friends, whose kindness had been unbounded, and next morning proceeded to the north, to Delhi, the city of the Mogul kings, and Lucknow, the city of the rulers of Oude—cities famous in the ancient history of India for their wealth and splendor, and even more famous now with a dreary and tragic renown as the centres of the mutiny of 1857."

From Agra General Grant and his party went to Jeypore, to visit the Maharajah of that place, one of the wealthiest and most powerful of the native princes of India.

"We left Agra about noon," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "the day being warm and oppressive. Our ride was through a low, uninteresting country, broken by ranges of hills. The railway is narrow gauge, and, as I learned from one of the managers who accompanied us, has proved a

VIEW OF JEYPORE

success, and strengthens the arguments in favor of the narrow gauge system. It was night before we reached Jeypore. On arriving at the station the Maharajah was present with his Ministers, and the English Resident, Dr. Hendley, who acted in place of Colonel Beynon. As the General descended, the Maharajah, who wore the ribbon and star of the Order of India, advanced and shook hands, welcoming him to his dominions. The Maharajah is a small, rather fragile person, with a serious, almost a painful, expression of countenance, but an intelligent, keen face. He looked like a man of sixty. His movements were slow, impassive—the movements of old age. This may be a mannerism, however, for on studying his face you could see that there is some youth in it. On his brow were the crimson emblems of his caste—the warrior caste of Rajpootana. His Highness does not speak English, although he understands it, and our talk was through an interpreter. After the exchange of courtesies and a few moments' conversation the General drove off to the English residency, accompanied by a company of Jeypore cavalry. The residency is some distance from the station. It is a fine, large mansion, surrounded by a park and garden.

"It was arranged that we should visit Amber, the ancient capital of Jeypore, one of the most curious sights in India. Amber was the capital until the close of the seventeenth century. It was among the freaks of the princes who once reigned in India that when they tired of a capital or a palace they wandered off and built a new one, leaving the other to run to waste. The ruins of India are as a general thing the abandoned palaces and temples of kings who grew weary of their toy and craved another. This is why Amber is now an abandoned town and Jeypore the capital. If the Maharajah were to tire of Jeypore and return to Amber, the town would accompany him, for without the Court the town would die. Travelling in India must be done early in the morning, and although we had had a severe day's journey, we left for Amber at seven in the morning. A squadron of the Maharajah's cavalry accompanied us. They are fine horsemen and wear quilted uniforms of printed cotton. In India one way of keeping cool is to quilt yourself with cotton. On my observ-

ing that soldiers under an Indian sun, swathed in quilted cotton, must be very uncomfortable, I was told that the Indian found heavy apparel an advantage, and Englishmen when hunting wore sporting dresses on the same principle. Our drive through Jeypore was interesting from the fact that we were now in a native city, under native rule. Heretofore the India we had seen was India under Englishmen; but Jeypore is sovereign with power of life and death over his own subjects. The city is purely Oriental, and is most picturesque and striking. There are two or three broad streets, and one or two squares that would do no discredit to Paris. The architecture is Oriental, and, as all the houses are painted after the same pattern in rosé color, it gives you the impression that it is all the same building. The streets had been cleaned and swept for our coming, and men, carrying goatskins of water, were sprinkling it. Soldiers were stationed at various points to salute, and sometimes the salute was accompanied with a musical banging on various instruments of the national air. The best that India can do for a distinguished American is 'God save the Queen.'

"We note as we drive through Jeypore that there are gas lamps. This is a tremendous advance in civilization. One of the first things we heard in India was that in Jeypore lived a great prince, a most enlightened prince, quite English in his ideas, who had gas lamps in his streets. Wherever we stopped this was told us, until we began to think of the Maharajah not as a prince descended from the gods, but a ruler who had gas lamps in his streets. We are told also that he has a theatre almost ready. There is a troupe of Parsee players in town, who have come all the way from Bombay and are waiting to open it. The Maharajah was sorry that he could not show the General a play, but his theatre was not finished. What strikes us vividly is not the gas in the streets or the theatre, but the Indian aspect. It is all so new and strange that the gas lamps seem to be out of place. These long streets of rose-colored houses, with turrets and verandas and latticed windows, that look so warm and picturesque and glowing—this is what your fancy told you might be seen in India. The bazaars, in which dealers are crouching, the

holy men and ascetics covered with ashes, the maidens with green and scarlet drapery, carrying huge water-pitchers on their heads, the beggars, the brown, naked children rolling on the earth, the calico-covered soldiers, and the odd costumes, the marks of rank and caste—from the holy Brahmin, who belongs to a sacred race, down to the water-bearers and scavengers—all this is new and strange. An attendant leads a cheetah along the street, and you shudder for a moment at the idea of a wild menagerie animal being at large, but you learn that the cheetah is quite a harmless animal when tamed, and good for hunting. We come to the edge of the town, which suddenly ends, and are in a valley. The hills are covered with a brown furze, which looks as if it would crackle and break under the burning sun. The roads are lined with cactus, and the fields are divided by mud fences which would not last a week in our rainy regions. We pass gardens—walled gardens with minarets. Here the ladies of the Hindoo gentleman's house may take their recreation, but their life is seclusion. The camels pass us carrying heavy burdens, and the trees are alive with monkeys. The monkey is a sacred animal, and no Hindoo would take its life. Monkeys skip over walls and sit on the trees and watch us as we pass. I do not know what would become of India with the monkey as a sacred protected animal, but for the leopard. In a short time he would swarm over the land. But the leopard and other wild beasts keep him down. Wild peacocks swarm and beautify the hard brown hills with their plumage. The peacock is also a sacred animal, and they were as plentiful on our road to Amber as sparrows on the road to Jerome Park. The hills are now and then crowned with castles, the strongholds of old chiefs who took to the cliff and the fastness for protection in the days when might made right in India, the days before the Englishman came and put his strong hand upon all these quarrelling races and commanded peace. We pass a lazy pool, in which alligators are lazily swimming, and on the banks are two or three wild pigs drinking the water. They are unconscious of the murderous eye of the Colonel, who has come to Jeypore to add to the laurels of his laurel-laden house those of a pig-sticker. The beating sun pours its rays

over you, and you shrink from it under the shade of your carriage, and wonder how these lithe and brown Hindoos, who run at your carriage wheels, can fight the sun. There is no air, no motion; and now, that we are out of Jeypore and away from the cool and freshened streets, all is parched and arid and dry.

"To go to Amber we must ride elephants. For after a few miles the hills come and the roads are broken and carriages are of no value. We might go on horseback or on camels, but the Maharajah has sent us his elephants, and here they are waiting for us, under a grove of mango trees, drawn up on the side of the road as if to salute. The principal elephant wears a scarlet cloth as a special honor to the General. The elephant means authority in India, and when you wish to do your guest the highest honor you mount him on an elephant. The Maharajah also sent sedan chairs for those of us who preferred an easier and swifter conveyance. Mrs. Grant chose the sedan chair, and was switched off at a rapid pace up the ascending road by four Hindoo bearers. The pace at which these chairs is carried is a short, measured quickstep, so that there is no uneasiness to the rider. The rest of us mounted the elephants. Elephant riding is a curious and not an unpleasant experience. The animal is under perfect control, and very often, especially in the case of such a man as the ruler of Jeypore, has been for generations in the same family. The elephant is under the care of a driver, called a mahout. The mahout sits on the neck, or more properly the head, of the elephant, and guides him with a stick or sharp iron prong, with which he strikes the animal on the top of the head. Between the elephant and mahout there are relations of affection. The mahout lives with the elephant, gives him his food, and each animal has its own keeper. The huge creature becomes in time as docile as a kitten and will obey any order of the mahout. The elephant reaches a great age. The one assigned to me had been sixty years in the royal stables. It is not long since there died at Calcutta the elephant which carried Warren Hastings when Governor-General of India—a century ago. There are two methods of riding elephants. One is in a box like the four seats of a carriage, the other on a square quilted seat, your feet hanging over

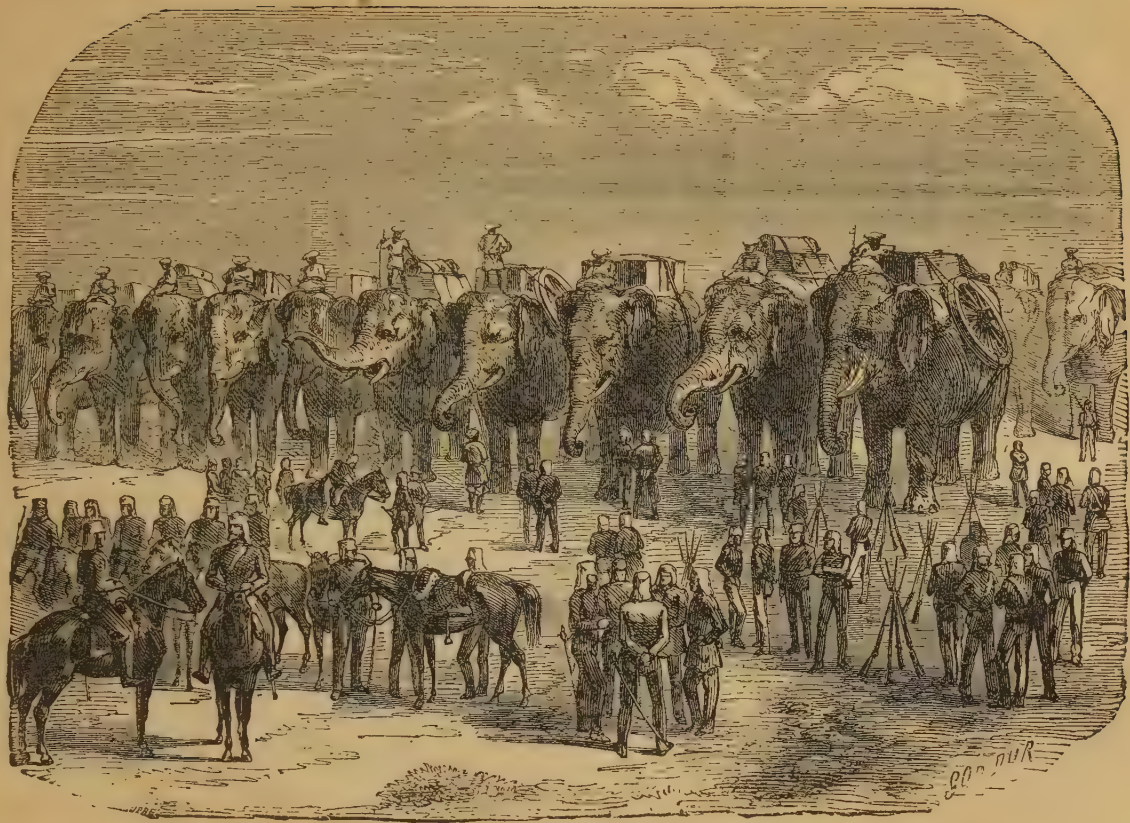
the sides, something like an Irish jaunting-car. The first plan is good for hunting, but for comfort the second is the better. When we came to our elephant the huge beast, at a signal from the mahout, slowly kneeled. Then a step-ladder was put against his side, and we mounted into our seats. Two of the party were assigned to an elephant, and we sat in lounging fashion, back to back. There was room enough on the spacious seat to lie down and take a nap. When the elephant rises, which he does two legs at a time, deliberately, you must hold on to the rail of your seat. Once on his feet he swings along at a slow, wobbling pace. The motion is an easy one, like that of a boat in a light sea. In time, if you go long distances, it becomes very tiresome. Apparently you are as free as in a carriage or a railway car. You can sit in any position or creep about from one side to the other. But the motion brings every part of the body into action, bending and swinging it, and I could well see how a day's long journey would make the body very weary and tired.

"We left the plain, and ascended the hot, dusty hill to Amber. As we ascended the plain opened before us, and distance deadening the brown arid spaces only showed us the groves and walled gardens, and the greenness of the valley came upon us, came with joyousness and welcome, as a memory of home, for there is no green in India, and you long for a meadow or a rolling field of clover—long with the sense of thirst. There was the valley, and beyond the towers of Jeypore, which seemed to shimmer and tremble in the sun. We passed over ruined paths, crumbling into fragments. We passed small temples, some of them ruined, some with offerings of grain or flowers or fruit, some with priests and people at worship. On the walls of some of the temples we saw the marks of the human hand as though it had been steeped in blood and pressed against the white wall. We were told that it was the custom when seeking from the gods some benison, to note the vow by putting the hand into a liquid and printing it on the wall. This was to remind the god of the vow and the prayer, and if it came in the shape of rain or food or health or children, the joyous devotee returned to the temple and made other offerings—money and fruits. We kept

our way, slowly ascending, winding around the hill on whose crest was the Palace of Amber. Mrs. Grant, with her couriers, had gone ahead, and, as our procession of elephants turned up the last slope and passed under the arch, we saw the lady of our expedition high up at a lattice window waving her handkerchief. The courtyard was open and spacious, and entering, our elephants knelt and we came down. We reached the palace while worship was in progress at the temple. Dr. Hendley told us that we were in time to take part in the services and to see the priest offer up a kid. Every day in the year in this temple a kid is offered up as a propitiation for the sins of the Maharajah. The temple was little more than a room in the palace—a private chapel. At one end was a platform raised a few inches from the ground and covered over. On this platform were the images of the gods—of the special god—I think it is Shiva, whom his Highness worships. On this point I will not speak with certainty, for in a mythology embracing several hundred millions of gods one is apt to become bewildered. Whatever the god the worship was in full progress, and there was the kid ready for sacrifice. We entered the inclosure and stood with our hats off. There were a half dozen worshippers crouching on the ground. One of the attendants held the kid while the priest sat crouching over it, reading from the sacred books, and in a half humming, half whining chant blessing the sacrifice, and as he said each prayer putting some grain or spice or oil on its head. The poor animal licked the crumbs as they fell about it, quite unconscious of its holy fate. Another attendant took a sword and held it before the priest. He read some prayers over the sword and consecrated it. Then the kid was carried to the corner, where there was a small heap of sand or ashes and a gutter to carry away the blood. The priest continued his prayers, the kid's head was suddenly drawn down and with one blow severed from the body. The virtue of the sacrifice consists in the head falling at the first blow, and so expert do the priests become that at some of the great sacrifices, where buffalo are offered up in expiation of the princely sins, they will take off the buffalo's head with one stroke of the sword. The kid having performed the office of expiation becomes useful for the priestly dinner.

"Of the Palace of Amber the most one can say is that it is curious and interesting as the home of an Indian king in the days when India was ruled by her kings and a Hastings and a Clive had not come to rend and destroy. The Maharajah has not quite abandoned it. He comes sometimes to the great feasts of the faith, and a few apartments are kept for him. His rooms were ornamented with looking-glass decorations, with carved marble which the artisan had fashioned into tracery so delicate that it looked like lacework. What strikes you in this Oriental decoration is its tendency to light, bright, lacelike gossamer work, showing infinite pains and patience in the doing, but without any special value as a real work of art. The general effect of these decorations is agreeable, but all is done for effect. There is no such honest, serious work as you see in the Gothic cathedrals, or even in the Alhambra. One is the expression of a facile, sprightly race, fond of the sunshine, delighting to repeat the caprice of nature in the curious and quaint; the other has a deep, earnest purpose. This is an imagination which sees its gods in every form—in stones and trees and beasts and creeping things, in the stars above, in the snake wriggling through the hedges—the other sees only one God, even the Lord God Jehovah, who made the heavens and the earth and will come to judge the world at the last day. As you wander through the courtyards and chambers of Amber the fancy is amused by the character of all that surrounds you. There is no luxury. All these kings wanted was air and sunshine. They slept on the floor. The chambers of their wives were little more than cells built in stone. Here are the walls that surrounded their section of the palace. There are no windows looking into the outer world, only a thick stone wall pierced with holes slanting upward, so that if a curious spouse looked out she would see nothing lower than the stars. Amber is an immense palace, and could quite accommodate a rajah with a court of a thousand attendants.

"There were some beautiful views from the terrace, and we sat in the shade between the columns and looked into the valley beyond, over which the sun was streaming in midday splendor. We should like to have remained, but our elephants had been



ENGLISH TROOPS ON THE MARCH IN INDIA.

down to the water to lap themselves about and were now returning refreshened to bear us back to Jeypore. We had only given ourselves a day for the town, and we had to return the call of the Prince, which is a serious task in Eastern etiquette. Mr. Borie was quite beaten down and used up by the sun and the wobbling, wearisome elephant ride, but we succeeded in persuading him to make the descent in a chair as Mrs. Grant had done. There was something which did violence to Mr. Borie's republican spirit in the idea of being carried about in a chair when there were elephants to ride, and it was only upon pressure that we managed to mount him in his chair. While Mr. Borie and Mrs. Grant were off swinging and lolling down the hill the rest of us took a short cut among the ruins, leaping from stone to stone, watching the ground carefully as we went, to see that we disturbed no coiled and sleeping cobra, until we came upon our huge and tawny brutes and were wobbled back to our carriages and in our carriages to town.

"We saw the sights of Jeypore on our return. There was a school of arts and industry which interested the General very much, his special subjects of inquiry as he travels being the industrial customs and the resources of the country. He would go ten miles to see a new-fashioned plough or to avoid seeing a soldier or a gun. The school is one of the Prince's favorite schemes, and the scholars showed aptness in their work. The special work in which Jeypore excels is enamelled jewelry, and some of the specimens shown us were exceedingly beautiful and dear. We went to the Mint and saw the workmen beat the coin and stamp it. We went to the collection of tigers, and saw a half-dozen brutes, each of whom had a history. Two or three were man-eaters. One enormous creature had killed twenty-five men before he was taken, and he lay in his cage quite comfortable and sleek. Another was in a high temper, and roared and jumped and beat the bars of his cage. He, also, was a man-eater, and I am sure that his manifestations quite cured us of any ambition to go into the jungle—cured all but the Colonel, whose coming campaigns in the tiger country are themes of occasional conversation. On returning to the resi-

dency we found a group of servants from the palace on the veranda, each carrying a tray laden with sweetmeats and nuts, oranges, and other fruits. This was an offering from the Prince, and it was necessary that the General should touch some of the fruit and taste it, and say how much he was indebted to his Highness for the remembrance. Then the servants marched back to the palace. I don't think that any of us could have been induced to make a meal out of the royal viands, not for a considerable part of the kingdom; but our servants were hanging around with hungry eyes, and, as soon as the General touched the fruit, they swarmed over the trays and bore away the offerings. The Doctor looked at the capture from a professional point of view, and saw that he would have work ahead. The sure consequence of a present of sweetmeats from the palace is that the residency servants are ill for two or three days.

"The Maharajah sent word that he would receive General Grant at five. The Maharajah is a pious prince, a devotee, and almost an ascetic. He gives seven hours a day to devotions. He partakes only of one meal. When he is through with his prayers he plays billiards. He is the husband of ten wives. His tenth wife was married to him a few weeks ago. The court gossip is that he did not want another wife, that nine were enough, but, in polygamous countries, marriages are made to please families, to consolidate alliances, to win friendships, very often to give a home to the widows or sisters of friends. The Maharajah was under some duress of this kind, and his bride was brought home and is now with her sister brides behind the stone walls, killing time as she best can, while her lord prays and plays billiards. I asked one who knows something of Oriental ways what these poor women do whom destiny elevates to the couch of a king. They live in more than cloistered seclusion. They are guarded by eunuchs, and, even when ailing, cannot look in the face of the physician, but put their hands through a screen. I heard it said in Jeypore that no face of a Rajput princess was ever seen by a European. These prejudices are respected and protected by the imperial government, which respects and protects every custom in India so long as the states behave themselves and pay tribute.

In their seclusion the princesses adorn themselves, see the Nautch girls dance, and read romances. They are not much troubled by the Maharajah. That great prince, I hear, is tired of everything but his devotions and his billiards. He has no children, and is not supposed to have hopes of an heir. He will, as is the custom in these high families, adopt some prince of an auxiliary branch. If he fails to do so—and somehow childless rajahs generally fail, never believing in the inevitable, and putting off the act of adoption until it is too late—the British government will find one, just as they did in Baroda the other day, deposing one ruler and elevating a lad ten or eleven years of age, 'who now,' as I see in an official paper, 'is receiving his education under the supervision of an English tutor.' The government of the kingdom is in the hands of a council, among whom are the Prime Minister and the principal Brahmin.

"We drove to the palace at four o'clock, and were shown the royal stables. There were some fine horses and exhibitions of horsemanship which astonished even the General. We were shown the astronomical buildings of Jai Singh II., which were on a large scale and accurately graded. We climbed to the top of the palace and had a fine view of Jeypore. The palace itself embraces one-sixth of the city, and there are 10,000 people within its walls—beggars, soldiers, priests, politicians, all manner of human beings—who live on the royal bounty. The town looked picturesque and cool in the shadows of the descending sun. We looked at the quarters devoted to the household. All was dead. Every part of the palace swarmed with life, except this. Word had been sent to the household that profane eyes would soon be gazing from the towers, and the ladies went into seclusion. We strolled from building to building—reception-rooms, working-rooms, billiard-rooms, high-walled, far apart, with stone walls and gardens all around; space, air, and sunshine. His Highness had arisen this morning earlier than usual, to have his prayers finished in time to meet the General. At five precisely we entered the courtyard leading to the reception hall. The Maharajah came slowly down the steps with a serious, preoccupied air, not as an old man, but as one who was too weary with a

day's labors to make any effort, and shook hands with the General and Mrs. Grant. He accompanied the General to a seat of honor and sat down at his side. We all ranged ourselves in the chairs. On the side of the General sat the members of his party; on the side of the Maharajah the members of his cabinet. Dr. Hendley acted as interpreter. The Prince said Jeypore was honored in seeing the face of the great American ruler, whose fame had reached Hindostan. The General said he had enjoyed his visit, that he was pleased and surprised with the prosperity of the people, and that he should have felt he had lost a great deal if he had come to India and not have seen Jeypore. The Maharajah expressed regret that the General made so short a stay. The General answered that he came to India late, and was rather pressed for time from the fact that he wished to see the Viceroy before he left Calcutta, and to that end had promised to be in Calcutta on March 10th.

"His Highness then made a gesture, and a troop of dancing girls came into the courtyard. One of the features of a visit to Jeypore is what is called the Nautch. The Nautch is a sacred affair, danced by Hindoo girls of a low caste in the presence of the idols in the palace temple. A group of girls came trooping in, under the leadership of an old fellow with a long beard and hard expression of face, who might have been the original of Dicken's Fagin. The girls wore heavy garments embroidered, the skirts composed of many folds, covered with gold braid. They had ornaments on their heads and jewels in the side of the nose. They had plain faces, and carried out the theory of caste, if there be anything in such a theory, in the contrast between their features and the delicate, sharply-cut lines of the higher-class Brahmins and the other castes who surrounded the Prince. The girls formed in two lines, a third line was composed of four musicians, who performed a low, growling kind of music on unearthly instruments. The dance had no value in it, either as an expression of harmony, grace, or motion. What it may have been as an act of devotion, according to the Hindoo faith, I could not judge. One of the girls would advance a step or two and then turn around. Another would go through the same. This

went down the double line, the instruments keeping up their constant din. I have a theory that music, like art, has a meaning that is one of the expressions of the character and aspirations of a people, and I am quite sure that an ingenious and quick-witted race like the Hindoos would not invent a ceremony and perform it in their temples without some purpose. The Nautch dance is meaningless. It is not even improper. It is attended by no excitement, no manifestations of religious feeling. A group of coarse, ill-formed women stood in the lines, walked and twisted about, breaking now and then into a chorus, which added to the din of the instruments. This was the famous Nautch dance, which we were to see in Jeypore with amazement, and to remember as one of the sights of India. Either as an amusement or a religious ceremony it had no value.

"The Maharajah and his Court looked on as gloomy as ravens, while the General wore that resigned expression—resignation tinted with despair—familiar to those of his Washington friends who had seen him listen to an address from the Women's Rights Association or receive a delegation of Sioux chiefs. But the scene was striking in many ways. Here was the courtyard of a palace, the walls traced in fanciful gossamer-like architecture. Here were walls and galleries crowded with court retainers, servants, dependents, soldiers. Here was the falconer in attendance on the Prince, the falcon perched on his wrist—a fine, broad-chested, manly fellow, standing in attendance, just as I have seen in pictures representing feudal manners in early English days. Here was the Prime Minister, the head of the Jeypore government, a tall, lank, nobleman, in flowing embroidered robes, with keen, narrow features that I fancied had Hebrew lines in them. Somehow one looks for the Hebrew lines in governing faces. I heard some romantic stories of the rise of the Prime Minister; how he had held humble functions and rose in time to sit behind the throne. They say he rules with vigor, is a terror to evil-doers, and has made a good deal of money. Prime Ministers depend upon the will or the whim of the Prince, and as the Prince may die, or may have some omen from the astrologers, or something may go wrong with the sacrifices—the kid's head not

falling at the first stroke, or a like ominous incident—the tenure of power is like gambling. I suppose this noble lord, with the aigrette of pearls in his cap, who looks with his thin, uneasy face on the coarse, shambling Nautch girls, has his trouble in wielding power. He must keep his eye on the priests, the astrologers, the eunuchs, the spies, and above all, upon the British Resident, who lives in a shady garden on the outskirts of the town, and whose little finger is more powerful than all the princes of Rajputam.

"Next to the Prime Minister sits the Chief of the Brahmins, a most holy man, who wears a yellowish robe, his brow stamped with his sacred caste, so holy that he would regard the bread of his master unclean, a middle-aged, full-bodied, healthy priest, more European in feature than his associates. He eats opium, as many high and holy men do in India, and you see that his fingers twitch restlessly. He is the favorite Brahmin, and conscience-keeper of the Maharajah, receives large revenues from the temple, lives in a palace and is a member of the King's Council. The younger man, carrying a sword, with a square, full head, is a Bengalese scholar or pundit, the prince's private secretary, who speaks English, and looks as if one day he might be Prime Minister. The Maharajah sits, as it were, soused back into his chair, his eyes covered with heavy silver-mounted spectacles, very tired and bored, looking at the Nautch girls as though they were a million of miles away. He has been praying all day, and has had no dinner. The scene is wholly Oriental—the color, the movement, the odd faces you see around you, and the light, trifling, fantastic architecture which surrounds all. The shadows grow longer and longer, and Dr. Hendley, evidently thinking that the dance had served every useful purpose, said a word to the Prince, who made a sign. The dance stopped, the girls vanished, and we all went into the main drawing-room, and from thence to the billiard-room. The Maharajah, as I have said, plays billiards when he is not at prayers. He was anxious to have a game with the General. I am not enough of a billiard player to do justice to this game. I never can remember whether the red ball counts or not when you pocket it. The General played in an indiscriminate, promiscuous

manner, and made some wonderful shots in the way of missing balls he intended to strike. Mr. Borie, whose interest in the General's fortunes extends to billiards, began to deplore those eccentric experiments, when the General said he had not played billiards for thirty years. The Maharajah tried to lose the game, and said to one of his attendants that he was anxious to show the General that delicate mark of hospitality. But I cannot imagine a more difficult task than for one in full practice at billiards to lose a game to General Grant. The game ended, His Highness winning by more points than I am willing print for the gratification of the General's enemies.

"Then we strolled into the gardens and looked at the palace towers, which the Prince took pleasure in showing the General, and which looked airy and beautiful in the rosy shadows of the descending sun. There were beds of flowers and trees, and the coming night which comes so swiftly in these latitudes brought a cooling breeze. Then His Highness gave us each a photograph of his royal person consecrated with his royal autograph, which he wrote on the top of a marble railing. Then we strolled toward the grand hall of ceremony to take our leave. Taking leave is a solemn act in India. We entered the spacious hall where the Prince received the Prince of Wales. Night had come so rapidly that servants came in all directions, carrying candles and torches that lit up the gaudy and glittering hall. An attendant carried a tray bearing wreaths of the rose and jessamine. The Maharajah, taking two of these wreaths, put them on the neck of the General. He did the same to Mrs. Grant and all the members of the party. Then, taking a string of gold and silken cord, he placed that on Mrs. Grant as a special honor. The General, who was instructed by the English Resident, took four wreaths and put them on the neck of the Maharajah, who pressed his hands and bowed his thanks. Another servant came, bearing a small cup of gold and gems containing ottar of roses. The Maharajah, putting some of the perfume on his fingers, transferred it to Mrs. Grant's handkerchief. With another portion he passed his hands along the General's breast and shoulders. This was done to each of the party. The General then

taking the perfume passed his hands over the Maharajah's shoulders, and so concluded the ceremony which in all royal interviews in the East is supposed to mean a lasting friendship. Then the Prince, taking General Grant's hand in his own, led him from the hall, across the garden and to the gateway of his palace, holding his hand all the time. Our carriages were waiting, and the Prince took his leave, saying how much he was honored by the General's visit. The cavalry escort formed in line, the guard presented arms, and we drove at a full gallop to our home. And so ended one of the most interesting and eventful days in our visit to India."

On the 26th of February General Grant left Jeypore for Agra. He stopped on the way at Bhurtpoor, to visit the Maharajah of that place. "The day was hot," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "and the ride had been through a low country, the scenery not attractive at the best, but now brown and arid under a steaming sun. We were in a frowsy condition, early rising, long waiting and an Indian atmosphere not contributing to the comforts of travel. About noon the blare of trumpets and the rolling of the drums told us we were at Bhurtpoor. Putting ourselves together as best we could, and throwing off the sluggishness and apathy of travel, we descended. All Bhurtpoor was out at the station, and the Maharajah at the head. The Prince was accompanied by the British officers attached to his court, and, advancing, shook hands with the General and welcomed him to his capital. The Maharajah looks older than his years, but this is a trait of most Indian princes. He wore a blazing uniform, covered with jewels. He has a firm, stern face, with strong features, a good frame, and, unlike his brother of Jeypore, who gives his days to prayers and his evenings to billiards, and although he has the Star of India, has long since seen the vanity of human glory and hates power, is a soldier and a sportsman, and is called a firm and energetic ruler. He would make a good model for Byron's Lambro, and there was a stern, haughty grace in his unsmiling face. From the station we drove to the palace, into a town whose dismantled walls speak of English valor and English shame, past bazaars, where people

THE MAHARAJAH OF BHURTPOOR.

seemed to sell nothing, only to broil in the sunshine, and under a high archway into a courtyard and thence to the palace. There was nothing special about the palace except that it was very large and very uncomfortable. The decorations were odd. There were one or two bits of valuable china, prints of an American circus entering London, an oil painting of our Saviour, various prints of the French and English royal families taken forty years ago. There were the Queen, the Prince Consort, Louis Philippe, Montpensier, and all the series of loyal engravings in vogue at the time of the Spanish marriages, all young and fresh and smiling faces, some of them now worn and gray, some vanished into silence. The palace seemed to be a kind of storeroom, in which the keepers had stored everything that came along, and as you walked from wall to wall, passing

from cheap circus showbills to steel engravings of Wellington and oil paintings of our Lord, the effect was ludicrous. The Prince does not live in this palace, but in one more suited to Oriental tastes. It was here where he received the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit in 1876. There was a breakfast prepared, which the Prince left us to enjoy in company with our English friends. You know in this country the hospitality of the highest princes never goes so far as to ask you to eat. The rules of caste are so marked that the partaking of food with one of another caste, and especially of another race, would be defilement. Our host at the close of the breakfast returned in state, and there was the ceremony of altar and pan and cordial interchanges of good feeling between the Maharajah and the General.

"It was arranged that on our way to Agra we should visit the famous ruins of Futtehpoor Sikra. After leaving Bhurtpoor our road was through a series of villages and over a rolling plain. The sun beat fiercely upon our carriage, and we found what refuge we could under the leather curtains. Natives in various processes of squalor came hurrying after our carriages. In the mud huts we saw weavers at work, women grinding corn, tired laborers sleeping in the shade. We drove on until we came to the first stage. The Maharajah had sent a guard with us—soldiers in heavy gilded uniforms, with fierce, eager, truculent eyes—to keep the robbers away. When we came to the first stage there were camels in waiting, and we had our first experience of camels in India. Two camels were hitched to each one of the carriages, and we drove off with a camel and pair. The road was hilly, and the camels are supposed to have more endurance than horses. Each camel carries a driver, and there is a third person who beats them with a goad or stick. The gait of the camel at first is a pleasant sensation, and the pace a good one. But in time it becomes wearisome, the constant bobbing up and down of the carriage under the uncouth, shambling gait of the beasts tiring you. The General got off in good style and made his way to the ruins without an adventure. The carriage in which Mr. Borie, the Colonel, Dr. Keating and I were riding was not so fortunate. Our animals seemed to have scruples of conscience

about climbing the hill, and insisted upon stopping. No inducement could move them. The driver pronged them with his goad, called them names, adjured them by all the gods in the Hindoo mythology to make their way to Futtehpoor Sikra. There they stood. Perhaps under a severe pressure of the goad they would move a few paces and stop again. Here we were in India, on a lonely highway, the sun going down. Here the sun falls like a drop-curtain at the play. There is no twilight. In an instant the sable clouds sweep over the earth, and you are in darkness. To be belated on any road, hungry and dinner waiting, is disagreeable, but in India, with servants around you who do not know English, away from any town or village, on your way to a ruin, knowing that when night comes the lords of the jungle will come forth, was certainly not what we came to India to see. We tried all experiments to encourage the camels, even to the extent of putting our shoulders to the wheels and urging them on. This had little effect, and we might have had a night bivouac on the highway if, after a long delay, the camels had not changed their minds, and, breaking into a speedy pace, carried us into the ruined city. The night had fallen, and the General, when we arrived, was strolling alone about the courtyard smoking his cigar.

"All that remains of Futtehpoor Sikra are the ruins. The various sections of the palace are given over to picnic parties and visitors. The British Collector at Agra has it under his charge, and those who come are instructed to bring their food and bedding. Mr. Lawrence, the Collector, was there to meet us, and our hotel keeper at Agra had sent all that was necessary. The General, Mrs. Grant and Mr. Borie quartered in the ruin known as the Birbul's House. The remainder went with Mr. Lawrence to another ruin about a hundred paces off, which has no name. The Birbul House is supposed to have been the home of Akbar's daughter, or, as some think, a house enclosed and made sacred for the women of his harem. It is a two-storied building, massive and large, and finished with a minuteness and delicacy that you never see even in patient India. As a house alone, the mere piling of blocks of sandstone one upon the other, the Birbul House would be a curious and meritorious work. But when you

examine it you see that there is scarcely an inch that has not been carved and traced by some master workmen. It is all stone, no wood or iron or metal of any kind has been used to fashion it. The workmen depended upon the stone, and so sure was their trust that although centuries have passed since it was built, and generations have ripened since it was abandoned, the work is as fresh and clean as though the artisan had only laid down his tools. So well did men work in those days of patience and discipline, and so gentle is the touch of time in Hindostan.

"Candles were found and tables were builded, and there, under the massive walls of Akbar's hearth, looking out upon a star-gemmed, beaming Indian sky, we dined. And it seemed almost a sacrilege to bring our world—our material world from far America, our world of gossip and smoking tobacco and New York newspapers, of claret and champagne—into the very holy of holies of a great emperor's palace, whence he came from wars and conflict to be soothed by gentle voices and caressed by loving hands. We were weary with our hard day's work, and after dinner found what rest we could. Mr. Borie was disposed to question the absence of windows, and had reasoned out the practicability of a midnight visit from a leopard or a panther or a wandering beast of prey. He contrasted in a few vivid and striking sentences the advantages which Torresdale and Philadelphia possessed over even the palace of an emperor, to the detriment of Futtehpoor Sikra, and when a reasonable sum was suggested as a possible purchasing price, declined with scorn any prospect of becoming a land-owner in Hindostan. Our accommodations, although we were the recipients of Mogul hospitality, were primitive, and as you lay in the watches of the night and listened to the voices of Nature, the contrast with what she says in India and at home was marked. The noisy beast in India is the jackal. He is the scavenger, and in day hides in a ravine or a jungle fastness, to come out and prowl about settlements and live on offal. The jackal and hyena in literature are formidable, but in Indian life are feared no more than a prowling, howling village cur. I do not think that any of us were sorry when the early morning rays began to brighten up our ruined chambers,

and the velvet-footed servants, in flowing muslin gowns, came in bearing tea and toast, and telling us that our baths were ready, and that another leaf had been turned in the book of time.

"The General does not regard early rising as a distinguishing trait, and some of the others were under the influence of his example; but Mr. Borie was up and cheerful, and rejoicing in a white pony, which some magician had brought to his feet, saddled and bridled, to view the ruins. The sun had scarcely risen, and wise travellers, like Mr. Borie, always take the cool hours for their sight-seeing. But Mr. Borie is a very wise traveller who allows nothing to pass him, and so our party divided. Mr. Lawrence said he would wait for the General, and the early risers, under the escort of two young ladies who had been passengers on the 'Venetia,' with Mr. Borie leading the van on his white pony, set out to view the ruins. To have seen all the ruins of this stupendous place would have included a ride around a circumference of seven miles. There were some ruins well worth a study. We went first to the quadrangle, a courtyard 433 feet by 366 feet. On one side of this is the mosque, which is a noble building, suffering, however, from the overshadowing grandeur of the principal gateway, the finest, it is said, in India, looming up out of the ruins with stately and graceful splendor, but dwarfing the other monuments and ruins. This was meant as an arch of triumph to the glory of the Emperor, 'King of Kings,' 'Heaven of the Court,' and 'Shadow of God.' There are many of these inscriptions in Arabic, a translation of which I find in Mr. Keene's handbook. The most suggestive is this: 'Know that the world is a glass where the favor has come and gone. Take as thine own nothing more than what thou lookest upon.' We were shown one chamber where the body of a saint reposes, and also a tomb with a marble screen work of the most exquisite character. The prevailing aspect of the architecture was Moslem, with traces of Hindoo taste and decoration. The mosque, the tombs and the gateway are all well preserved. At one of the mosques were a number of natives in prayer, who interrupted their devotions long enough to show us the delicate tracing on the walls and beg a rupee. It was mentioned as an

inducement to engage one of the guides that he had done the same office for the Prince of Wales. But one of the pleasures of wandering among these stupendous ruins is to wander alone and take in the full meaning of the work and the genius of the men who did it. The guides have nothing to tell you. The ruins to them are partly dwelling places, pretexts for begging rupees, and the guide who came on our track insisted upon showing us a well or a tank into which men jumped from a wall eighty feet high. Mr. Borie's resolution to see everything led us to accept the offer. On our way we met the General, who was also seeing the ruins. It was proposed that we should all go to the well and see the men jump. But we could not tempt the General. He did not want to see men jump, finding no pleasure in these dangerous experiments. As we came to the well, which was a square pond, with walls of masonry, the wall above was manned with eager natives, screaming and gesticulating. Mr. Borie singled out two, who threw off their few garments and made the jump. The motion is a peculiar one. Leaping into the air they move their legs and arms so as to keep their feet down, and come into the water feet foremost. The leap was certainly a daring one, but it was done safely, and the divers came hurrying up the sides of the pond shivering and chattering their teeth to claim their rupees and offer to jump all day for the same compensation."

On the 27th General Grant and his party returned to Agra, and on the evening of the 28th the General was entertained at dinner by the Agra Club.

CHAPTER XIV.

INDIA—CONCLUDED.

Arrival of General Grant at Delhi—Description of Delhi—The Ruins—Beggars—The Mogul Kingdom—The Palace—The Peacock Throne—Tomb of an Indian Princess—General Grant goes to Lucknow—A Pleasant Host—The Residency—The Kaiser Bagh—Memories of the Defence of Lucknow—General Grant at Benares—The Sacred City of the Hindoos—A Severe Journey—Reception at Benares—The Holy Place—A City of Priests—The Temples—The Religion of Brahma—Power of the Brahmins—The Splendors of Benares—Departure of General Grant from Benares—Arrival at Calcutta—Reception by the Authorities—General Grant the Guest of the Viceroy of India—The Fort—The City of Calcutta—Convocation of the University—Reception of General Grant by the Viceroy—Excursion to Lord Lytton's Country Seat—Barrackpore Park—Lord Lytton Entertains General Grant at a State Dinner—The Guests—Lord Lytton—His Administration.

GENERAL GRANT and his party left Agra on the 1st of March for Delhi, at which place they arrived in the afternoon. "It was early morning, and the stars were out," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "when we drove to the Agra station to take the train for Delhi. There is something very pleasant in an Indian morning, and the cool hours between the going of the stars and the coming of the sun are always welcome to Englishmen as hours for bathing and recreation. There is no hardship in seeing the sun rise, as I am afraid would be the case in America. The cool morning breezes were welcome as we drove down to our station and heard the word of command and the music and saw the troops in line, the dropping of the colors and the glistening of the steel as the arms came to a present. All our Agra friends were there to bid us good-speed, and as the train rolled out of the station the thunder of the cannons came from the fort. Our ride to Delhi was like all the rides we have had in India during the day—severe, enervating, almost distressing. You cannot sleep, nor rest, nor read, and there is nothing in the landscape to attract. It is not until after you pass Delhi and go up into the hill regions toward the

RUINS OF AN ANCIENT INDIAN TEMPLE.

Himalayas that you begin to note the magnificence of Indian scenery, of which I have read and heard so much but as yet have not seen. We came into Delhi early in the afternoon in a worn-out, fagged condition. There was a reception by troops, and the General with Mrs. Grant drove to Ludlow Castle, the home of Gordon Young, the chief officer. The others found quarters in a comfortable hotel—comfortable for India—near the railway station.

"The first impression Delhi makes upon you is that it is a beautiful town. But I am afraid that the word town, as we understand it at home, will give you no idea of a town in India. We think of houses built closely together, of avenues and streets, and people living as neighbors and friends. In India, a town is built for the air. The natives in some of the native sections, in the bazaars, live closely together, huddle into small cubby-holes of houses or rude caves, in huts of mud and straw, but natives of wealth and Englishmen build their houses where they may have space. A drive through Delhi is like a drive through the lower part of Westchester county or any of our country suburbs. The officials have their bungalows in the finest localities, near wood and water when possible, surrounded by gardens. What strikes you in India is the excellence of the roads and the beauty of the gardens. This was especially true of Delhi. As you drove from the dusty station, with the strains of welcoming music and the clang of presenting arms in your ears, you passed through a section that might have been an English country town with gentlemen's seats all around. This accounts for what you read of the great size of the Indian cities—that they are so many miles long and so many broad. It is just as if we took Bay Ridge or Riverdale and drew lines around them, and calling them towns spoke of their magnitude. This is worthy of remembering also in recalling the sieges of the Indian towns during the mutiny. There is no town that I have seen that could stand a siege like one of our compactly built English or American towns. They are too large. Delhi, for instance, was never invested during the mutiny. The provisions came in every day and the soldiers could have left any time, just as they left Lucknow when

Colin Campbell came in. The defence of a city meant the defence of the fort or the palace.

"There are few cities in the world which have had a more varied and more splendid career than Delhi. It is the Rome of India, and the history of India centres around Delhi. It has no such places as Benares in the religion of the people, but to the Indians it is what Rome in the ancient days was to the Roman Empire. One of its authentic monuments goes back to the fourth century, before Christ. Its splendor began with the rise of the Mogul Empire, and as you ride around the suburbs you see the splendor of the Moguls in what they built and the severity of their creed in what they destroyed. After you pass from the English section a ride through Delhi is sad. You go through miles of ruins—the ruins of many wars and dynasties, from what was destroyed by the Turk in the twelfth century to what was destroyed by the Englishman in the nineteenth. The suburbs of Jerusalem are sad enough, but there you have only the memories, the words of prophecy, and the history of destruction. Time has covered or dispersed the ruins. But Time has not been able to do so with the ruins of Delhi. From the Cashmere gate to the Rutab, a ride of eleven miles, your road is through monumental ruins. Tombs, temples, mausoleums, mosques in all directions. The horizon is studded with minarets and domes, all abandoned and many in ruins. In some of them Hindoo or Moslem families live, or, I may say, burrow. Over others the government keeps a kind of supervision; but to supervise or protect all would be beyond the revenues of any government. I was shown one ruin—an arched way, beautiful in design and of architectural value—which it was proposed to restore; but the cost was beyond the resources of the Delhi treasury. I have no doubt of the best disposition of the rulers of India toward the monuments and all that reminds the Hindoo of his earlier history. But these monuments were built when labor was cheap, when workmen were compelled to be content with a handful of corn, and when the will of the ruler was a warrant for anything that pleased him.

"In wandering about Delhi, your mind is attracted to these sad

scenes. What it must have been when the Moguls reigned you may see in the old palace, the great mosque of Shah Ishan, and the Kutab. On the afternoon of our arrival we were taken to the palace, which is now used as a fort for the defence of the city. We have an idea of what the palace must have been in the days of Aurungzebe. 'Over against the great gate of the court,' says a French writer who visited India in the seventeenth century, 'there is a great and stately hall, with many ranks of pillars high raised, very airy, open on three sides, looking to the court, and having its pillars ground and gilded. In the midst of the wall, which separateth this hall from the seraglio, there is an opening or a kind of great window high and large, and so high that a man cannot reach to it from below with his hand. There it is where the King appears, seated upon his throne, having his sons on his side, and some eunuchs standing, some of which drive away the flies with peacocks' tails, others fan him with great fans, others stand there ready, with great respect and humility, for several services. Thence he seeth beneath him all the umrahs, rajahs, and ambassadors, who are also, all of them, standing upon a raised ground encompassed with silver rails, with their eyes downward and their hands crossing their stomachs.' 'In the court he seeth a great crowd of all sorts of people.' Sometimes His Majesty would be entertained by elephants and fighting animals and reviews of cavalry. There were feats of arms of the young nobles of the court; but more especially was this seat a seat of justice, for if any one in the crowd had a petition he was ordered to approach, and very often justice was done then and there, for 'those kings,' says a French authority, 'how barbarous soever esteemed by us, do yet constantly remember that they owe justice to their subjects.'

"We were shown this hall, and, by the aid of a sergeant, who walked ahead and warned us against stumbling, climbed up a narrow stair and came out on the throne. All the decorations have vanished, and it is simply a marble platform, 'so high that a man cannot reach to it from below with his hands.' The view from the throne embraced a wide, open plain, which could easily accommodate a large crowd, as well as give space for manœuvres,

reviews, and fighting elephants. The hall even now is beautiful and stately, although it has been given over to soldiers, and the only audience that saluted General Grant during his brief tenure of the throne of Aurungzebe were groups of English privates who lounged about taking their ease, making ready for dinner, and staring at the General and the groups of officers who accompanied him. The last of the Moguls who occupied this throne was the foolish old dotard whom the Sepoys made Emperor in 1857, and who used to sit and tear his hair and dash his turban on the ground, and call down the curses of God upon his soldiers for having dragged him to the throne. All that has long since passed away. The Emperor lies in Burmah in an unknown grave, the site carefully concealed from all knowledge, lest some Moslem retainer should build a shrine to his memory. His son is a pensioner and prisoner at $3,000 a year. The rest of his family were slain, and the present house of the Mohammedan conquerors has sunk too low even for compassion.

"Notwithstanding the havoc of armies and the wear and tear of barrack-life, there are many noble buildings in the palace. This hall of audience, before the mutiny, was decorated with mosaic; but an officer of the British army captured the mosaic, had it made up into various articles, and sold them for $2,500. From here we went to the hall of special audience, where the Emperor saw his princes and noblemen, and which is known as the hall of the peacock throne. The site of this famous throne was pointed out to us, but there is no trace of it. Around the white marble platform on which the throne rested are the following words in gilt Persian characters:—'If there be an elysium on earth, it is this, it is this, it is this.' The peacock throne was simply a mass of jewels and gold, valued at about $30,000,000. Mr. Beresford, in his book on Delhi, says it was called the peacock throne 'from its having the figures of two peacocks standing behind it, their tails expanded, and the whole so inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones of appropriate colors, as to represent life. The throne itself was six feet long by four feet broad. It stood on six massive feet, which, with the body, were of solid gold inlaid with rubies, emer-

alds, and diamonds. It was supported by a canopy of gold, upheld by twelve pillars, all richly emblazoned with costly gems, and a fringe of pearls ornamented the borders of the canopy.' 'On the other side of the throne stood umbrellas, one of the Oriental emblems of royalty. They were formed of crimson velvet richly embroidered, and fringed with pearls. The handles were eight feet high, of solid gold, and studded with diamonds.' The ceiling of this hall was of solid silver. In 1739, when Nadir Shah, the Persian, took Delhi, he broke up the peacock throne and carried away the jewels; the Mahrattas came in 1760 and took the silver, the English the mosaics, the bath-tubs of marble and articles of lesser value, so that the room of the peacock throne is now a stripped and shabby room, with no shadow of its former splendor.

"We went into the bath-rooms of the kings and the more private apartments. Some of those rooms had been ingeniously decorated in frescoes, but, when the Prince of Wales came to Delhi, a ball was given him in the palace, and three frescoes were covered with whitewash. No reason was given for this wantonness but that it was thought white would light up better under the ball-room lamps. I asked one of the officers who accompanied us, and who told us the story with indignation, whether the decorations could not be restored, like the restorations in the mosque of Cordova. But there is no such hope. One of the most interesting features in a palace which has been already too much stripped vanishes before the whitewash brush of a subaltern. The same spirit was shown in the stripping of the great mosque called the Jam-Mussid. After the capture of Delhi, in 1857, the troops plundered it, going so far as to strip the gilding from the minarets. This mosque, even now, is one of the noblest buildings in India. It stands in the centre of the city, built upon a rock. In the ancient time there were four streets that converged upon the mosque, leading into various parts of the town. But as the mosque was used during the mutiny as a fort, all the space in front of it has been cleared for military purposes, and the space between the mosque and the palace, that was formerly densely peopled, is now an open plain, where troops may manœuvre and cannon may fire. Nothing is more important, in the civilization

of India by the English, than that the cannon should have range. In the days of the Moguls the emperors came to the mosque to pray. It is now a religious edifice, having been restored to the Moslems recently, after twenty years' retention by the British—a sort of punishment to the Moslems for their course during the mutiny. The ascent is up a noble sweeping range of steps. These steps were crowded with people, who came out in the afternoon to enjoy the air, chatter, buy and sell and fight chickens. On Friday afternoon, when there is service, and on fête days, the steps become quite a fair. As the General and party walked along, beggars and dealers in chickens and falcons swarmed around them, anxious for alms or to trade. One of the treasures in the mosque was a hair of Mohammed's beard. This holiest of Moslem relics is under a keeper, who has a pension for the service. He was a quiet, venerable soul, who brought us the relic in a glass case. The hair was long, and had a reddish auburn tinge which time has not touched. Another relic was a print of Mohammed's foot in marble. The footprint was deep and clear, and shows that when the Prophet put his foot down it was with a force which even the rocks could not resist. We strolled about the mosque, which is large and capacious, as should become the temple of an Emperor. A few devout souls were at prayer, but somehow the building had a neglected look. The mosque itself is 201 feet long and 120 feet broad, and the minarets 130 feet high. It was here that the Mogul emperors worshipped, and here was read the litany of the house of Timur. The last of these performances was during the mutiny in 1857, when the old King came in state, as his ancestors did, and reproduced the sacred story of the sacrifice of Abraham in the sacrifice of a camel by his own royal hands.

"An interesting visit, worthy of remembrance, was our drive to the Kutab. We drove out in the early morning, and our course was for eleven miles through the ruins of the ancient city. The whole way was through ruins, but it is worth noting as a peculiarity of these ancient cities, that they drifted from point to point as improvements were made, and each generation drifted away from the line of its predecessor. The habit of beginning every-

thing new and never concluding what your fathers began, contributed to this habit of spreading over a large space, which might have been more compactly built. On our way to the Kutab we passed the monument of a daughter of Shah Tehan, whose memory is cherished as that of a good and wise princess. The epitaph, as translated by Mr. Russell, is worthy of preservation:

"'Let no rich canopy cover my grave.
The grass is the best covering for the poor in spirit.
The humble, transitory, Tehanara, the disciple of the Holy men of Cheest.
The daughter of the Emperor Shah Tehan.'

"The Kutab, or tower, was for a long time looming over the horizon before we came to its base. This tower ranks among the wonders of India. It is 238 feet high, sloping from the base, which is forty-seven feet in diameter, to the summit, which is nine feet. It is composed of five sections or stories, and with each story there is a change in the design. The lower section has twenty-four sides, in the form of convex flutings, alternately semi-circular and rectangular. In the second section they are circular, the third angular, the fourth a plain cylinder, the fifth partly fluted and partly plain. At each basement is a balcony. On the lower sections are inscriptions in scroll-work, reciting in Arabic characters the glory of God, verses from the Koran and the name and achievements of the conqueror who built the tower. It is believed that when really complete, with the cupola, it must have been twenty feet higher. The work goes back to the fourteenth century, and with the exception of the cupola, which, we think, some British government might restore, it is in a good state of preservation. Everything in the neighborhood is a ruin. But the town itself seems so well built as to defy time. Another interest which attaches to the Kutab is that it is the site of one of the most ancient periods in the history of India. It is believed that there was a city here at the beginning of the Christian era, and one of the monuments is the iron pillar which was set up 1,500 years ago. The pillar is a round, iron column, twenty-two feet high, with some inscription in Sanskrit character. There are several legends associated with the column which have grown

into the literature and religion of the Hindoo race. The contrast between the modest, simple iron pillar, and the stupendous, overshadowing mass of stone at its side, might be said to typify the two races which once fought here for the Empire of Hindostan—the fragile Hindoo and the stalwart Mussulman. The power of both have given way to the men of the North. We climbed the Kutab to the first veranda, and had a good view of the country, which was desolation, and, having wandered about the ruins and looked at the old inscriptions and admired many fine bits of the ancient splendor which have survived time and war, we drove back to the city.

"Attended by an officer who took part in the siege, the General visited the lines held by the English and the Sepoys during the mutiny when the English Empire in India depended for months upon the valor and endurance of the small army which invested Delhi."

Leaving Delhi on the 4th, General Grant and his party reached Lucknow on the 5th of March. "Our visit to Lucknow," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "was made pleasant by meeting our friend W. C. Capper, Esq., who had been a fellow-passenger on the 'Venetia,' and whose guests we were during our stay in the ancient and memorable city. Mr. Capper is the chief judicial officer of this district, and lives in a large and pleasant house in the English quarters. Lucknow is the capital of the old Kingdom of Oude, which was annexed in 1856 by the East India Company, under Lord Dalhousie. This peer is called by his admirers the great pro-consul, and his administration was celebrated for its 'firm' and 'vigorous' policy. The principles upon which His Lordship acted were recorded in a minute of the East India Council, passed in 1831, under the administration of Lord Auckland, which is worth quoting as one of the frankest annals of statecraft since the days of Rob Roy: 'Our policy should be to persevere in the one clear and direct course of abandoning no just or honorable accession of territory or revenue, while all existing claims of right are scrupulously respected.' Under this policy, during Lord Dalhousie's rule, the Sikhs were defeated and their army disabled, the Punjaub was

annexed, Pega was taken from Burmah, the principality of Ihousi was taken from the Princess who ruled it and who sought a terrible revenge in the mutiny, the kingdom of Oude was sequestrated, and its King pensioned at $600,000 a year. Among the reasons for the annexation were the personal character of the kings, who passed their lifetimes within their palace walls, caring for nothing but the gratification of some individual passion, 'avarice, as in one; intemperance, as in another; or, as in the present, effeminate sensuality, indulged among singers, musicians, and eunuchs, the sole companions of his confidence and the sole agents of his power.' You will observe that whenever the company wanted territory or revenue there were always moral reasons at hand. It seems to an outside observer that the reasons for annexing the Oude dominions would have justified Napoleon in taking the dominions of George IV.

"There are few sights in India more interesting than the ruins of the Residency in Lucknow, where, during the mutiny, a handful of English residents defended themselves against the overwhelming forces of the Sepoys until relieved by Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell. The story of that defence is one of the most brilliant in the annals of heroism and will always redound to the honor of the British name. After the relief the garrison evacuated, and the Sepoys, unable to destroy the garrison, destroyed the residences. The ruins are as they were left by Nana Sahib. Living hands have planted flowers and built monuments to mark the events of the siege, and the grounds are as carefully kept as a garden park. Mr. Capper, who was one of the garrison during the siege, took General Grant to every point of interest—to the house of the commissioners; to the cellars, where women and children hied during those fearful summer months; to the ruins of Sir Joseph Fayrer's house and the spot where Sir Henry Lawrence died; to the grave of Havelock and Lawrence. We saw the lines of Sir Colin Campbell's attack, when he captured Lucknow, put the garrison to the sword and ended the mutiny. We drove around the town and saw the various palaces, that remind you of the magnificence of the Oude dynasty, but whose grandeur disturbs the government, as they

are too expensive to keep and too grand to fall into ruins. The Chutter Munzil, which was built by the King who reigned in 1827 as a seraglio, is now a club house. Here the residents gave the General and party a ball, which was a brilliant and agreeable affair.

"The main palace is called the Kaiser Bagh—a great square of buildings surrounding an immense courtyard. These buildings are pleasant, with a blending of Italian and Saracenic schools, giving them an effeminate appearance, glaring with yellow paint. This palace cost, at Indian prices of labor, $4,000,000. A monument shows you where the British captives were butchered in 1857, for which deed Sir Colin Campbell took so terrible a revenge. We visited the Secunder Bagh, a palace built by the last King and given to one of his wives, Secunder, whence it derives its name. This was carried by the British, who killed the two thousand Sepoys defending it. We visited other public buildings, all going back to the Oude dynasty, showing that the kings did not hesitate to beautify their capital. We saw the curious building called the Martiniere, a most fantastic contrivance, built by a French adventurer who lived at the court of the Oude kings, and built this as a tomb for himself and as a college. We also visited the great Imambara, or Home of the Prophets, which in its time was the most noted building in Lucknow, and even now surprises you with the simplicity and grandeur of its style. It was used as a mausoleum for one of the nobles of Oude, and in other days the tomb was strewed with flowers 'and covered with rich barley bread from Mecca, officiating priests being in attendance day and night, chanting verses from the Koran.' It is now an ordnance depot, and when General Grant visited it he was shown the guns and cannon balls by a sergeant of the army.

"We drove through the old town, the streets narrow and dirty, and as we passed we noted that the people were of a different temper from those we had seen in other parts of India. Generally speaking, a ride through a native town means a constant returning of salutes, natives leaving their work to come and stare and make you the Eastern salaam; constant evidences of

PAGODA OF CHILLENBAUM—INDIA.

courtesy and welcome—of respect at least for the livery of your coachmen, which is the livery of the supreme authority and signifies to the native mind that there is one whom the authority of England delights to honor. There was nothing of this in Lucknow. The people are Mussulmans, of the fierce, conquering race, on whom the yoke of England does not rest lightly,

who simply scowled and stared, but gave no welcome. Pleasant it was to visit a mission school, under the charge of American ministers. The clergymen directing the mission received the General and his party at the mission, a spacious old house in the suburbs. The scholars—all females—were seated under a tree, and as the General came to the gate they welcomed him by singing 'John Brown.' The pupils were bright, intelligent children, some of them young ladies. There were English, natives, and children of English and native parents.

"We have been spending these past few days amid scenes which have a strange and never-dying interest to Englishmen—the scenes of the mutiny of 1857. Among the men we meet every day are men who did their share in the defence of the English empire during that dreadful time. What an interest it adds to your knowledge of any famous place to be able to see it with men who were there, to have them recall what they and their comrades suffered in defence of their lives, in rescue of the lives of others, to save to England this rich and precious heritage. 'Here is where I saw poor Lawrence die.' 'Here is where they buried Havelock.' 'Here is the cellar where our women hid during that fearful summer, with shot and shell falling every moment.' 'That is the position captured by the English, where they killed 1,700 Sepoys.' 'Here is one of the trees where we hanged our prisoners. It used to be great fun to the old sergeant, who would say, as he dragged up the prisoners, "What a fine lot of plump birds I have brought you this morning!"' 'Here is where we used to stand and pot the rebels, and go to bed angry if we did not make a good bag.' 'Here is where we learned the terrible fascination blood has to our human nature, the delight of killing that grew upon us, that I shudder now to recall it.' You gather up remarks like this that have been made to you by various gentlemen and officers in Lucknow, Delhi and other places visited by us in passing through the sections of India where the mutiny was in force."

On the 8th of March, General Grant and his party left Lucknow for Benares, arriving there at ten o'clock the same evening. "The day had been warm and enervating," says Mr. Young, in his

letter to *The New York Herald*, "and our journey was through a country lacking in interest. Long, low, rolling plains, monotonous and brown, were all that we could see from the car windows. At the various railway stations where we stopped guards of honor were in attendance, native troops in their white parade costumes and officers in scarlet, who came to pay their respects to the General. The Viceroy has telegraphed that he will delay his departure from Calcutta to the hills to enable himself to meet General Grant. In return for this courtesy the General has appointed to be in Calcutta earlier than he expected. He has cut off Cawnpore, Lahore, Simla and other points in Northern India which had been in his programme. Then the weather is so warm that we must hurry our journey so as to be out of the country before the hot season is really upon us and the monsoon storms bar our way to China. It is a source of regret to the General that he did not come earlier to India. Every hour in the country has been full of interest, and the hospitality of the officials and the people is so generous and profuse that our way has been especially pleasant. What really caused this delay was the General's desire to take the American man-of-war 'Richmond,' which has always been coming to meet him, but has never come. But for his desire to accept the courtesy of the President in the spirit in which it was offered, the General would have come to India earlier. As it is, the offer of the Government was a barren one. If the General had waited for the 'Richmond,' he would never have seen India, and from the pace she is making in Atlantic waters, it would probably have taken him as long to go around the world as it did Captain Cook.

"Travel in India during the day is very severe. The only members of our party about whom we have anxiety on the ground of fatigue are Mr. Borie and Mrs. Grant. The friends of Mr. Borie will be glad to know that he has stood the severest part of his journey around the world wonderfully well, considering the years that rest upon him and his recent illness. Mr. Borie is a comprehensive traveller, anxious to see everything, who enters into our journey with the zest and eagerness of a boy, and whose amiability and kindness, patience under fatigue,

and consideration for all about him, have added a charm to our journey. Mrs. Grant has also stood the journey, especially the severer phases of it, marvellously, and justifies the reputation for endurance and energy which she won on the Nile. As for the General, he is, so far as himself is concerned, a severe and merciless traveller, who never tires; always ready for an excursion or an experience, and as indifferent to the comforts and necessities of the way as when in the Vicksburg campaign he would make his bivouac at the foot of a tree. There is this military quality in travelling on the General's part, that he will map out his route for days ahead from maps and time tables, arrange just the hour of his arrival and departure, and never vary it. In the present case the wishes of the Viceroy, who has been most cordial in his welcome, and who is anxious to go to the hills, has shortened our trip and changed the General's plan. What we shall do after leaving Calcutta is uncertain. The telegraph will have told you before you have this letter. If the 'Richmond' is in reach, or there is some other vessel of the navy within reach, the General will take her for the purpose of visiting some of the out-of-the-way points outside of the beaten track of travel. He will also go to Madras, and see the Duke of Buckingham, and to Ceylon. If she has not entered the Indian Ocean, the General will keep on with such passenger lines as he can find, and be home early in the summer.

"We were all tired and frowsy and not wide awake when the train shot into Benares station. The English representative of the Viceroy, Mr. Daniells, came on the train and welcomed the General to Benares. Then we descended, and the blare of trumpets, the word of command, with which we have become so familiar, told of the guard of honor. The General and Mrs. Grant, accompanied by the leading military and civic English representatives and native rajahs, walked down the line with uncovered heads. The night was clear, a full moon shining, and the heavens a dome of light, which softened the landscape and seemed to bring into picturesque prominence the outlines of the sacred city. One could well imagine that Benares, the eternal city, favored of the gods, might always look as it did when we came into

it. The blending of uniforms, the English officers in scarlet, the native princes in rich and flowing garments blazing with gems—on one side the line of armed men, on the other a curious crowd of Indians—all combined to make the scene Oriental and vivid. In honor of the General's coming the road from the station to the Government House had been illuminated. Poles had been stuck in the ground on either side of the road, and from these poles lanterns and small glass vessels filled with oil were swinging. So as we drove, before and behind was an avenue of light that reminded you of one of the Paris boulevards as seen from Montmartre. It was a long drive to the house of the Commissioner, but even this and the fatigue of one of the severest days we had known in our experience of Indian travel were recompensed by the grace of our welcome. A part of his house Mr. Daniells gave to General and Mrs. Grant and Mr. Borie. For the others there were tents in the garden. Although it was late, after supper we sat on the veranda for a long time, talking about India, England and home, fascinated by the marvellous beauty of the night—a beauty that affected you like music.

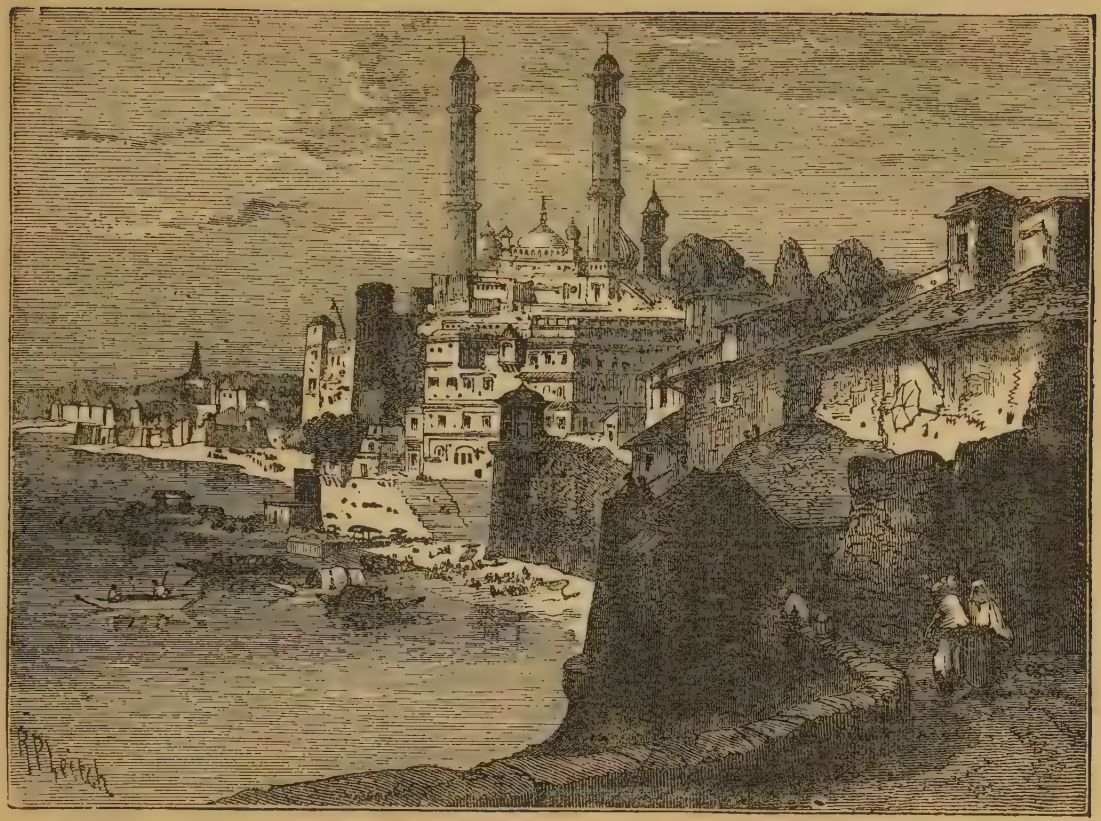
"You must do your sight-seeing in India early in the morning or late in the afternoon. And so it was arranged that the short time we could give to Benares should be fully occupied. In the morning we should go to the temples and sail down the Ganges, so as to have a view of the bathing-places, the spots where the bodies are burned, the pilgrims bathing in the holy waters, the terraced sides of the city, its Moslem turrets and Hindoo domes. This arranged we repaired to our tents to find what rest the few hours that remained before dawn would give. Tent life in India is the most pleasant way of living. Your tent is capacious, with four sides, and is really a double tent—one over the other. This allows the air to circulate and gives you a passage-way around, and room for all manner of comforts. I had heard so much of animal life in India that I walked about my tent with a feeling of inquiry as to whether a cobra might not be coiled up in the straw, or whether some friend of the jungle might not include our camp in the list of his wanderings. But the cobra, although the deadliest of snakes, is not much about until the rains come, and as we

are in India in the dormant season, we are not apt to see cobras. Here the servant, who sleeps on the ground at the tent door, has been beating the straw with a stick, for he has as much interest in the cobra question as I have. The only animal from the jungle that ever visits your camp is the jackal, and he is a cowardly brute, who only comes for offal. Wild animals avoid fire, and I observed that the servants who attended our small camp put a burning oil taper just outside of the door. That flickering taper would be as sure a guard against the jackal, against any animal of the jungle, as a battery of artillery. No power would induce even a tiger to come near it. My servant gives me all this information with comforting assurance, and so, after strolling over to the other tents, apparently to say good-night to the Colonel and the Doctor, but really, I suppose, to have another look at the skies and breathe the odor of the flowers, I retired. Before the sun was up the servant came floating in—I suppose it is the white, flowing muslin gowns and their noiseless step that give you the idea of floating—with tea and toast, and told 'Sahib' that the carriages were coming for our drive to the holy temples of Benares.

"Benares, the sacred city of the Hindoos, sacred also to the Buddhists, is one of the oldest in the world. Macaulay's description, so familiar to all, is worth reprinting, from the vividness with which it represents it, as we saw it to-day. 'Benares,' says Macaulay, in his essay on Warren Hastings, 'was a city, which in wealth, population, dignity and sanctity, was among the foremost in Asia. It was commonly believed that half a million human beings were crowded into the labyrinth of lofty alleys, rich with shrines and minarets, and balconies and carved oriels, to which the sacred apes clung by hundreds. The traveller could scarcely make his way through the press of holy mendicants and not less holy bulls. The broad and stately flights of steps which descended from these swarming haunts to the bathing-places along the Ganges were worn every day by the footsteps of an innumerable multitude of worshippers. The schools and temples drew crowds of pious Hindoos from every province where the Brahminical faith was known. Hundreds of devotees came thither

every month to die, for it was believed that a peculiarly happy fate awaited the man who should pass from the sacred city into the sacred river. Nor was superstition the only motive which allured strangers to that great metropolis. Commerce had as many pilgrims as religion. All along the shores of the venerable stream lay great fleets of vessels laden with rich merchandise. From the looms of Benares went forth the most delicate silks that adorned the halls of St. James and Versailles; and in the bazaars the muslins of Bengal and the sabres of Oude were mingled with the jewels of Golconda and the shawls of Cashmere.' Benares to one-half the human race—to the millions in China who profess Buddhism, and the millions in India who worship Brahma—is as sacred as Jerusalem to the Christian or Mecca to the Mohammedan. Its greatness was known in the days of Nineveh and Babylon, when, as another writer says, 'Tyre was planting her colonies, when Athens was gaining in strength, before Rome had become known, or Greece had contended with Persia, or Cyrus had added to the Persian monarchy, or Nebuchadnezzar had captured Jerusalem.' The name of Benares excites deep emotions in the breast of every pious Hindoo, and his constant prayer is, 'Holy Kasi! Would that I could see the eternal city favored of the gods! Would that I might die on its sacred soil!'

"Benares is the city of priests. Its population, notwithstanding Macaulay's estimate, is less than two hundred thousand. Of this number from twenty to twenty-five thousand are Brahmins. They govern the city and hold its temples, wells, shrines and streams. Pilgrims are always arriving and going, and as the day of General Grant's visit fell upon one of the holiest of Indian festivals, we found it crowded with pilgrims. Sometimes as many as two hundred thousand come in the course of a year. They come to die, to find absolution by bathing in the sacred waters of the Ganges. The name comes from a prince named Banar, who once ruled here. The Hindoo name, Kasi, means 'splendid.' There is no record of the number of temples. Not long since one authority counted 1,454 Hindoo temples, and 272 Mohammedan mosques. In addition to the temples there are shrines,



THE CITY OF BENARES, INDIA.

cavities built in walls containing the image of some god, as sacred as temples. Pious rajahs are always adding to the temples and shrines. One of the rulers of Jeypore offered to present 100,000 temples provided they should be commenced and finished in one day. 'The plan hit upon,' says the Rev. Mr. Sherring, who tells the story, 'was to cut out on blocks of stone a great many tiny carvings, each one representing a temple. The separate blocks, therefore, on the work being completed, exhibited from top to bottom and on all sides a mass of minute temples.' It is believed that there are a half million of idols in the city. The effect of the British rule has been to increase the idols and temples, for the law of the British gives protection to all religions, and under this the Hindoo has been able to rebuild the monuments which the Mohammedan invaders pulled down. Aurungzebe, who flourished at the close of the seventeenth century, and to whom Benares owes a prominent and picturesque mosque, was the chief among the destroyers of images. To Aurungzebe the Hindoos attribute the overthrow of most of the shrines which made Benares famous in other days. Since the Hindoos have been guaranteed the possession of their temples, the work of rebuilding has gone on with increasing zeal. It is noted, however, perhaps as an effect of what Islam did in its days of empire, that the monuments of the later Hindoo period are small and obscure when compared with what we see in southern India, where the power of the idol-breakers never was supreme. The temples are small. The Hindoo, perhaps, has not such a confidence in the perpetuity of British rule as to justify his expressing it in stone. And when your imagination is filled with all you have read of the mighty monuments of India, you are disappointed to see so many of their temples toy buildings, which have nothing of the force and grandeur of the Moslem mosques.

"It is not in the nature of the Hindoo to find an expression for his religion in stone. All Nature, the seas, the streams, the hills, the trees, the stars, and even the rocks are only so many forms of the Supreme existence. Why then attempt to express it in stone? That belongs more particularly to Islam and Christianity, who know only one God and exhaust the resources of art

to magnify and glorify His name. There is more true worship in the dome of St. Peter and the nave of Canterbury, than in all the temples of India. What you see in Benares is not a stately but a picturesque city, with every variety of Hindoo worship meeting you at every turn. It is indeed a teeming town. The streets are so narrow that only in the widest can even an elephant make his way. They are alleys—narrow alleys, not streets—and as you thread your way through them you feel as if the town were one house, the chambers only separated by narrow passages. The absence of carriages makes it a silent town—as silent as Venice—and all you hear is the chattering of pilgrims moving from shrine to shrine. Many of the alleys were so narrow that two of us could not walk abreast. I am afraid Benares is not a savory city. The odors that come from the various temples and churchyards, where curs, priests, beggars, fakirs, calves, monkeys, were all crammed, might have been odors of sanctity to the believers in Vishnu, but to us they were oppressive and prevented as intelligent and close a study of the religion as some of us might have bestowed. Yet our procession was Oriental. The Commissioner, Mr. Daniells, had provided Sedan chairs for the party. These chairs were heavy, ornamented with gold and brass, mounted on poles and carried on the shoulders of four bearers. They are used by persons of rank, and the rank is also expressed by carrying over the head an embroidered silk umbrella in gaudy colors. When we came to the outskirts of the town our chair-bearers were waiting for us, and the General was told that he might take his place. But the idea of swinging in a gaudy chair from a pole, with attendants before and behind calling upon the people to make way, and a dazzling umbrella over his head decorated with all the colors of the rainbow, was too much for the General. He preferred to walk. Mrs. Grant was put in one chair, and Mr. Borie, whose health is such as to make every little aid in the way of movement welcome, was in another. The General and the rest of the party made their way on foot. We were accompanied by several officers of the British Residency, and, as we wound along the alleys from temple to temple, were quite a procession. In the eyes of the popula-

tion it was a distinguished procession, for the uplifted chairs, richly decorated, the swaying of umbrellas covered with silver and gold, the attendants in the British government livery—all told that there was among us one whom even the Englishman delighted to honor. But I am bound to say that the admiration, the respect, the wondering gaze, the low bent salaam, which everywhere met us, and which were intended for the General, were bestowed on Mr. Borie. The General, wearing his white helmet, walked ahead with Mr. Daniells unnoticed. Mr. Borie was in the chair of honor, and to the native mind the occupancy of that chair was the advertisement of his rank and fame. There was something, too, in our friend's white full beard, his thin gray locks and the venerable features which was not unbecoming what the natives expected to see in the ex-President. Mr. Borie, who is as polite a man as ever lived, returned all the salutes that were given him, and bore with good humor the raillery of some of the party, who accused him of imposing himself upon the people of holy Benares as General Grant. But one of the most frequent incidents of our Indian trip, as we stop at stations or stroll around the platform waiting for a train, is that the crowd should single out Mr. Borie's reverend face as that of the General, and bestow upon it their curiosity and admiration.

"The Brahmins are the strongest social and religious force in Hindostan. Benares is their city. The policy which founded the Order of Jesuits has often been cited as a masterpiece of government of combining the strongest intellectual force toward missionary enterprise. But the Order of Jesuits is a society under rules and discipline only binding its members. The Brahmins not only govern themselves as rigidly as the Jesuits and hold themselves ready to go as far in the service of their faith, but they have imposed their will upon every other class. Men of the world, men in other callings, use the name of Jesuit as a term of reproach, and even Catholic kings have been known to banish them and put them outside of civil law. There is not a prince in Hindostan who would dare to put a straw in the path of a Brahmin. As an aggressive influence Brahminism showed its power in its war upon Buddhism. The worship of Buddha

GROUP OF BRAHMINS.

was really a protest against the laxity of the Brahmin faith, just as the Reformation sprang from the war made by Martin Luther upon the easy discipline of the Holy See. So successful was Buddhism that at one time it swept over Hindostan, submerging every form of the Hindoo faith, except the Brahmins. The other classes, glad to escape from the caste yoke imposed upon them by the priests, were, no doubt, only too glad to welcome a faith in which there were no castes, no barriers to genius and virtue. In spite of all this the Brahmins, succeeding in doing what the Jesuits have been striving in vain to do for centuries, they revived their own faith, revived all their privileges and distinctions, drove Buddhism into China and Burmah, and are to-day as they were 3,000 years ago, the most powerful class in India. Brahminism is one of the oldest institutions in the world, one of the most extraordinary developments of human intellect and discipline, and there is no reason to suppose that its power over India will pass away.

"It is difficult to understand Benares without recalling some of the features of the strange and subtle faith which came from within its holy walls. As we threaded our way through its alleys and passed from shrine to shrine it seemed to be a city at prayers. Some of these temples were so narrow that even the chair-bearers could not enter, and we made our pilgrimage on foot. You enter a small archway and come into a courtyard. I should say the courtyard was a hundred feet square. In the centre is a shrine —a canopied shrine. Under this is a god, whichever god happens to be worshipped. It is generally a hideous stone, without grace or expression. Pilgrims are around it, in supplication, and as they pray they put offerings on the altar before the idol. These offerings are according to the means of the devotee, but most of those I saw were flowers. Hindoo urchins come up to you and put garlands of flowers about your neck. This is an act of grace and welcome, but you are expected to give money. In front of the idol, sitting on his feet, is the Brahmin reading the Vedas. You know the Brahmin by the sacred thread which he wears on his shoulder and by the marks of his caste on his forehead. These marks are painted every morning after the bath. But even without the painted brow and the drooping loop of

thread you can come to know the Brahmin from his bearing, his clean-cut, intellectual face, his mien of conscious intellect and superiority. He is much the highest type in India, and the manner in which he has kept his caste—pure, governing and gifted—would make a valuable study to those who take interest in the mysterious philosophy of the descent of man. The Brahmin sits at his book and scarcely notices you. Perhaps your coming is not a good omen. He reads the Scriptures under the influence of omens. Unusual winds, rain, thunder, meteors, the howling of the jackals are all so unfortunate as to destroy the value of the holy reading. Perhaps this coming of a company of infidels, smoking, talking and staring may be evil. But the Brahmin apparently does not see evil in the alien, for he reads on. Mrs. Grant, with proper notions about church and what is becoming in holy places, fears that the cigars may offend the pilgrims, and to her mind religion, no matter how grotesque and superstitious, is so holy a thing in itself and in the feelings it represents that anything in the least disposed to offend even the meanest of the worshippers would be distressing. It appears, however, that the cigars arose from a suggestion of the Commissioner, who told us as we came into the narrow ways that smoking was no offence to the Hindoo, and that if by any possibility we could smoke there were sanitary reasons and reasons of comfort why we should do so. Mrs. Grant satisfied on the propriety of our smoking, we study the temple. It is overcrowded, close, malodorous. Beggars are around you. Pilgrims pray and chant. On the walls—for our temple is open—monkeys are perching, chattering, and skipping. Around the walls of the enclosure are stalls, with cows and calves. These are sacred—held in reverence by the pilgrims, who feed and caress and adore them. One or two are monstrous births and they are specially adored. The animals move about among the worshippers quite tame, somewhat arrogant. Mrs. Grant was wearing a garland of flowers which a child who supplied flowers to the worshippers had thrown over her neck. One of the animals, seeing the flowers and knowing them to be savory, made a rush for the garland, and before any one could interfere was munching and tearing it in a deliberate manner.

Evidently that cow had had her own way in her relations with the human race, and if she chose to make as much of a meal as possible out of the decorations and possessions of Mrs. Grant, it was only the force of education. One of the police came to the rescue of our lady, but it was only after a struggle that the cow could be persuaded to abandon her meal. I have no doubt many holy Brahmins were grieved to see the authority of England in the shape of a policeman cudgel a sacred animal into its stall.

"If I were to tell you of all the wells and temples in Benares, the holy places and the legends which make them sacred, it would carry me beyond bounds. Benares and its temples contain material enough for a literature instead of a mere letter in a newspaper. After we had visited several of the temples we went to the observatory of Raja Jai Singh, built at the close of the seventeenth century, and, looking down from its battlements, we see the sacred river shining in the morning sun, the teeming, busy hive of temples and shrines, from which the hum of worship seems to arise; masses of pilgrims sluggishly moving toward the river to plunge into its holy waters and be cleansed of sin. We are pointed out the site of the holy well of Manikarnaki, dug by the god Vishnu, consecrated by the god Mahadeva, whose waters will wash away any sin and make the body pure. From here we went down to the water, and, on board of a steam launch, slowly we steamed under the banks, and the view of the city as seen from our boat was one of the most striking the world can afford. Although the day was not far advanced, the sun was out in all his power. Here was the burning Ghat, the spot where the bodies of the Hindoos are burned. No office is so sacred to the dead as to burn his body on the banks of the Ganges. As we slowly steamed along, a funeral procession was seen bearing a body to the funeral pyre. We observed several slabs set around the burning Ghat. These were in memory of widows who had burned themselves on that spot in honor of their husbands, according to the old rite of suttee. We passed the temple of the Lord Tavaka, the special god who breathes such a charm into the ear of the dying that the departing soul goes into eternal bliss. We passed the temple built in honor of the two feet of Vishnu,

and which are worshipped with divine honors. We saw the Ghats or steps erected by Sindia, an Indian prince, built in heavy masonry, but broken, as by an earthquake, and slowly going to ruin. We pass the lofty mosque of Aurungzebe, notable only for its two minarets, which, rising to 150 feet, are the highest objects in Benares, and are a landmark for miles and miles. We pass shrines and temples without number, the mere recital of whose names and attributes would fill several columns. All this is lost in the general effect of the city as seen from the river. Benares sits on the sacred river, an emblem of the strange religion which has made it a holy city, and there is solemnity in the thought that for ages she has kept her place on the Ganges, that for ages her shrines have been holy to millions of men, that for ages the wisest and purest and best of the Indian race have wandered as pilgrims through her narrow streets and plunged themselves as penitents into the waters to wash away their sins. It is all a dark superstition, but let us honor Benares for the comfort she has given to so many millions of sinful, sorrowing souls. And, as we pass along the river toward our house, and leave the white towers and steps of Benares glistening in the sunshine, we look back upon it with something of the respect and affection that belong to antiquity, and which are certainly not unworthily bestowed upon so renowned, so sacred, and so venerable a city."

On the 9th of March General Grant and his party left Benares for Calcutta, the capital of British India, and reached that city early on the morning of the 10th, after a very fatiguing journey. "The American Consul-General, General Litchfield, was present at the station," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "with a guard of honor from the Viceroy and an aide. The General drove off in the state carriages, with a small escort of cavalry, to the Government House, where preparations had been made by Lord Lytton for the reception of himself and party. The streets had been watered and there was just the suspicion of a cool breeze from the Hoogly, which, after the distress of a long night ride, made our morning drive pleasant. A line of native policemen was formed for a distance of about two miles,

from the railway station to the door of the Government House, who saluted the General as he drove along. The Government House is a large, ornate building, standing in a park or open square, and was built in 1804. The corner-stone was laid about the time that Washington laid the foundation of the capitol. The cost of the building was $750,000. It is said to resemble the English country house of Lord Scarsdale, in Derbyshire, just as our White House is said to be copied from the palace of the Duke of Leinster, near Dublin. It is a noble, stately building, and may rank with any of the palaces in Europe, while it is smaller and less pretentious than many of them. Although the Government House is much larger than the White House, there is not so much room. This is because the White House was built for a temperate, the Government House for a tropical climate. A European in this country would stifle in a house that would be large and awkward at home. The idea of the Government House is a central building, with four outlying blocks, which form wings. There are magnificent council-rooms and a reception-room, which joins to the state dining-room. The two ideas which govern the architecture of the government houses in India are comfort and splendor—comfort, in order that the European may live; splendor, in order that the eye and imagination of the Oriental may be dazzled. It is rather odd at first to see the cold-blooded indifferent, matter-of-fact Englishman, who at home only cares for practical things, as solicitious about pomp and ceremony as a court chamberlain. This is because pomp and ceremony are among the essentials of the government of India.

"Of the public buildings, the Fort is, perhaps, the most important. It was begun by Clive, after the battle of Plassey, and cost $10,000,000. It mounts 600 guns, and is a strong work in good preservation. This is the home of the Commander-in-Chief of the army. There is a town hall in the Doric style, with some large rooms for public entertainments. The Court House is a Gothic pile, with a massive tower. In Dalhousie Square is the Currency Office, a large building in the Indian style of architecture. The Mint stands on the river bank. It is composed of

two buildings, which, with the grounds, cover a space of eighteen and one-half acres, and is said to be the largest mint in the world. There is a Custom House, a bonded warehouse, and a block known as the 'Writers' Buildings,' where young men find homes when they come to India. The new Post Office, with its Corinthian columns and dome, is a handsome building, while the new telegraph office is large and imposing. The Metcalf Hall is where the agricultural shows are held, and the Dalhousie Institute is erected as a kind of Pantheon, 'a monumental edifice, to contain within its walls statues and busts of great men.' Most of the statues are of men who won fame in the mutiny. The St. Paul's Cathedral cost $250,000, and is the metropolitan church of the Episcopal Diocese of Calcutta. It is a graceful and rich building, 247 feet long, 81 wide, and, at the transepts, 114 feet. There are several monuments and memorial windows to famous Anglo-Indians, among them a superb monument to the wise and saintly Heber, whose name is one of the glories of British civilization in India. The statue is by Chantrey, and it represents the illustrious divine in the robes of his holy office, with the Book of Prayer. There are other churches—seventeen Protestant, eight Roman Catholic, and six miscellaneous. The old Mission Church is a curious building. The Scotch Church is a handsome Grecian edifice. There is a free Scotch Church, built through the efforts of Dr. Duff, and chapels of the Wesleyan and Baptist denominations. There are no Hindoo temples in Calcutta, the people worshipping in their houses or on the banks of the river, which is one of the sacred rivers of India. Some of the wealthy Hindoos have apartments in their houses where gods are worshipped, but the great body of the people simply go to the river, bathe, and pray, a form of faith which promotes cleanliness as well as godliness. There are several mosques, the finest being one erected by the son of Tippoo Sultan 'in gratitude to God and in commemoration of the Honorable Court of Directors granting him the arrears of his stipend in 1840.'

"The annual convocation for conferring degrees of the University took place while General Grant was in Calcutta. The General, accompanied by Sir Ashley Eden, Lieutenant Governor

of Bengal, and Sir Alexander Arbuthnot, the Vice Chancellor, attended the convocation. The General and the Bishop of Calcutta sat on the Vice Chancellor's right and Sir Ashley Eden on his left. Degrees were conferred upon students from the various colleges throughout India, and the Vice Chancellor made a speech which contained some interesting references to education in India. In conclusion Sir Alexander made a pleasant allusion to the presence of General Grant.

"The Viceroy received General Grant with great kindness. Lord Lytton said he was honored in having as his guest a gentleman whose career he had so long followed with interest and respect, and that it was especially agreeable to him to meet one who had been chief magistrate of a country in which he had spent three of the happiest years of his life. Lord Lytton had reference to his residence in Washington as a member of the British Legation during the time when his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, was Minister to the United States. His Lordship was cordial in his greeting of Mr. Borie, and referred to the latter gentleman's service in the Cabinet. He also conversed with Colonel Grant about General Sheridan. Nothing could have been more considerate than the reception. The Viceroy regretted that the duties of his office, which on account of Burmese and Afghan complications and his departure for Simla were unusually pressing, prevented his seeing as much of the members of the General's party as he wished. In the afternoon we drove around the city and listened to the band. All the English world of Calcutta spend the cool of the day in the gardens, and the General and the Viceroy had a long stroll. At night there was a state dinner and a speech, an account of which has gone to the *Herald* by cable, and to which I need make no further reference.

"The next day was given to an excursion up the Hoogly to the Viceroy's country seat at Barrackpore. At the last moment Lord Lytton found he could not go, and the honors of the day were done in his name by Sir Ashley Eden. Barrackpore is about twelve miles up the river, and the hour for our departure was noon. We drove to the dock under a beating sun and embarked on the Viceroy's yacht. The party was a small one

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—comprising the leading members of the government with their families. The scenery along the river reminds you somewhat of the low tropical banks of the St. John's, in Florida. The stream is narrower and had a gloomy look compared with the Florida river, where the orange groves light up the dark green landscape. Unlike the St. John's the Hoogly teems with life, with boatmen in all kinds of floating contrivances bringing breadstuffs and merchandise to the Calcutta markets, or carrying home the results of the day in the bazaars. Life is so dense in Hindostan that it was with difficulty you could tell where the city ended and the suburbs began. The navigation of an Indian river must be a good deal trusting to fate, for the currents were wayvard and our vessel was more of a floating hotel than a water-going craft, and when we came bumping against the side of a cumsy hulk with such force as to tear away some of our iron work and make us buzz and tremble, everybody seemed to take it as a matter of course.

"Barrackpore Park had a melancholy prominence in the history of the country. It was here that the first spark flew up in the incident of the greased cartridges. It is now a military station and contains barracks for the accommodation of European and native soldiers. Lord Wellesly first selected it as a country residence for the Governor General and laid out a park of 270 acres in groves and gardens. When the Marquis of Hastings was Governor General he proposed a series of bungalows for the use of the government authorities. The hill stations were not so convenient in those days as now, when railroads carry you in all directions, and Barrackpore was to have been the summer retreat, holding the same relation to the Government House in Calcutta that the Soldiers' Home does to the White House in Washington. The present house of the Governor General was to have been that of one of the secretaries. But the company was thrifty and the palace was never built, and Barrackpore is the home of the Viceroy when he comes down the river, which is not very often, as the stay of the viceregal court in Calcutta is not more than four months in the year, most of the time being given to Simla and the cool slopes of the Himalayas. The view

of Barrackpore from the river is beautiful, because you see what is so rare in India, green rolling meadow land. Were it not for the tropical foliage—notably the banyan trees—it would not be difficult to fancy that the park of Barrackpore was a bit of Richmond, near the Thames. We landed from our steamer in a small yacht, and had quite a walk under the relentless sun, until we came to a marquee tent pitched under a banyan tree, where a band was playing and servants were arranging a table for luncheon.

"We had a merry, pleasant feast under our banyan tree, which is one of the most extraordinary forms of nature. This tree was in itself a small grove, and you could walk in and around and through its trunks and branches as easily as through the columns of a mosque. Unless the tree is checked it will spread and spread, every branch as it touches the earth seeking a new root and throwing out new branches until, as you read in wondering nursery days, an army could encamp under its branches sheltered from the tempest and the sun. We came back to the city late in the afternoon, when the evening shadows had fallen and it was pleasant to steam down the river. It was dark before we reached the Government House, and we had just time to dress for a state dinner, the last to be given by Lord Lytton before leaving Simla. This dinner was made the occasion for presenting to General Grant the leading members of the native families. We had had a reception of this kind in Bombay, but the scene in Calcutta was more brilliant. When the dinner was over and Lord Lytton escorted Mrs. Grant to the reception-room, the halls were filled with a brilliant and picturesque assembly. A company of native gentlemen looks like a fancy dress ball. There is no rule governing their costumes. They are as free to choose the color and texture of their garments as ladies at home. I cannot but think that our heathen friends have learned better than ourselves the lesson of dress, especially for the tropics. We swathe ourselves in dismal and uncomely black, and here in India, where every feather's weight you can lift from your raiment is a blessing to your body, the Englishman so lacks in imagination and enterprise that he endures the same cloth which he wore in Berkeley Square. The natives were in loose gowns of cool, flexible stuffs, that

seemed to play and dally with the heat, and as they streamed about in their airy, flowing, fleecy gowns, they looked more sensible than we civilians in our black evening dress, or the officers girded to the throat with scarlet cloth and braid. There is something for the eye in the varied hues of Indian costumes, and as to splendor, I suppose that one of the jewels that hung from the neck of the Prince of Oude or the diamond that blazed from the finger of one of the rajahs was worth ten times more than all the clothes worn by the Europeans.

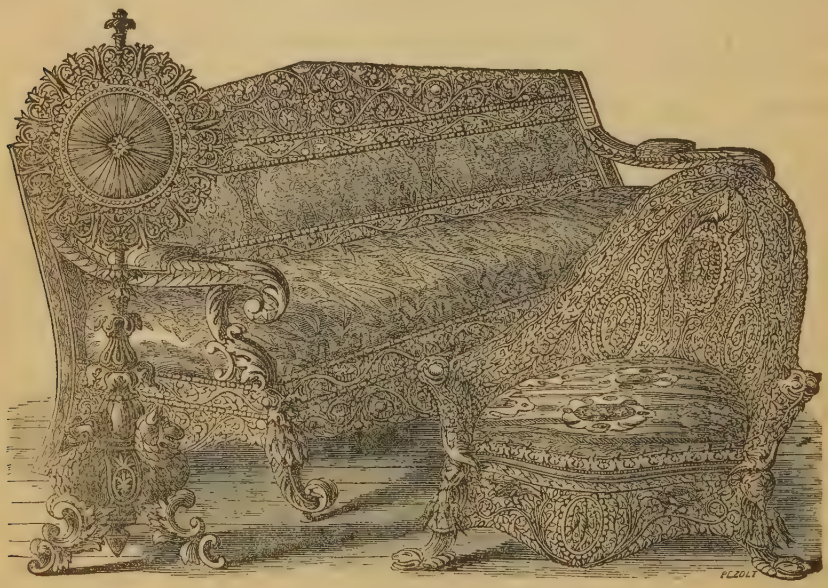
"The native gentlemen and princes of high rank were presented by the Viceroy to General Grant. Some of these names were the foremost in India. Some are deposed princes, or descendants of deposed princes. Others were Brahmins of high caste; some rich bankers and merchants. The son of the King of Oude came with his son. He has an effeminate, weak face. On his head he wore a headdress shaped like a crown, and covered with gold foil and lace. The King of Oude lives in Calcutta, on an allowance of $600,000 a year. He does not come near the Government House, partly because he is so fat that he cannot move about, except in a chair, more probably because he is a kind of state prisoner on account of his supposed sympathies with the mutiny. The old King spends a good share of his income in buying animals. He has a collection of snakes, and is fond of a peculiar kind of pigeon. A pigeon with a blue eye will bring him good fortune, and if one of his Brahmin priests tells him that the posesssion of such a bird is necessary to his happiness he buys it. Recently he paid £1,000 for a pigeon on the advice of a holy Brahmin, who, it was rumored, had an interest in the sale. Not long since the King made a purchase of tigers, and was about to buy a new and choice lot, when the Lieutenant-Governor interfered and said His Majesty had tigers enough. My admiration for the kingly office is so profound that I like it best in its eccentric aspects, and would have rejoiced to have seen so original a majesty. But His Majesty is in seclusion with his snakes, his tigers, his pigeons, his priests and his women, and sees no one, and we had to be content with seeing his son. The Prince seemed forlorn, with his bauble crown, his robes and

his gems, and hid behind the pillars and in corners of the room, and avoided general conversation. Another noted Prince was the descendant of Tippoo Soltan, a full-bodied, eager Moslem Prince, with a flowing beard and character in the lines of his face. This Prince has been in England, talks English well, and is a legal subject of the Crown.

"More interesting was the young Prince from Burmah and his wife. We have had news from Burmah. The new King has taken to evil ways, especially in the murder of his relations. They say he has threatened to kill the British Resident in Mandalay, and a force of troops has gone to Burmah to protect the Resident. And all Calcutta is horror-stricken over the news. I do not know how true it all may be. I have noticed as an instructive coincidence in the history of British rule in Asia that some outrage, some menace to British power always takes place about the time that the interests of the Empire require more territory. England wants Burmah, and its annexation is foregone. But about the murders of his family by the King I suppose there can be no doubt. This Prince and Princess are refugees, and under the protection of the Viceregal court. The Princess was a pretty little lady, with almost European features, and was the cynosure of the evening. Mrs. Grant had quite a conversation with her, and was struck with her vivacity and intelligence. The General conversed with most of the natives present—with all, indeed, who spoke English—and informed the Viceroy that he regarded the opportunity of meeting them as among the most agreeable and interesting features of his Indian journey.

"The Viceroy leaves for the hills, and has only remained in Calcutta to this time to be able to welcome General Grant. Before leaving he had a long and almost affectionate interview with the General, who thanked him for the splendor and hospitality of our reception in India. It was pleasant for us to meet in Lord Lytton a nobleman who not only knew America in a public way, but had a familiar acquaintance with Washington City. The Capital when Lord Lytton lived there and the Capital to-day are, as the General told the Viceroy, very much changed. The flood has come. The Viceroy spoke of Everett and Webster and

Clay and the men he knew; of ladies and gentlemen who flourished under Tyler and Fillmore, and were leaders of society, but who have vanished. It was pleasant to hear the Viceroy speak with so much cordiality and good feeling and appreciation of America, and when our talk ran into political questions at home, and party lines, it was gratifying to hear him say that he could not comprehend how an American who believed in his country could sustain any policy that did not confirm and consolidate the results of the war. Whatever the merits of the war in the begining, the end was to make America an empire, to put our country



CARVED EAST INDIAN FURNITURE.

among the great nations of the earth, and such a position was now every American's heritage, and the defence of which should be his first thought.

"Lord Lytton's administration of India will long be remembered. I find, in conversing with the people, that opinions widely differ as to its character. It was curious to find the strong opinions that had been formed for and against the Viceroy. It showed that in India political feeling ran as high as at home. The moment the Viceroy's name is mentioned in any Indian circle you

hear high praise or severe condemnation. It seemed to me that an administration of so positive a character as to excite these criticisms is sure to make its impression on history, and not fall nerveless and dead. The criticisms passed upon Lord Lytton were calculated to raise him in the estimation of those who had no feelings in Indian affairs, and saw only the work he was doing. One burning objection to His Lordship was his decision in a case where an Englishman received a nominal sentence for having struck a native a blow which caused his death. The blow was not intended to kill. It was a hasty, petulant act, and the native, ailing from a diseased spleen, fell, and, rupturing his spleen, died. The courts treated the matter as an ordinary case of assault and battery; held that the native would have died anyhow from the diseased spleen, and so allowed the matter to pass without punishment. The Viceroy interfered and put a heavy hand on the judges, and all official India arose in arms. The idea of this young literary man, this poet, this sentimental diplomatist coming from the salons of Paris and Lisbon to apply his lackadaisical notions to the stern duties of governing an empire in India—such a thing had never been known. How different this man from those granite statesmen who blew Sepoys from cannon and hanged suspicious characters and saved the Empire! If the right, the consecrated right of an Englishman to beat a 'nigger' is destroyed, then there is no longer an India. I cannot exaggerate the feeling which this incident caused. I heard of it in every part of India we visited. Even from the case as presented by the critics of the Viceroy it seemed a noble thing to do. I saw in it one of the many signs which convince me that India is passing from the despotism of a company, who recognized no rights but those of large dividends and a surplus revenue, to a government before whom all men have equal justice, and which will see that the humblest punkah-wallah is as much protected as the proudest peer. When you read the history of India, its sorrow, its shame, its oppression, its wrong, it is grateful to see a Viceroy resolved to do justice to the humblest at the expense of his popularity with the ruling class."

CHAPTER XV.

BURMAH AND SIAM.

Departure of General Grant from India—Voyage to Rangoon—The Simla—Arrival of General Grant at Rangoon—Reception by the Authorities—The Pagoda—General Grant leaves Rangoon—Voyage down the Straits of Malacca—Penang—Singapore—An Invitation from the King of Siam—News from the "Richmond"—General Grant sails for Bangkok—The Gulf of Siam—Arrival of General Grant at Bangkok—Almost an Accident—The Venice of the East—Reception of General Grant by the Celestial Prince—A Visit to the Regent—A Pleasant Interview—The Siamese Government—The Second King—General Grant calls upon the King of Siam—The King returns General Grant's Visit—An Important Interview—The King Entertains General Grant at a State Dinner.

THE visit to Calcutta closed the Indian tour of General Grant. "A despatch was received at Calcutta by the General," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "saying that the 'Richmond,' which we had been expecting at Galle, had not passed the Suez Canal. All the General's plans in visiting Asia had been based upon the movements of the 'Richmond,' and the hope that she would be at some point on the Indian coast by the time he reached Calcutta. Under this impression he had accepted invitations to visit Ceylon and Madras, and was planning an expedition into the Dutch islands. This news led to a sudden and complete change in our plans. The General resolved to leave India and move on to China in the first steamer. Out of this resolution came our visit to Burmah, a country that had not otherwise been in our programme, and which we have found to be most interesting. We left Calcutta at midnight, on the 17th of March, in order to catch the tides in the Hoogly, on board the steamer 'Simla,' of the British India Navigation Company, commanded by Captain Franks, a young and able officer. The 'Simla' was as pleasant and comfortable as though it had been our own yacht, and our run across the Bay of Bengal was over a summer sea. The nights were so

warm that it was impossible to sleep in our cabins, and we found as good accommodations as we could lying about the deck.

"We sailed up the river to Rangoon, and arrived at the wharf about noon. A fierce sun was blazing, and the whole landscape seemed baked, so stern was the heat. Rangoon is the principal city of Burmah, and seen from the wharf is a low-lying, straggling town. Two British men-of-war were in the harbor, who manned their yards in honor of the General. All the vessels in the stream were dressed, and the jaunty little 'Simla' streamed with flags. The landing was covered with scarlet cloth, and the American and British standards were blended. All the town seemed to be out, and the river bank was lined with the multitude who looked on in their passive Oriental fashion at the pageant. As soon as our boat came to the wharf, Mr. Aitcheson, the Commissioner, came on board, accompanied by Mr. Leishmann, the American Vice Consul, and bade the General welcome to Burmah. On landing the General was presented to the leading citizens and officials and the officers of the men-of-war. The guard of honor presented arms, and we all drove away to Government House, a pretty, commodious bungalow in the suburbs, buried among trees. Mr. Aitcheson, our host, is one of the most distinguished officers in the Indian service. He was for some time Foreign Secretary at Calcutta. Burmah, however, is already one of the most important of the British colonies in Asia, and this importance is not diminished by the critical relations between British Burmah and the court of the King. Consequently, England requires the best service possible in Burmah, and as a result of her policy of sending her wisest men to the most useful places, Mr. Aitcheson finds himself in Rangoon.

"Our days in Rangoon were pleasant. The town is interesting. It is Asiatic and at the same time not Indian. You have left Hindostan and all the forms of that vivid and extraordinary civilization, and you come upon a new people. Here you meet John, the inscrutable John, who troubles you so much in California, and whose fate is the gravest problem of our day. You see Chinese signs on the houses, Chinese workmen on the streets, shops where you can drink toddy, and smoke opium. This is

the first ripple we have seen of that teeming Empire toward which we are steering. Politically Burmah is a part of the British Empire, but it is really one of the outposts of China, and from now until we leave Japan we shall be under the influence of China. The Hindoos you meet are from Madras, a different type from those we saw on our tour. The Burmese look like Chinese to our unskilled eyes, and it is pleasant to see women on the streets and in society. The streets are wide and rectangular, like those of Philadelphia, and the shade trees are grateful. Over the city, on a height, which you can see from afar, is a pagoda, one of the most famous in Asia. It is covered with gilt, and in the evening, when we first saw it, the sun's rays made it dazzling. We knew from the pagoda that in leaving India and coming to Burmah we leave the land of Brahma, and come to the land of Buddha and that remarkable religion called Buddhism.

"Our first visit was to the famous pagoda which rests upon Rangoon like a crown of gold, its burnished splendor seen from afar. The pagoda is in the centre of a park of about two acres, around which are fortifications. These fortifications were defended by the Burmese during their war with the English, and in the event of a sudden outbreak or a mutiny or a war would at once be occupied. During the Burmese wars the pagoda was always used as a fort, and now, in the event of an alarm or an invasion or a mutiny, the troops and people would at once take possession. Ever since that horrible Sunday afternoon in Meerut, when the Sepoys broke out of their barracks, burned every house and butchered every woman and child in the European quarter, all these Asiatic settlements have a place of refuge to which the population can fly. A small guard was on duty as we passed up the ragged steps that led to the pagoda. There was an ascent of seventy-five feet up a series of steps—a gentle and not a tiresome ascent, if you looked carefully and did not stumble among the jagged and crumbling stones. On either side of the way were devotees at prayers or beggars waiting for their rice, or booths where you could buy false pearls, imitation diamonds, beads, packages of gold-leaf, flowers and cakes. The trinkets and flowers are given as offerings to Buddha. The gold-leaf is

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sold for acts of piety. If the devout Buddhist has a little money he lays it out on the pagoda. He buys a package of the gold-leaf and covers with it some dingy spot on the pagoda, and adds his mite to the glory of the temple. No one is so poor that he cannot make some offering. We observed several devout Buddhists at work patching the temple with their gold-foil. On the top of the temple is an umbrella or cap covered with precious stones. This was a royal offering, and was placed here some years since with great pomp."

The travellers did not remain long at Rangoon, but soon resumed their voyage down the Straits of Malacca. "It was pleasant," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "to sail down the Straits of Malacca, and along the coast of Burmah in a comfortable and swift steamer called the 'Simla,' commanded by Captain Franks. After leaving Rangoon we ran across to the little town of Maulmain. Here General Grant and party were received by Colonel Duff, the British Commissioner. There was a guard of honor at the wharf, and a gathering of what appeared to be the whole town. The evening after we arrived there was a dinner given by the Maulmain Volunteer Rifles—a militia organization composed of the merchants of Maulmain and young men in the service of the government. This dinner was given in the messroom of the company—a little bungalow in the outskirts of the town. The next morning there was a visit to the wood yards, where teak wood is sawed and sent as an article of commerce into various countries.

"In taking our leave of our kind friends in Burmah, we were taking leave of India. Burmah is under the Calcutta government, and the Straits of Malacca are under the Home Colonial government, with a governor at Singapore. These settlements are known as 'the Straits Colony.' They were acquired under the East Indian Company, the acquisition of Penang, to which we sailed on leaving Maulmain, being the work of the celebrated Warren Hastings."

While in Calcutta, General Grant received an autograph letter from the King of Siam, inviting him to visit that country, and from Burmah the travellers proceeded to Singapore. The voyage is thus described by Dr. Keating, one of the party:

"I cannot give a better description of our first view of the island of Penang than to tell you that it reminded us all of the coast of Maine, and the town of Penang itself, consisting of about 15,000 people, as it lies at the foot of a range of hills some 2,700 feet high, on a beautiful little bay, really an aneurism in the channel that separates it from the main coast, is strikingly like the little town of Bar Harbor on Mt. Desert Island. At a distance from the shore, as we lay at anchor in the bay, you cannot detect the peculiarities that characterize a tropical climate. The white houses (for here they build of granite or brick and then white-wash externally), the stone pier with its wooden extension, and then the dense vegetation that gives an uninterrupted background of dark green from the top of the hill to the water's edge, gives you a summer scene in a Yankee village. But how this all changes when you approach the shore! You then see that the foliage is none other than that of a thick forest of cocoanut palms, the trees straight as arrows, of uniform height, and shoot forth their beams at the top and combine to form a huge screen that shelters the town, in fact the whole island, from the hot tropical sun. It was sunset as we entered the little bay; a rich crimson glow fell upon eastern water, as the sun sank behind the mountain that lay to the west of us, and on the various tints spread over the bay, till beneath the shadows of the hills the water was of the darkest green. Several large ships, dressed with any number of flags, which were floating in the first cool breeze we had experienced for some days, were in the harbor. French and English mail and opium traders were there, and the whole bay was dotted with native dinghees that brought passengers from our ship to the landing. The native boats are peculiarly built like wedges, with the ends at the base turned up, the boatman standing, crossing oars, and faces the prow.

"We anchored out in mid-stream, and, with the ship's glasses, took a nearer view of the town. The wharf was tastefully decorated with scarlet cloth that not only formed a carpet, but was spread along the sides of the pier that projected from the stone wharf. Palm leaves adorned the archways, and a large American flag waved from the flagstaff at the landing. The wharf was, of

course, crowded—Chinese, Malays, half castes, lined the shore, and a guard of British soldiers were drawn up in double line, preparatory to the General's landing. The Government steam launch soon came alongside the 'Simla,' with an invitation to spend the twenty-four hours that the ship would remain at Penang at the Government House upon the hill, which was accepted by the General.

"The house on the top of the hill, well named 'Belleview,' is reached partly by carriage, and the rest by pony or palanquin. It is about 2,300 feet above the sea, commands the ocean on three sides, and possesses that great desideratum in this part of the world of catching any breeze that happens to come that way. Some of the party spent the night on shipboard and were anything but cool; those that went to the Government House found that a light blanket was very comfortable. Though at a distance Penang does not look like a tropical place, a closer inspection shows one how deceptive distance may become. The whole town is surrounded by a forest of palms of all varieties, from the cocoanut to the traveller's palm, which, like a large fan placed on end, rises out of a thick trunk. Coffee, nutmeg, grow wild by the road-side, and all varieties of flowers, hot-house plants with us, here growing into large trees, abound in the woods on the hillside, and adorn in profusion the dinner table in Penang. But, as I said in my letter from Rangoon, what strikes one most is the freshness of everything—the beautiful grass, the exquisite lawns, coming, as we did from India, where, in the north, everything at this season is parched and dry. Not only is rain abundant all the year round in the Straits settlement, but Penang is additionally fortunate in having mountain streams that supply water to the town for drinking and bathing purposes, keep the place healthy, and make the vegetation luxuriant.

"Early the following morning we visited the town, drove to the waterfall, drank cocoanut milk, which we all thought rather insipid—did everything, in fact, that was to be done, and then wound up the morning by breakfasting with Chief Justice Wood in his pleasant bungalow on the sea.

"At four o'clock it was announced that a public reception was

to be given to General Grant in the Town Hall, when addresses were to be presented. Promptly to the minute we all assembled, and found the hall beautifully decorated with English, American, and Chinese bunting, entwined with evergreens, the whole town out in holiday attire. The room was crowded with all the officials of the place, the floors and windows packed with a motley crowd, and the streets lined—leaving scarcely carriage room—with the curious. General Grant and the Chief Justice occupied the platform, behind which hung an appropriate sentence of welcome, gracefully suspended by a large star, the radii made of side arms adorned with drapery of American flags.

"The first address was one of welcome—congratulatory upon the national friendship of England and America, and the prominent part taken by General Grant's administration in promoting it from the Board of Trade. On the left side of the room a number of the leading and wealthy Chinese merchants were assembled, dressed in their full-dress costume, keeping up a continuous breeze with their enormous fans, to the envy of the rest of the audience, who were doing full justice to the weather by actively perspiring. From among the group one venerable gentleman stepped forward and presented to the General a large envelope of red silk, that contained an address written on scarlet paper, to which was appended a translation. They represented their delight at being the first of their countrymen to welcome the General, wished him a pleasant trip to their native country, and asked him to use his influence in favor of Chinese emigration to the United States.

"In a few impromptu remarks the General explained to them the whole subject of Chinese emigration, told them that by contract labor their position was one of quondam slavery, that legislation was directed for the most part and supported by the best people of our country to the mode of emigration enforced by the Chinese companies; that our country was a free one in all respects, open to any man who wished to come of his own accord, and be subject to our laws, and become a good citizen. I have rarely listened to a speech that was more to the point, clear, plain, and in language better chosen.

"At six o'clock the 'Simla' weighed anchor, and we steamed out of the little bay—out once more to sea, bound for Malacca.

"On March 31st, at six A. M., we came in sight of the little town of Malacca. The principal object seen from the steamer's anchorage is the hill at the foot of which the little town is situated. The hill itself is not more than 300 or 400 feet high, on the top of which is what remains of an old cathedral and portions of the massive stone walls, and a few very old tombs, dating back 300 years.

"Malacca exports a large quantity of block-tin from rich mines in the interior. The inhabitants are Malays and Chinese for the most part, very few Europeans, and some of the descendants of the early Portuguese settlers. Captain Edwards, of H. M. S. 'Kistrel,' in the harbor, came aboard and took us ashore to visit the town. The place possesses no telegraphic communication, so it was only after our arrival that the Governor, Captain Shaw, R. N., who resides some miles out in the country, knew of General Grant's coming, and he at once hastened to welcome him.

"At two P. M. we once more started. Our destination was now Singapore. It was indeed with much regret that we prepared to leave the good ship and her genial captain, that had carried us over 2,200 miles—for the most part her only passengers. The whole trip had been for us more like a yachting expedition, without a single drawback.

"At daybreak of April 1st we were all up on the bridge to see the entrance to the harbor of Singapore. There are several channels between the many islands of this group that lie south of the Malay peninsula, but the one that was chosen by Captain Frank for an entrance was the most beautiful. The passage that connected the Bay of Bengal with the China Sea was tortuous and narrow—at first so narrow in fact that two ships could just pass, and from either one a jump could reach the shore. On the right of us were the numerous channel islands of various sizes; on the left the island of Singapore. The entrance is guarded by a fortification about being finished. Winding in and out the scenery is beautiful, for the vegetation is rich beyond expression,

with every shade of green being represented. It is not until the little bay is reached that the town itself comes into view. Then suddenly hundreds of crafts riding their anchors, previously hidden, burst upon our view, and the pretty little town, with its church spires and its public buildings, was seen close to the water's edge. This was indeed a pretty sight, for as the guns signalling, our cannons were fired from the port, flags ran up to the tops of every mast, until the whole bay seemed rejoicing with streamers and bunting."

From Singapore General Grant decided to visit Bangkok, the capital of Siam. "The question of the General's visit to Siam," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "was for some days in abeyance. It was out of our way to China and the means of communication were irregular, and none of us took any special interest in Siam—our available knowledge of the country being that there were once famous Siamese twins. But in Singapore we met many merchants and prominent authorities who had been in Siam, and the universal testimony was that a visit around the world would be incomplete unless it included that most interesting country. Then on landing at Singapore our Consul, Major Struder, met the General with a letter from the King of Siam—a letter enclosed in an envelope made of blue satin. The text of the letter was as follows: .

THE GRAND PALACE, BANGKOK, 4th Feb., 1879.

MY DEAR SIR—Having heard from my Minister for Foreign Affairs, on the authority of the United States Consul, that you are expected in Singapore on your way to Bangkok, I beg to express the pleasure I shall have in making your acquaintance. Possibly you may arrive in Bangkok during my absence at my country residence, Bang Pa In. In which case a steamer will be placed at your disposal to bring you to me. On arrival I beg you to communicate with His Excellency, my Minister for Foreign Affairs, who will arrange for your reception and entertainment. Yours Very truly,

CHULAHLONGKORN, R. S.

To General GRANT, late President of the United States.

"The letter of the King, which he had taken the trouble to send all the way to Singapore, added to the opinion expressed by the General that when people really go around the world they

might as well see what is to be seen, decided the visit to Siam. A despatch had been received from Captain Benham, commanding the 'Richmond,' that he would be at Galle on the 12th, which would enable him to reach Singapore about the time that we would return from Siam. So a letter was addressed to Captain Benham, asking him to await us by stopping at Singapore, and our party prepared for Siam.

"A heavy rain—how it rained and rained and rained!—swept over Singapore as we embarked on the small steamer 'Kong-See' about nine in the morning of the 9th of April. Our kind friends, Colonel Anson, the Governor; Mr. Smith, the Colonial Secretary; Major Struder, the American Consul—who had been with the General at Shiloh—accompanied us to the vessel, where they took leave, and at once we went to sea. The rain remained with the Singapore hills as we parted from them, and a smooth sea was at our bidding. The run to Bangkok is set down at four days, and sometimes there are severe storms in the Gulf of Siam; but fortune was with us in this, as it has, indeed, been with us, so far as weather at sea is concerned, ever since we left Marseilles. We sat on the deck at night and looked at the Southern Cross, which is a disappointment as a constellation, and not to be compared, as some of our Philadelphia friends remarked, with our old-fashioned home constellations, which shine down upon you and abash you with their glory, and do not have to be picked out after a careful search and made into a cross by a vivid imagination. The evening of our sailing, some one happened to remember, was the anniversary of the surrender of Lee—fourteen years ago to-day—and the hero of the surrender was sitting on the deck of a small steamer, smoking and looking at the clouds, and gravely arguing Mr. Borie out of a purpose which some one has wickedly charged him with entertaining—the purpose of visiting Australia and New Zealand and New Guinea, and spending the summer and winter in the Pacific Ocean.

"The weather in the Gulf of Siam, which I have just been praising, is capricious. The days, as a general thing, were pleasant, but squalls and storms came up without warning, and sent movable commodities, books, and newspapers flying about the

deck. In these equatorial regions one of the comforts of existence is to sleep on deck, and shortly after the sun goes down your servant pitches your bed in some corner of the deck, near the wheel or against a coil of rope. Mr. Borie was induced to buy an extraordinary machine, made in the Rangoon Jail, called a portable bed, which is unlike anything civilization has ever known in the shape of a bed. It comes together and unfolds, and is so intricate that it must have been made by a Chinaman. I do not think any of us really understand the principles upon which it is constructed. But, in the evening, Peter and Kassim and other servants parade the bed on deck and chatter over it a little while, and it becomes sleepable. The rest of the party take the floor. The General and Mrs. Grant bivouac on the right of the wheel; the Colonel has his encampment near the gangway. The Doctor lies cosily under the binnacles, and my own quarters are in the stern, where the ropes are coiled. But sleeping on deck in the Gulf of Siam is not as pleasant as we found it in the Bay of Bengal. On our first night out, being after midnight, Kassim came with the news that it was going to rain. Kassim has a terror of the sea—the Hindoo fear of the black water—and ever since he has been on board ship his bearing is that of one who lives in fear of some immense and immediate peril. So, when Kassim woke me up with news of the rain, I was not quite sure from his manner whether we were not running into a cyclone or one of those tremendous gales that so often sweep around the coast of Asia. The clouds looked black and the stars had gone, and a few drops of rain came over the face, and the sea was in a light, easy, waltzing humor. Some of the party had already left the deck. The Doctor had fled on the first rumor, and Mrs. Grant was already in refuge in the cabin. The captain was leaning over the taffrail looking at the skies. We took his counsel, and his assurance was that it was only the wind and there would be no rain. So we resumed our quarters, and Mr. Borie, who was already in retreat, with Peter in the rear in command of his wonderful bed, halted. For what could be more grateful than the winds, the cooling winds, that sweep through the rigging and toss your hair, and make you draw the folds of your shawl around

you? And there was a disposition to scoff those who, at the note of alarm from a frightened Hindoo, had left the comfortable deck to sweat and toss in a stifling cabin. But, in an instant, so treacherous are these Southern skies, the rain came in torrents, sweeping over the deck, streaming and pouring—a fierce, incessant rain, with lightning. So our retreat became a rout.

"On the morning of the 14th of April land was around us, and there was a calm, smooth sea. At ten we came to the bar, where we were to expect a steamer—or a tug. We all doffed our ship garments and came out in ceremonious attires to meet our friends the Siamese. But there was no crossing the bar, and for hours and hours we waited and no steamer came. It seems that we had made so rapid a trip that no one was expecting us, and there we were in the mud, on a bar, and Siam before us, within an hour's sail of Paknam. The day passed and the night came, and at ten the tides would be high and we would slip over the mud and be at our anchorage at eleven, and up to Bangkok in the cool of the morning, always so precious an advantage in Eastern travel. At nine we began to move, under the guidance of a pilot, and after moving about for an hour or so, to the disappointment of those of us on deck, who watched the lights on shore and were impatient for Paknam, we heard the engines reverse, we felt the ship back with throbbing speed, and, in a few minutes, the grumbling of the cable as the anchor leaped into the water. There was no Paknam, no Siam, for that night. The pilot had lost his way, and, instead of a channel, we were rapidly going on shore, when the captain discovered the error and stopped his ship. Well, this was a disappointment, and largely confirmatory of the views shared by some of us that Providence never would smile on our trip to Siam; but the rain came and the sea became angry and chopping, and rain and sea came into the berths, and all we could do was to cluster in the small cabin. We found then that our foolish pilot had taken us away out of our course, that we were on a mud-bank, that it was a mercy we had not gone ashore, and that unless the royal yacht came for us there we would remain another day. About nine in the morning the news was passed that the royal yacht was coming, and about ten she

anchored within a cable length, a long, stately craft, with the American colors at the fore and the royal colors of Siam at the main. A boat came out to us, conveying Mr. Sickels, our Consul; the son of the Foreign Minister, representing the Siamese government, and an aide of the King. Mr. Sickels presented the Siamese officials to the General, and the King's aide handed him the following letter, enclosed in an envelope of yellow satin:

A ROYAL LETTER OF WELCOME.

THE GRAND PALACE, BANGKOK, April 11, 1879.

SIR: I have very great pleasure in welcoming you to Siam. It is, I am informed, your pleasure that your reception should be a private one; but you must permit me to show, as far as I can, the high esteem in which I hold the most eminent citizen of that great nation which has been so friendly to Siam, and so kind and just in all its intercourse with the nations of the far East.

That you may be near me during your stay I have commanded my brother, His Royal Highness the Celestial Prince Bhanurangsi Swangwongse, to prepare rooms for you and your party in the Saranrom Palace, close to my palace, and I most cordially invite you, Mrs. Grant and your party at once to take up your residence there, and my brother will represent me as your host.

Your friend,

CHULAHLONGKORN, R. S

His Excellency General GRANT, late President of the United States.

"We went on board the royal yacht in a fierce sea and under a pouring rain. There was almost an accident as the boat containing the General, Mrs. Grant and Mr. Borie came alongside. The high sea dashed the boat against the paddle wheels of the yacht, which were in motion. The movement of the paddle pressed the boat under the water, the efforts of the boatmen to extricate it were unavailing, and it seemed for a few minutes as if it would founder. But it righted, and the members of the party were taken on deck drenched with the sea and rain. This verging upon an accident had enough of the spirit of adventure about it to make it a theme of the day's conversation, and we complimented Mrs. Grant upon her calmness and fortitude at a time when it seemed inevitable that she would be plunged into the sea under the moving paddles of a steamer. Even the rain was tolerable after so serious an experience, and it rained all the way up the river. Paknam was the first point at which we stopped,

and then only long enough to send a despatch to the King that the General had arrived and was now on his way to Bangkok. Paknam is a collection of small huts or bamboo houses built on logs. The river on which it is built is called the Meinam, and it rises so high, especially in the rainy season when the floods come, that houses become islands, and there is no way of moving except in boats. Opposite the town is a small island containing a pagoda in which is buried the ashes of some of the ancient kings of Siam. The rain obscured our view of the river as we slowly steamed up, the distance from Bangkok to the mouth being about eight leagues from the sea. The banks were low, the vegetation dense and green and running down into the water. The land seemed to overhang the water, and the foliage to droop and trail in it, very much as you see it on the St. John's river in Florida, or some of the bayous in Louisiana.

"We came to Bangkok late in the afternoon. The rain lulled enough to allow us to see at its best this curious city. Our first view was of the houses of the consuls. The Siamese government provides houses for the foreign consuls, and they all front on the river, with large and pleasant grounds about them, and flagstaffs from which flags are floating. We stopped in front of the American Consulate long enough to allow Miss Struder, who had been a fellow-passenger from Singapore, to go on shore, and the Vice Consul, Mr. Torrey, to come on board and pay his respects to the General. Then we kept on for two or three miles until we came to our landing in front of the International Court House. Bangkok seems to be a city composed of houses lining two banks of a river. It contains, according to some authorities, half a million of people, but census statistics in the East are not to be depended upon. It would not have surprised me if I had been told that there were a million of souls housed in that long and teeming bank of huts and houses through which we kept steaming and steaming until it seemed as if the town would never end. All varieties of huts lined the shore. Small vessels, like the Venetian gondola, moved up and down, propelled by boatmen, who paddled with small paddles, accompanying their work with a short, gasping shout, 'Wah, wah, wah.' Close to

the water's edge were floating houses—houses built on rafts—meant to rise and fall with the tide, and which the owner could unship and take away if his neighbors became disagreeable. Most of these floating houses were occupied by Chinese merchants, who had their wares, crockery, cloths, pottery, bamboo chairs and fruits arranged, while they sat squatted on the floor smoking small pipes, with no garments but loosely fitting trousers—smoking opium, I suppose, and looking out for customers. Each house has an inscription on tinted paper, generally scarlet printed with gold—a legend, or a proverb, or a compliment. Chinese junks are at anchor, and, as you look at the huge, misshapen craft, you have a renewed sense of the providence of God that such machines can go and come on the sea. The prow of each vessel has two large, glaring, grotesque eyes—it being a legend of the Chinese mariner that two eyes are as necessary to a ship as to a man. Boats are paddled slowly along in which are persons wearing yellow garments, with closely-shaven crowns. These are priests of the Buddhist faith, who wear yellow as a sacred color, and who are now on their way to some temple, or more likely to beg. Above these dense lines of huts and floating houses you see the towers of the city, notably the great pagoda, one of the wonders of the East, a mass of mosaic, marbles and precious stones, from which the three-headed elephant sacred to Siam and the transmigration of the Lord Buddha looks down upon the city, keeping watch and ward over the faithful.

"You are told that Bangkok is the Venice of the East, which means that it is a city of canals. When the tides are high you go in all directions in boats. Your Broadway is a canal. You go shopping in a boat. You stroll in your covered gondola lying prone on your back, sheltered from the sun, dozing the fierce, warm hours away, while your boatmen and other boatmen passing and re-passing shout their plaintive 'Wah-wah.' You see the house of the Foreign Minister, a palace with a terrace, a veranda and a covered way sloping toward the river. You see a mass of towers and roofs surrounded by a wall. This is the palace of the first King, the supreme King, of Siam. Beyond is

another mass of towers and roofs where resides the second King. Happy Siam has two sovereigns—a first King who does everything, whose power is absolute, and a second King who does nothing except draw a large income. This second King, oddly enough, is named George Washington, having been so named by his father, who admired Americans. Finally we come to the royal landing and we note that the banks are lined with soldiers. The preparations for the reception of the General have been made with so much care that I attach to this letter a copy of the royal order defining even to the most minute incident the manner of the General's entertainment. We learn from our Consul that His Majesty has taken the deepest interest in the coming of General Grant. It is customary in Siam to entertain all distinguished visitors in a building known as the Ambassador's Palace, a fine building near the European quarter. It was here the King entertained Sir William Robinson, the Governor of the Straits settlements, when he came last November to confer upon the King the English order of the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George. That reception was famous for the hospitality shown to the British envoy. But the King, wishing to do General Grant greater honor, gave him a palace and assigned his brother, one of the Celestial princes, with a retinue of other princes and noblemen, to attend upon him and minister to his entertainment.

"At four o'clock the General embarked on a royal gondola, which, in the programme, you will see is seven fathoms long. He was slowly pulled to shore. The guard presented arms, the cavalry escort wheeled into line, the band played 'Hail, Columbia.' On ascending the stairs Mr. Alabaster, the royal interpreter; Captain Bush, an English officer commanding the Siamese Navy, and a brilliant retinue were in waiting. The Foreign Minister advanced and welcomed the General to Siam and presented him to the other members of the suite. Then entering carriages the General and party were driven to the Palace of Hwang Saranrom, the home of His Royal Highness the Celestial Prince Bhanurangsi Swangwongse. As we drove past the barracks the artillery were drawn up in battery and the cannon rolled out a

salute of twenty-one guns. On reaching the palace a guard was drawn up and another band played the American national air. At the gate of the palace Phra Sri Dhammason, of the foreign office, met the General and escorted him to the door of the palace. Here he was met by His Excellency Phya Bashakarawangse, the King's private secretary, and a nobleman of rank corresponding to that of an English earl. At the head of the marble steps was His Royal Highness the Celestial Prince, wearing the decorations of the Siamese orders of nobility, surrounded by other princes of a lesser rank and the members of his household. Advancing, he shook hands with the General, and, offering his arm to Mrs. Grant, led the party to the grand audience-chamber. Here all the party were presented to the Prince and there was a short conversation. The Celestial Prince is a young man about twenty, with a clear, expressive face, who speaks English fairly well, but, during our interview, spoke Siamese, through Mr. Alabaster, who acted as interpreter. The Prince lamented the weather, which was untimely and severe. However, it would be a blessing to the country and the people, and His Royal Highness added a compliment that was Oriental in its delicacy when he said that the blessing of the rain was a blessing which General Grant had brought with him to Siam. The Prince then said that this palace was the General's home, and he had been commanded by the King, his brother, to say that anything in the kingdom that would contribute to the happiness, comfort, or the honor of General Grant was at his disposal. The Prince entered into conversation with Mrs. Grant and the members of the General's party. The General expressed himself delighted with the cordiality of his welcome, and said he had been anxious to see Siam, and he would have regretted his inability to do so. The Prince offered his arm to Mrs. Grant and escorted her and the General to their apartments, while the members of his suite assigned the remainder of the party to the quarters we were to occupy while we lived in the capital of Siam.

"The evening was passed quietly, the General and party dining quietly with the Celestial Prince. The programme I attach to this letter was submitted to General Grant, who

regretted his inability to follow the whole of it. Not being on his own ship (the 'Richmond'), which would have awaited his convenience, the General was compelled to return to Singapore on the ordinary mail steamer, which, leaving on Friday, only left him five days for Bangkok. So one or two dinners were eliminated, the visits to the temples and elephants massed into one

BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

day, and a run up the river to Ayuthia, the old capital of Siam, added. I do not think there was much disappointment in the General's mind as to cutting down the time devoted to temples, and there would have been little difficulty in cutting down the programme to two days so far as seeing sights was concerned. Added to this was the rain, the severe incessant rain, which

streamed into the court-yard of the palace and beat in at the windows, and gave us a humid, mildewed sensation. On the morning after our arrival a visit was made to the ex-Regent. This aged statesman is one of the leading men in Siam, the first nobleman in the realm in influence and authority. He was the intimate friend and counsellor of the late King. He governed the kingdom during the minority of the present sovereign. It was through his influence that the accession of His Majesty was secured without question or mutiny. He is now the chief of the Council of State, and governs several provinces of Siam with the power of life and death. His voice in council is potent, partly because of his rank and experience, partly because of his old age, which is always respected in Siam. Our journey to the Regent's was in boats in Venetian fashion, and after a half-hour's pulling down one canal and up another and across the river to a third canal, and up that to a fourth, we came to a large and roomy palace shaded with trees. I observed as we passed that there were few boatmen on the river—none of that business life and animation which we had observed on landing. I was told that orders had been given by the King that the canals and the river should be kept free from trading craft and other vessels at the hours set down in the programme for the official visits. As a consequence whenever we took to our boats we pulled along at a rapid pace with no chance of collision. At the same time the river life was so bright and new and varied that we should almost have preferred it, at the risk of a collision, to the silence which reigned over everything whenever we went forth on the waters.

"As our boat pulled up to the foot of the palace the ex-Regent, his breast bearing many orders, was waiting to receive the General. He was accompanied by Mr. Chandler, an American gentleman who has spent many years in Siam, and knows the language perfectly. The ex-Regent is a small, spare man, with a clean-cut, well-shaped head, and a face reminding you in its outlines and the general set of the countenance of the late M. Thiers. It lacked the vivacity which was the characteristic of M. Thiers, and was a grave and serious face. He advanced, shook hands with the General, and, taking his hand, led him up-stairs to the audi-

ence-room of the palace. A guard of honor presented arms, the band played the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' which was the first time we had heard that air in the East, all the other bands we had encountered laboring under the delusion that our national air was 'Hail, Columbia.' As the General does not know the one tune from the other it never made much difference as far as he was concerned, and I attributed the latter knowledge on the subject in Siam to the prevalence of American ideas, which, thanks to our missionary friends and in spite of some wretched consuls who have disgraced our service and dishonored the national fame, is more marked than we had supposed. The Regent led us into his audience-hall, and, placing General Grant on his right, we all ranged ourselves about him on chairs. An audience with an Eastern prince is a serious and a solemn matter. It reminded me somewhat of the Friends' meetings I used to attend in Philadelphia years and years ago, when the brethren were in meditation and waiting for the influence of the Holy Spirit. The Siamese is a grave person. He shows you honor by speaking slowly, saying little, and making pauses between his speeches. He eschews rapid and flippant speech, and a gay, easy talker would give offence. I need not say that this custom placed the General in an advantageous position. After you take your seat servants begin to float around. They bring you tea in small china cups—tea of a delicate and pure flavor, and unlike our own attempts in that direction. They bring you cigars, and in the tobacco way we noted a cigarette with a leaf made out of the banana plant, which felt like velvet between the lips, and is an improvement in the tobacco way which even the ripe culture of America on the tobacco question could with advantage accept. In Siam you can smoke in every place and before every presence except in the presence of the King—another custom which, I need hardly add, gave the General an advantage. The Regent, after some meditation, spoke of the great pleasure it had given him to meet General Grant in Siam. He had long known and valued the friendship of the United States, and he was sensible of the good that had been done to Siam by the counsel and the enterprise of the Americans who had lived there.

"The General thanked the Regent, and was glad to know that his country was so much esteemed in the East. There was a pause and a cup of the enticing tea and some remarks on the weather. The General expressed a desire to know whether the unusual rain would affect the crops throughout the country. The Regent said there was no such apprehension, and there was another pause, while the velvet-coated cigarettes and cigars passed into general circulation. The General spoke of the value to Siam and to all countries in the East of the widest commercial intercourse with nations of the outer world, and that from all he could learn of the Siamese and the character of their resources, any extension of relations with other nations would be a gain to them. His Highness listened to this speech as Mr. Chandler translated it in a slow, deliberate way, standing in front of the Regent and intoning it almost as though it were a lesson from the morning service. Then there was another pause, and some of us took more comfort out of the tea. Then the Regent responded: 'Siam,' he said, 'was a peculiar country. It was away from sympathy and communion with the greater nations. It was not in one of the great highways of commerce. Its people were not warlike nor aggressive. It had no desire to share in the strifes and wars of other nations. It existed by the friendship of the great Powers. His policy had always been to cultivate that friendship, to do nothing to offend any foreign Power, to avoid controversy or pretexts for intervention by making every concession. This might look like timidity, but it was policy. Siam alone could do nothing against the great Powers. She valued her independence and her institutions and the position she had maintained; therefore she was always willing to meet every nation in a friendly spirit. Nor should the outside nations expect too much from Siam, nor be impatient with her for not adopting their ideas rapidly enough. Siam had her own ideas, and they had come down to the present generation from many generations. He was himself conservative on the subject. What he valued in the relations of Siam with America was the unvarying sense of justice on the part of America, and as the hopes of Siam rested wholly on the good will of foreign Powers, she was especially drawn to America.'

"All this was spoken slowly, deliberately, as if every sentence was weighed, the old Minister speaking slowly, like one in meditation. I have endeavored to give it as accurately as I can remember, because it seemed to have unusual significance and made a deep impression upon our party—the impression that he who spoke was one in authority and a statesman. After further talk the Regent addressed himself to Mr. Borie and asked him his age. Mr. Borie answered that he was sixty-nine. 'I am seventy-two,' said the Regent; 'but you look much older.' It is a custom in Siamese when you wish to pay a compliment to an elderly person to tell him how old he looks, to compliment him on his gray hairs and the lines in his brow. It may have been a partial estimate on our part, but Mr. Borie certainly looked ten years younger than the Regent. In speaking with Mr. Borie the Regent became almost playful. 'You must not have the trouble of a navy in another war.' Mr. Borie expressed his horror of war, and added that America had had enough of it. 'At our time of life,' said the Regent, putting his hand on Mr. Borie's shoulder in a half-playful, half-affectionate manner, 'we need repose and that our lives should be made smooth and free from care, and we should not be burdened with authority or grave responsibilities. That belongs to the others. I hope you will be spared any cares.' This practically closed the interview, and the Regent, taking the hand of the General in his own, in Oriental fashion, led him down-stairs and across the entrance way to the boat, the troops saluting and the band playing. Then he took a cordial farewell of Mr. Borie, telling him he was a brave man to venture around the world with the burden of so many years upon him.

"The government of Siam is an absolute monarchy, perhaps the most absolute in the world. All power comes from the King. He commands the army, the navy, the treasury, and can dispose as he pleases of the lives and property of his subjects. He administers the government by the advice of a Council of Ministers, at the head of whom is the Regent. Custom goes far in government; and in absolute monarchies, where there is a religion of custom like Buddhism, there grows up a kind of common law, as

much regarded by king, priest, and people, as the common law of England by the English people. Therefore, while in theory and if he so chose to in fact, the King, in the exercise of his sovereign rights, could do what he pleased, if he did anything displeasing to the high nobles and the Council there would be trouble. The power of the King has also been limited by the creation of the Council of Ministers, which was the work of the Regent, and was intended to advise and restrain the King during his minority. Its influence has not died away with the growth of the King in years and wisdom. Every important measure in government goes to the Council, and the King finds, as has been found in other monarchical nations, the great value of a body of experienced advisers upon whose wisdom and loyalty he can depend. There exists also in Siam another institution, that of second King.

"This is a curious fact. The office of king one would suppose implied in itself the impossibility of a rival. In Siam the second King is a person and an authority, entitled to royal honors, living in a palace, with troops, a court, a harem, and a foreign minister. He has an income from the State of $300,000 a year. Of authority he has none beyond the management of his household and the command of troops in certain of the provinces. I supposed that the real value of the office is the value that we give to the Vice-Presidency, that in the event of the sudden death of the King the power would pass to the second, and the functions of state would go on, the second King becoming the first and another prince succeeding to his station. It has not proved so in Siam. The first King has, as a general thing, survived the second in every case thus far, and the struggle between the two sovereignties is one of the incidents in the politics of Siam. I was told of the first King's party and the second King's party, and people took sides, just as at home they do in politics. How there could be a party for the second King that did not mean the deposition of the first and treason to the crown was a puzzle, and the fact that there was such a party gave me a favorable opinion of the toleration of the Siamese rule.

"What militates against the second King's authority and his

claims to the succession is that he is not a celestial prince. In a nation where polygamy is the custom, and where a nobleman feels himself honored if the sovereign accepts his daughter as a member of the royal household, there will naturally be many princes descended from the kings. There is a difference in princes. The ordinary prince is the King's son by any mother he selects. The celestial prince must have a mother of royal descent, and no one can be sovereign who is not celestial. The present King's wife is a celestial princess, his own half-sister, and of celestial princes there are, I believe, only four—the King's uncle, his two brothers, and his son. The difference between a celestial prince and one of the ordinary sinews is as great as the difference between the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of St. Albans. The Siamese lay as much stress upon these distinctions as the European nations, the difficulty being that, not having a series of royal families to select from, the sovereigns are compelled to marry in close ties of consanguinity. It happens that the second King is not a celestial prince, only one of ordinary tissue, and the fact that he holds the position next to the sovereign, that the honors paid him are royal, that on all occasions of ceremony he precedes every one but the sovereign, is as great an annoyance to the celestial princes as it would be to the children of Queen Victoria if they saw a descendant of Nell Gwynne preceding the Prince of Wales. I suppose there would be no difficulty in allaying the ambition of the second King and adjusting his office more logically to the royal system were it not for the support given him by the British Consul-General.

"The second King, therefore, is a political influence in Siam—great, because behind him is the supposed power of England. Take that power away and I presume His Majesty would be ranked among the nobles, allowed the position of a duke, given his place after the royal family, and the present office would be eliminated altogether from the government of Siam. It certainly seems to be an expensive and an almost useless function, one that might readily be absorbed into the royal office with a gain to the treasury and no loss to the State. The prince who holds the position is in his fortieth year and a gentleman of intelligence.

Colonel Grant and myself made an informal call upon him at his palace, after our party had made and received visits of ceremony. We drove over late in the afternoon, and were received by an officer of the household and ushered into a covered room, which was really a marble platform, with pillars and a roof. Here was a table and tea. Here, we are told, His Majesty came to sit and converse with his friends when they visited him informally. The palace is a series of houses, gardens, grottos, fish-ponds, and walks, not in the best state of repair, and looking like an old-fashioned mansion. It occurred to us that there was not much money expended by the government upon the palace of the second King, and it bore an aspect of decay. In a few moments His Majesty appeared and gave us a cordial greeting. An illness in his limbs gives him a slow, shuffling gait, and he told us he had not been in the upper story of his palace for a year. We sat under the canopy and talked about America and Siam. No allusion was made to any political question, the King saying that he gave most of his time to science and study. Having a nominal authority in the State, he has time enough for the most abstruse calculations. He took us to his chemical laboratory and showed us a large and valuable collection of minerals, ores, and preparations. From what we saw in the way of minerals, Siam must be a rich country. In another room were the electrical instruments. In another was a turning-wheel and some unfinished work in ivory well done. There were furnaces for baking clay, and the King showed us some ceramic work which had been done in the palace, the designs painted by Siamese artists, and illustrating Siamese subjects. Then we were shown a curious museum of Siamese and Chinese antiquities that had come down from various dynasties, some of rare beauty. On all of the subjects connected with the development of the arts and sciences, His Majesty conversed with great freedom and intelligence. His life would seem to be a happy one, away from the cares of State, with the pageantry, without the perils, of power, following the pursuits of culture, devoting himself to the material development of the nation. But, from all I could learn, there was a fever in Siamese politics—a fever arising from ambition—that took away

from the comfort of this auxiliary throne. The King seemed sad and tired in his manner, as if he would like really to be employed, as if he felt that when one is a king he should be at more stable occupations than turning ivory boxes on a wheel or mixing potter's clay. On our taking leave, he asked us to come again and see him, wished us a happy journey home, and requested us to accept a couple of the boxes and a cup and saucer as made by the royal hands as souvenirs of our visit.

"His Majesty the first King of Siam and absolute sovereign is named Chulahlongkorn. This, at least, is the name which he attaches to the royal signet. His name as given in the books is Phrabat Somdetch Phra Paramendo Mahah Chulah-long-korn Klow. On the afternoon of April 14th, at three o'clock, General Grant and party had their audience with the King of Siam. Our Palace of Saranrom, in which we are living, is next to the Grand Palace; but so vast are these royal homes that it was quite a drive to the house of our next-door neighbor. The General and party went in state carriages, and at the door of the palace was met by an officer. Troops were drawn up all the way from the gate to the door of the audience-hall, and it was quite a walk before, having passed temples, shrines, outhouses, pavilions and statelier mansions, we came to the door of a modest building and were met by aids of the King. A wide pair of marble steps led to the audience-room and on each side of the steps were pots with blooming flowers and rare shrubs. The band in the court-yard played the national air, and as the General came to the head of the stairs the King, who was waiting and wore a magnificent jewelled decoration, advanced and shook the hands of the General in the warmest manner. Then, shaking hands with Mrs. Grant, he offered her his arm, and walked into the audience-hall. The audience-hall is composed of two large, gorgeously decorated saloons, that would not be out of place in any palace. The decorations were French, and reminded you of the Louvre. In the first hall was a series of busts of contemporary sovereigns and rulers of States. The place of honor was given to the bust of General Grant, a work of art in dark bronze which did not look much like the General and seems to have been made by a

French or English artist from photographs. From here the King passed on to a smaller room, beautifully furnished in yellow satin. Here the King took a seat on a sofa, with Mrs. Grant and the General on either side, the members of the party on chairs near him, officers of the Court in the background standing and servants at the doors kneeling in attitudes of submission. The King is a spare young man, active and nervous in his movements, with a full, clear, almost glittering black eye, which moved about restlessly from one to the other, and while he talked his fingers seemed to be keeping unconscious time to the musical measures. When any of his Court approached him or were addressed by him they responded by a gesture or salute of adoration. Everything about the King betokened a high and quick intelligence, and although the audience was a formal one and the conversation did not go beyond words of courtesy and welcome from the King to the General and his party, he gave you the impression of a resolute and able man, full of resources and quite equal to the cares of his station. This impression, I may add, was confirmed by all that we heard and saw in Siam. The audience at an end, the King led Mrs. Grant and the General to the head of the stairs, and we took our leave.

"At three o'clock on the 15th of April the King returned the General's visit by coming in state to see him at our Palace of Saranrom. This we were told was a most unusual honor, and was intended as the highest compliment it was in his Majesty's power to bestow. A state call from a King is evidently an event in Bangkok, and long before the hour the space in front of the palace was filled with curious Siamese and Chinese, heedless of the rain, waiting to gaze upon the celestial countenance. As the hour came there was the bustle of preparation. First came a guard, which formed in front of the palace; then a smaller guard, which formed in the palace yard, from the gate to the porch; then a band of music, which stood at the rear of the inner guard; then came attendants carrying staves in their hands to clear the street and give warning that the King was coming, that the street should be abandoned by all, so that Majesty should have unquestioned way. Then came a squadron of the royal body-guard in

a scarlet uniform, under the command of a royal prince. The King sat in a carriage alone, on the back seat, with two princes with him who sat on front seats. His Royal Highness, our host and the members of the household arrayed themselves in state garments, the Prince wearing a coat of purple silk. The General and his party wore evening dress, as worn at home on occasions of ceremony. When the trumpets announced the coming of the King, the General, accompanied by the Prince, the members of his household and our party, came to the foot of the stairs. Colonel Grant, wearing the uniform of a lieutenant-colonel, waited at the gate to receive the King in his father's name.

"The General, as I have said, waited at the foot of the marble steps, and, as the King advanced, shook hands with him cordially and led him to the reception-room. The King was dressed in simple Siamese costume, wearing the decoration of Siam, but not in uniform. Mr. Alabaster, the interpreter, stood behind the King and the General. The King, who spoke Siamese, said he hoped that the General had found everything comfortable for himself and party in the Saranrom Palace.

"The General said that nothing could be more agreeable than the hospitality of the Prince.

"The King said that he hoped that the General if he wanted anything, to see any part of Siam, go anywhere or do anything, would express the wish, as he would feel it a great privilege to give him anything in his kingdom.

"General Grant said he appreciated the King's kindness and thanked him.

"The King, after a pause, said that General Grant's visit was especially agreeable to him, because, not only in his own reign, but before, Siam had been under obligations to the United States. Siam saw in the United States not only a great but a friendly Power, which did not look upon the East with any idea of aggrandizement, and to whom it was always pleasant to turn for counsel and advice. More than that, the influence of most of the Americans who had come to Siam had been good, and those who had been in the government's service had been of value to the

State. The efforts of the missionaries to spread a knowledge of the arts and sciences, of machinery and of medicine, among the Siamese had been commendable. The King was glad to have the opportunity of saying this to one who had been the Chief Magistrate of the American people.

"General Grant responded that the policy of the United States was a policy of non-intervention in everything that concerned the internal affairs of other nations. It had become almost a traditional policy, and experience confirmed its wisdom. The country needed all the energies of its own people for its development, and its only interest in the East was to do what it could to benefit the people, especially in opening markets for American manufactures. The General, in his travels through India and Burmah, had been much gratified with the commendations bestowed upon American products; and, although the market was as yet a small one, he felt certain that our trade with the East would become a great one. There was the field at least, and our people had the opportunity. Nothing would please him more than to see Siam sharing in this trade. Beyond this there was no desire on the part of the American government to seek an influence in the East.

"The King said that nothing would please him more than the widest possible development of the commerce between Siam and America. The resources of Siam were great, but their development limited. Siam was like the United States in one respect, that it had a large territory and a small population, and the development of many sources of wealth that were known to exist had been retarded from this cause.

"General Grant thought this difficulty might be met by the introduction of skilled labor, such, for instance, as mining experts from Nevada and California, who could prospect and locate mines and labor-saving machinery in which the Americans especially excelled.

"The King assented to this, with the remark that the Siamese were a conservative people and studied anything new very carefully before adopting it. Their policy in foreign relations had been a simple one — peace with foreign Powers and steady

development of the country. Siam was a small country, with limited resources, and she knew that she could not contend with the great foreign Powers. Consequently she always depended upon the justice and good will of foreign Powers. This sometimes led to their appearing to consent or to submit to some things which, under other circumstances and by other and greater nations, would not be endured. In the end, however, it worked right, and Siam, looking back over her relations with the Great Powers, found, on the whole, no reason for regret. In the main these relations had been for the good of the Siamese people. From the foreign Powers Siam had always received encouragement.

"An allusion was made to the large Chinese population in Siam, and the King asked General Grant about the Chinese in America. The General said that there had been a large emigration of Chinese to the United States; that they brought with them many of the best qualities of laborers, but there was an objection in the minds of many good people at home to their arriving, as they did, in a condition of practical slavery.

"The King asked whether the Chinese brought their wives and children to America and established any domestic ties with the country.

"The General said that this was one of the difficulties—one that most offended the moral sense of people at home, the absence of domestic ties. This and the condition of servitude in which they came were the only objections that had any standing against the Chinese. As laborers they were good, and there were many fine points in their favor, many reasons why their labor was a benefit to a country with so much to develop as the United States.

"The King said the same was practically true of the Chinese in Siam. They did not bring their wives and children, which was an objection. But they had many admirable qualities. He then asked whether the Chinese paid any taxes to the support of the government.

"General Grant answered that in America there could be no tax upon labor, and that there could be no distinction between

the labor of Chinamen and the labor of another race. What the State laws in States like California provided he was not aware, but his impression, as far even as California is concerned, was that the Chinaman paid nothing to the government in the way of taxation. A few large merchants in San Francisco paid taxes on their property. This, however, would not be regarded as a special hardship, if there were no slavery and the laborers came with their families.

"The conversation then passed to the industrial resources of Siam and how they would be affected by closer relations with other Powers. The General said that it would be well for Siam to have embassies or diplomatic relations with other nations, and he asked why it would not be a good thing for Siam to send an embassy to the United States.

"The King said he was anxious to carry out this idea, but there was a question of money concerned. Siam could not afford to keep embassies on the same scale as the greater and richer nations. He had written to the United States Government offering to send an embassy, and his action would depend upon the answer of the American authorities.

"The General said he was not in office, was a simple private citizen, without authority; but he felt sure that the government would receive any embassy His Majesty chose to send with the utmost cordiality.

"The King was pleased with this assurance, and said he had no doubt of the friendliest feeling toward Siam on the part of the American people.

"The General asked whether it was not possible for the King to visit the United States and see the country. Such a visit would have a good effect, and he himself would be delighted to have the opportunity of entertaining His Majesty in the United States and returning some of the hospitalities he was now enjoying.

"The King thanked the General for the invitation, but said a king of Siam was king for life. He did not have the felicity which had fallen upon the General of being able after a term of years to lay down office. So long a journey was impossible, and

he was so young when the crown devolved upon him that he did not have the opportunity of foreign travel which had been given to princes in other countries. He was sorry this had not been possible, as he desired nothing so much as to see other nations, and more especially the United States. He had made a visit to India, and was much interested in that country.

"The General referred to India as a most interesting country. The talk then ran as to travel in India, the King asking the General as to his route and the cities he had seen. 'In India,' said the General, 'you see one nation governing another. In Siam you see an Oriental nation governing itself. That was what especially interested him in Siam, and the success of the government here, its enlightenment and progress, were most gratifying. He had seen nothing in the East more so.'

"General Grant then referred to education in the United States and to the fact that the Siamese Government had sent some of the young men to Germany and England for education. He suggested to His Majesty that it would be well to send some of these young men to American colleges. Other nations had done so, ruling families in Europe as well, notably the Chinese and Japanese. We had splendid schools in the United States, and the young men would return home with a better idea of the American people and the country. The King might depend upon these young men having the best reception; not merely a good education and careful training, but every personal courtesy.

"The King said that he had sent several young men to England and Germany. He had intended sending several to the United States. Circumstances prevented his doing so. The government had done as much in this way as it could afford at present. When the question arose again he would remember what the General had said on the subject.

"The talk then ran upon the weather, which the King said was most unusual. He did not remember a rainy season setting in so severely at that season of the year. The effect on the country thus far would be salutary. He had had no bad reports from the country. The King then addressed himself to Mrs. Grant and Mr. Borie. He said he felt it an especial compliment that a gen-

tleman so advanced in years as Mr. Borie had been brave enough to come so far away from home as Siam, and asked whether the ex-Secretary had suffered on the trip. Mr. Borie said the only disease from which he suffered was one which could not be controlled—advancing years and old age. He had enjoyed the trip very much and the kindness of the Siamese was very marked. But the whole journey was a series of hospitalities and attentions that could not be described. He felt disarmed by them.

"This closed the interview. The King rising, General Grant walked hand in hand with him to the foot of the stairs, the band played the national air, the cavalry escort formed in line, the princes and high officers walked to the carriage door, and the King drove home to his palace.

"On the next morning there was a state dinner at the royal palace. The party consisted of the King, His Royal Highness the Celestial Prince, several princes, members of the royal family of lower rank, General Grant and party, the American Consul, Mr. Sickels, and Miss Struder, daughter of the Consul at Singapore; Mr. Torrey, the American Vice Consul, and Mrs. Torrey; the Foreign Minister, his son, the King's private secretary, Mr. Alabaster, the members of the Foreign Office and the aids of the King who had been attending the General. The Siamese all wore state dresses—coats of gold cloth richly embroidered—and the King wore the family decoration, a star of nine points, the centre a diamond, and the other points with a rich jewel of different character, embracing the precious stones found in Siam. The General was received in the audience-hall, and the dinner was served in the lower hall or dining-room. There were forty guests present, and the service of the table was silver, the prevailing design being the three-headed elephant, which belongs to the arms of Siam. This service alone cost £10,000 in England. There were two bands in attendance, one playing Siamese, the other European music alternately. The Celestial Prince escorted Mrs. Grant to dinner and sat opposite the King at the centre of the table. General Grant sat next the King. The dinner was long, elaborate and in the European style, with the exception of some dishes of curry dressed in Siamese fashion, which we were

not brave enough to do more than taste. The night was warm, but the room was kept moderately cool by a system of penekahs or large fans swinging from the ceiling, which kept the air in circulation.

"After we had been at table about three hours there was a pause and a signal. The fans stopped, the music paused and Mr. Alabaster, as interpreter, took his place behind the King. His Majesty then arose and the company with him, and, in a clear accent heard all over the saloon, made the following speech in Siamese:

"'YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN NOW ASSEMBLED: I beg you to bear the expression of the pleasure which I have felt in receiving as my guest a President of the United States of America. Siam has for many years past derived great advantages from America, whose citizens have introduced to my kingdom many arts and sciences, much medical knowledge and many valuable books, to the great advantage of the country. Even before our countries were joined in treaty alliance citizens of America came here and benefited us. Since then our relations have greatly improved, and to the great advantage of Siam, and recently the improvement has been still more marked. Therefore it is natural that we should be exceedingly gratified by the visit paid to us by a President of the United States. General Grant has a grand fame, that has reached even to Siam, that has been known here for several years. We are well aware that as a true soldier he first saw glory as a leader in war, and, thereafter accepting the office of President, earned the admiration of all men as being a statesman of the highest rank. It is a great gratification to all of us to meet one thus eminent both in the government of war and of peace. We see him and are charmed by his gracious manner, and feel sure that his visit will inaugurate friendly relations with the United States of a still closer nature than before, and of the most enduring character. Therefore I ask you all to join with me in drinking the health of General Grant and wishing him every blessing.'

"When the King finished Mr. Alabaster translated the speech into English, the company all the time remaining on their feet. Then the toast was drunk with cheers, the band playing the American national air.

"General Grant then arose, and in a low but clear and perfectly distinct voice said:

"'YOUR MAJESTY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am very much obliged to Your Majesty for the kind and complimentary manner in which you have welcomed me to Siam. I am glad that it has been my good fortune to visit this

country and to thank Your Majesty in person for your letters inviting me to Siam, and to see with my own eyes your country and your people. I feel that it would have been a misfortune if the programme of my journey had not included Siam. I have now been absent from home nearly two years, and during that time I have seen every capital and nearly every large city in Europe, as well as the principal cities in India, Burmah and the Malay Peninsula. I have seen nothing that has interested me more than Siam, and every hour of my visit here has been agreeable and instructive. For the welcome I have received from Your Majesty, the princes and members of the Siamese government and the people generally, I am very grateful. I accept it, not as personal to myself alone, but as a mark of the friendship felt for my country by Your Majesty and the people of Siam. I am glad to see that feeling, because I believe that the best interests of the two countries can be benefited by nothing so much as the establishment of the most cordial relations between them. On my return to America I shall do what I can to cement those relations. I hope that in America we shall see more of the Siamese, that we shall have embassies and diplomatic relations, that our commerce and manufactures will increase with Siam, and that your young men will visit our country and attend our colleges as they now go to colleges in Germany and England. I can assure them all a kind reception, and I feel that the visits would be interesting and advantageous. I again thank Your Majesty for the splendid hospitality which has been shown to myself and my party, and I trust that your reign will be happy and prosperous, and that Siam will continue to advance in the arts of civilization.'

"General Grant, after a pause, then arose and said:

"'I hope you will allow me to ask you to drink the health of His Majesty the King of Siam. I am honored by the opportunity of proposing that toast in his own capital and his own palace, and of saying how much I have been impressed with his enlightened rule. I now ask you to drink the health of His Majesty the King and prosperity and peace to the people of Siam.'

"This toast was drunk with cheers, the company rising and the band playing the national air of Siam. The King then led the way to the upper audience-chamber, the saloon of the statues. Here ensued a long conversation between the King and the General and the various members of the party. Mrs. Grant, in the inner room, had a conversation with the Queen, who had not been at table. In conversing with the General the King became warm and almost affectionate. He was proud of having made the acquaintance of the General, and he wanted to know more of the American people. He wished Americans to know that he was a friend of the country. As to the General himself, the

King hoped when the General returned to the United States that he would write the King and allow the King to write to him, and always be his friend and correspondent. The General said he would always remember his visit to Siam, that it would afford him pleasure to know that he was the friend of the King; that he would write to the King and always be glad to hear from him, and if he ever could be of service to the King it would be a pleasure. With Mr. Borie the King also had a long conversation, and his manner toward the venerable ex-Secretary was especially kind and genial. It was midnight before the party came to an end."

CHAPTER XVI.

CHINA.

Departure of General Grant from Siam—Arrival at Singapore—No News from the "Richmond"—General Grant Embarks on the "Irrawaddy" for Hong Kong—Saigon—Arrival at Hong Kong—The "Ashuelot"—Reception of General Grant at Hong Kong—General Grant Sails in the "Ashuelot" for Canton—Arrival at Canton—Reception of General Grant by the Chinese Authorities—A Visit to the Viceroy—A State Procession—A Chinese Display—Reception by the Viceroy—A Chinese Tea-Party—Chopsticks—The Viceroy's Visit to General Grant—Oriental Pomp—A Chinese State Dinner—General Grant Leaves Canton—Macao—Memories of Camoens—General Grant returns to Hong Kong—The Voyage to Shanghai—Swatow—Amoy—Arrival of General Grant at Shanghai—A Magnificent Reception—General Grant Arrives at Tientsin—A Grand Reception—The Viceroy at Tientsin—Welcomes General Grant—The Most Powerful Subject of the Chinese Empire—Courtesies to General Grant—The Voyage up the Peiho—Arrival of General Grant at Pekin—Honors to General Grant in Pekin—Interview with the Prince Regent Kung—A Remarkable Man—China Requests General Grant to Mediate Between Herself and Japan—An Important Interview—General Grant Returns to Tientsin—Memorable Interview with the Viceroy—A Chinese Statesman—A Diplomatic Dinner—Arrival of the "Richmond"—General Grant Leaves Tientsin—The Viceroy's Farewell—Visit to the Great Wall of China—The "Richmond" at Chefoo—The Midnight Salute—Departure from China.

FROM Bangkok, General Grant and his party returned to Singapore, which was reached on the 21st of April. Upon reaching Singapore, the General found that the "Richmond" had not arrived, and decided to go at once on board the French mail steamer "Irrawaddy," and sail for Hong Kong. The "Irrawaddy" sailed on the 22d.

"We touched at Saigon," says Dr. Keating, describing the voyage, "and remained there for thirty-six hours. If the climate of Saigon is a type of that of the rest of Cochin-China, I would not live there long. It was simply fearful. The long, narrow, but deep river, about as wide as Chestnut street, winds in figure of 8 from the town of Saigon to its mouth. In fact, it is not one river alone, but a confluence, having multitudes of islands, the home of the mosquito, between its branches. As we entered the river's mouth quite early in the afternoon, and wound our way

in and out, turning sometimes almost abruptly at right angles and sometimes turning in a contrary direction, to our great dismay we suddenly saw our trusty ship swing around and endeavor by every available means to climb the bank on the port side. The bank was low and swampy, and no doubt existed in our minds as to her success until the crew settled the difficulty by arranging the aft steering-gear and gently righted her on her course. The steam steering-gear had come to pieces—not the first accident of the kind we have seen in our travels. This delayed us so that, before reaching Saigon, night, with all its Oriental beauty, had set in. At ten that night, after we reached our anchorage, and all the men, like ghostly figures, prowled around the deck seeking a cool spot, the A. D. C. of his Excellency, Rear-Admiral Lafond, the Governor of French Cochin-China came aboard, and extended an invitation to the General and party to become the guests of the Government House. This invitation was cordially accepted. On the following day the General drove all over the town, visited the principal buildings, and made himself conversant with the French control of Cochin-China. In the evening a dinner was given, and a levee at the Government House followed, which was a brilliant affair. At midnight the General took leave of his host, and proceeded on board the 'Irrawaddy,' which sailed at four o'clock next morning.

"After leaving Saigon the weather became much cooler; the wind, blowing from the northeast, brought us occasional storms, which, indeed, were refreshing, barring the unexpected ducking that befell the unconscious passenger who happened to sleep in an unsheltered corner of the ship. If there is one peculiarity of travelling by sea in the Eastern tropics, it is seen after sundown. No one for a moment thinks of using his cabin below except as a storehouse. About nine o'clock the gangway is seen crowded with servants bearing mattresses upon their shoulders, seeking to secure the best places for their respective masters. No matter where you go on the upper deck after four bells, you will find some one curled up in semi-Chinese attire, sweetly 'dreaming the happy hours away.'"

Hong Kong was reached on the 20th of April. The General was warmly welcomed by the United States Consul and a number of prominent merchants and citizens. A visit was paid to the United States war steamer "Ashuelot," which was lying in the harbor. "On the General's approach," says Dr. Keating, "the yards were manned and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired in his honor. The marines and a number of seamen were formed on deck to receive the distinguished visitor, and Commander Perkins and his officers waited near the gangway. The vessel was decked in holiday attire, as were almost all the ships in the harbor—the Stars and Stripes being everywhere most prominent.

"A pleasant half-hour was spent aboard the 'Ashuelot,' after which we again took the steam launch and proceeded towards Murray pier, where preparations had been made to receive us. The pier was very tastefully decorated. Evergreens festooned its whole length from flagstaff to flagstaff, and a handsome triumphal arch rose to view, surmounted by British and American flags. On one side were ranged the leading inhabitants and general public—the officials and others who were to be presented occupying reserved positions in front. On the other side a detachment of English soldiers was drawn up, with band playing and colors flying. Some 3,000 or 4,000 persons were there, about one-fourth being Europeans, and the rest members of leading Chinese firms. The large attendance of respectable Chinese merchants, I afterwards learned, was due to the action of the Governor, who had called together the most prominent citizens and extended them an invitation to be present and assist him in welcoming the General.

"As the ex-President stepped from the launch and mounted the red-covered stairway, the Governor came forward, and, warmly shaking him by the hand, welcomed him and Mrs. Grant to Hong Kong. The members of the party were then introduced to the Governor, and afterwards all the officials present and a few others, including Mr. Ng Choy—a celebrated Chinese barrister—and Mr. Tang King Sing, an opium-farmer of credit and renown, were presented to the General. Hand-shaking at an end, we were conducted to our quarters."

Several pleasant days were passed at Hong Kong, and then the General and his party proceeded up the river to Canton.

"At seven o'clock on the morning of the 5th of May," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "General Grant and party embarked for Canton on board the American man-of-war 'Ashuelot.' It was important to leave at an early hour to catch the tides and reach Canton in the afternoon. Mr. Lincoln, the American Consul, had been down to Hong Kong to see General Grant and arrange for his coming to Canton. Hong Kong is an island on the coast, and Canton a city on the Pearl river, about forty miles from the coast. The 'Ashuelot,' commanded by Commander G. H. Perkins, is especially adapted for river travel, and everything was made as pleasant as possible for the General. In addition to the General and party we had Mr. Chester Holcombe, the Chargé d'Affaires at Pekin, and Mr. Denny, the Consul at Tientsin. The trip to Canton was favored with fine weather, and was especially interesting to us because we were now coming into Chinese territory for the first time. Mr. Holcombe brought us word that the Chinese authorities in Pekin had given orders to treat General Grant with unusual distinction. It was difficult to explain to a Chinaman the exact position of General Grant. The republican idea is not easily translated into Oriental tongues. The Chinaman cannot conceive how one who had been a ruler of the nation should abandon his post—or how a ruler, having been deposed by a nation, any one should care further about him. These were anomalies unknown to the learned and wise in China, and since it became known that the General was coming, our consuls and diplomatic agents have been instructing the Chinese officials in the elementary principles of republican government.

"But there was no disposition to dwell upon these points, for China remembered that America had been invariably the friend of China; that while other nations had pressed her and spoiled her cities, America had been steadfast in friendship. Our first welcome was at the Bogue forts. These forts guard the entrance to the narrow part of the river, and were the scenes of active fighting during the French and English wars with China.

VIEW OF HONG KONG.

As we approached the forts a line of Chinese gunboats were drawn up, and on seeing the 'Ashuelot' with the American flag at the fore, which denoted the presence of the General on board, each boat fired the Chinese salute of three guns. The Chinese, by a refinement of civilization which it would be well for European nations to imitate, have decreed that the salute for all persons, no matter what rank, shall be three guns. This saves powder and heartburnings, and those irritating questions of rank and precedence which are the grief of naval and diplomatic society. The 'Ashuelot' returned these salutes, firing three guns, and a boat came alongside with mandarins in gala costume, who brought the cards of the Viceroy, the Tartar general commanding the forces and other dignitaries. Mr. Holcombe, who speaks Chinese, received these mandarins and presented them to General Grant, who thanked them for the welcome they brought from the Viceroy. A gunboat was sent to escort us, and this vessel, bearing the American flag at the fore out of compliment to the General, followed us all the way. At various points of the river—wherever, indeed, there were forts—salutes were fired and troops paraded. These lines of troops, with their flags—and nearly every other man in a Chinese army carries a flag—looked picturesque and theatrical as seen from our deck. Our hopes of reaching Canton before the sun went down were disappointed by the caprice of the tides, and we found ourselves wabbling around and carroming on the soft clay banks at a time when we hoped to have been in Canton.

"It was nine o'clock in the evening before we saw the lights of Canton. The Chinese gunboats as we came to an anchorage burned blue lights and fired rockets. The landing was decorated with Chinese lanterns, and many of the junks in the river burned lights and displayed the American flag. Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Scherzer, French Consul, Dr. Carson, and other representatives of the European colony, came on board to welcome us and to express a disappointment that we had not arrived in time for a public reception. The whole town had been waiting at the landing most of the afternoon and had now gone home to dinner. The General and party landed without any ceremony and went at

once to the house of Mr. Lincoln, where there was a late dinner. Next morning salutes were exchanged between the 'Ashuelot' and the Chinese gunboat. The 'Ashuelot' first saluted the Chinese flag and the port of Canton. To this the gunboat answered, firing twenty-one guns, as a compliment to us, and deviating from the Chinese rule. Then a salute of twenty-one guns was fired in honor of the General, to which our vessel answered. This is noted as the first time that the Chinese ever fired twenty-one guns in honor of any one, and it was explained that the government did so as a special compliment to America. General Grant remained at home during the morning to receive calls, while Mrs. Grant and the remainder of the party wandered into the city to shop and look at the curious things, and especially at the most curious thing of all, the city of Canton.

"The coming of General Grant had created a flutter in the Chinese mind. No foreign barbarian of so high a rank had ever visited the Celestial Kingdom. Coming from America, a country which had always been friendly with China, there were no resentments to gratify, and accordingly, as soon as the Viceroy learned of the visit, he sent word to our Consul that he would receive General Grant with special honors. There had been a discussion in consular and diplomatic circles as to whether the Viceroy would call on the General or the General on the Viceroy. We found it an unsettled question when we arrived. General Grant said that he would call on the Viceroy whenever that officer would receive him, his purpose being in going around the world to see all that could be seen with as little trouble as possible to his hosts and friends. The hour for visiting the Viceroy was two o'clock. The residence of the Consul is on the foreign concession, an island in the river called Shamien. This is a pretty little suburb, green enough to be a bit of Westchester county. The houses are large, with London ideas in the architecture, and there are shady lanes and gardens in the European plan to remind the colony of home. From the island you pass into Canton over a wide and short bridge, and opening a gate plunge at once into dense and swarming Canton. The Viceroy had sent a message to our Consul saying that when the Emperor

of China went through a city all the houses were closed, the streets cleared of people and troops lined the way. He supposed that General Grant had been accustomed to similar attentions, and accordingly he would have all the streets cleared and the troops paraded. An answer was sent that the General preferred seeing the people and would be better satisfied if no such orders were given. But the Viceroy was full of anxiety and so issued a placard informing all people that the foreigner was coming, that he was coming to do the Viceroy honor and that the people must do him honor. Any one failing in this or showing any disrespect to the General or any of his party would be at once arrested and punished with severity. Placards were hawked about the city as a kind of extra newspaper in Chinese characters, giving the people the latest news. I give you a translation of one of these extra bulletins:

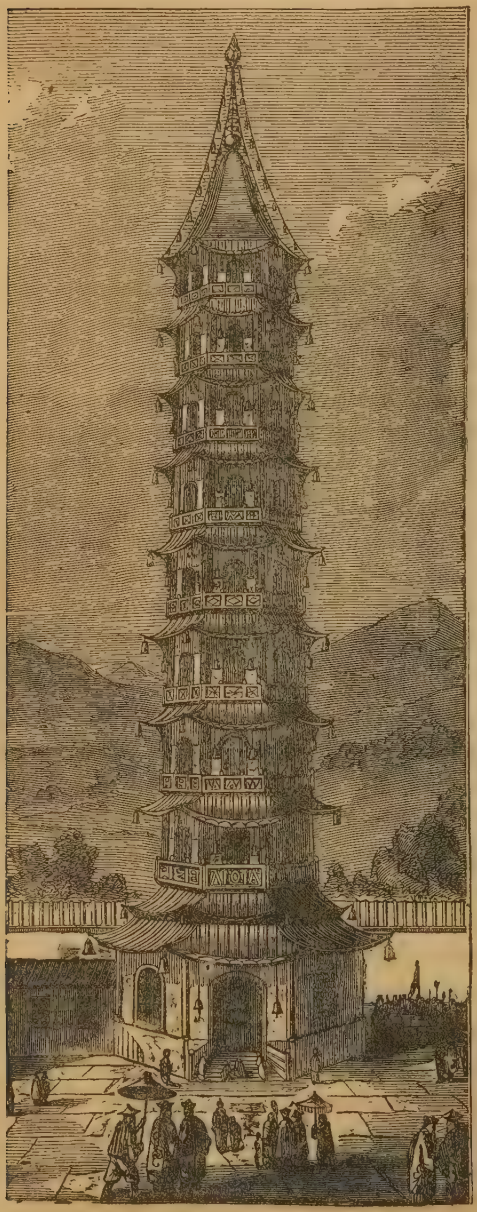
"'We have just heard that the King of America, being on friendly terms with China, will leave America early in the third month, bringing with him a suite of officers, etc., all complete on board the ship. It is said that he is bringing a large number of rare presents with him, and that he will be here in Canton about the 6th or 9th of May. He will land at the Tintsy ferry, and will proceed to the Viceroy's palace by way of the South gate, the Fantai's Ngamun and the Waning street. Viceroy Lan has arranged that all the mandarins shall be there to meet him, and a full Court will be held. After a little friendly conversation he will leave the Viceroy's palace and visit the various objects of interest within and without the walls. He will then proceed to the Roman Catholic Cathedral to converse and pass the night. It is not stated what will then take place, but notice will be given.'

"The Consulate is back from the street and looks out on a park or battery that runs down to the river. For an hour or two before the time large numbers of Chinamen gathered under the trees waiting for the procession. As any member of the party came in or out he became an object of curious wonder, and you had a feeling in time, with those wondering eyes ever upon you, as if you were on a stage acting, and this was the audience—an intensely interested audience, standing in the sun fanning themselves. Whenever an officer of the 'Ashuelot' arrived, the excitement rose to fever heat, for the officers came in full uniform, and the Oriental mind runs to gold and lace as

emblems of rank. The General sat on the piazza smoking and talking with Mr. Borie, quite unrecognized by the audience, who refused to see anything indicative of rank in a gray summer coat and white hat. When Commander Perkins arrived, accompanied by Chief Engineer McEwen, Lieutenant Belknap, his executive officer, and Dr. Fitz Simons, of the 'Ashuelot,' all in the full uniform of the navy, the problem was settled, and it was then known which was the King of America 'on his way to the Roman Catholic Cathedral to converse and spend the night.' As the hour approached the crowd grew larger and larger, and the excitement increased. A Tartar officer arrived on horseback with a detachment of soldiers, who formed under the trees and kept the crowd back. Then came the chairs and the chair-bearers, for in Canton you must ride in chairs and be borne on the shoulders of men. Rank is shown by the color of the chair and the number of attendants. The General's chair was a stately affair. On the top was a silver globe. The color was green, a color highly esteemed in China, and next in rank to yellow, which is sacred and consecrated to the Emperor, who alone can ride in a yellow chair. The chair itself is almost as large as an old-fashioned watch-box, and is sheltered with green blinds. It swings on long bamboo poles and is borne by eight men. The eight men were scarcely necessary, but the chair of state is always surrounded. In addition to the chair-bearers there was a small guard of unarmed soldiers, some ahead and others behind the chair, whose presence gave dignity to the chair and its occupant. The principal business of this guard seems to be to shout and make all the noise possible.

"At last we were under way for our visit to the Viceroy. First rode the single Tartar officer on a small gray pony. Then came the shouting guard. Then General Grant in his chair of state. The General wore evening dress, which was a disappointment to the Chinese, who, now being able to pin him down, because of the chair in which he rode, expected to see him a blaze of diamonds and embroidery and peacock feathers. The party who accompanied the General was composed of Mr. Borie, Lieutenant-Colonel Grant, C. P. Lincoln, our Consul to Canton;

Chester Holcombe, our acting Minister in Pekin; Judge Denny, our Consul in Tientsin; Dr. Keating, Commander G. H. Perkins, Engineer McEwen, Lieutenant Belknap, Dr. Fitz Simons, of the 'Ashuelot,' and the writer. The procession was rather a long one, for a chair with its attendants takes a good deal of space. And although my own place was not more than half way down the line, the General's chair as it turned from under the shady lane and moved across the bridge was a long way ahead.



CHINESE PAGODA.

"At intervals of a hundred yards were guards of soldiers, some carrying spears shaped like a trident, others with staves or pikes, others the clumsy old-fashioned gun. There is nothing martial in the Chinese soldier, I am afraid, but his dress was specially decorated and helped to give color to the scene. Then came groups of mandarins (officials), their hats surmounted with the button which indicated their rank, holding fans, and as the General passed saluting him in Chinese fashion, raising both hands to the forehead in supplicating attitude, hold-

ing them an instant and bringing them down with a rotatory gesture. Wherever the street was intersected with other streets the crowd became so dense that additional troops were required to hold it in place, and at various points the Chinese salute of three guns was fired. The road to the viceregal palace was three miles, and as the pace of the coolie who carries your chair is a slow one, and especially slow on days of multitudes and pageantry, we were over an hour in our journey, and for this hour we journeyed through a sea of faces, a hushed and silent sea, that swept around us, covering windows, doors, streets, roof-tops, wherever there was room for a pair of feet or hands.

"Some of the party estimated that there were 200,000 people to witness General Grant's progress through Canton. But no massing together of figures, although you ascend into the hundreds of thousands, will give you an idea of the multitude. Our march was a slow one. There were frequent pauses. You leaned back in your chair, holding the crushed opera hat in your hand, fanning yourself with it, for the heat was oppressive and there never seemed to have been a breeze in Canton. You felt for the poor coolies, who grunted and sweated under the load, and threw off their dripping garments only to excite your compassion as you saw the red ridges made by the bamboo poles on their shoulders. You studied the crowd which glared upon you —glared with intense and curious eyes. You studied the strange faces that slowly rolled past you in review, so unlike the faces at home, with nothing of the varying expressions of home faces—smooth, tawny—with shaven head and dark, inquiring eyes.

"But the booming guns, which boom in a quick, angry fashion; the increasing crowds, the renewed lines of soldiery, now standing in double line, their guns at a present; the sons of mandarins, the Viceroy's guard, under trees, and the open, shaded enclosure into which we are borne by our staggering, panting chair-bearers, tell us that we are at our journey's end and at the palace of the Viceroy. We descend from our chairs and enter the open reception-room or audience-chamber. The Viceroy himself, surrounded by all the great officers of his court, is waiting at the door. As General Grant advances, accompanied by the Consul, the Viceroy

steps forward and meets him with a gesture of welcome, which, to our barbarian eyes, looks like a gesture of adoration. He wears the mandarin's hat and the pink button and flowing robes of silk, the breast and back embroidered a good deal like the sacrificial robes of an archbishop at high mass. The Viceroy is a Chinaman, and not of the governing Tartar race. He has a thin, somewhat worn face, and is over fifty years of age. His manner was the perfection of courtesy and cordiality. He said he knew how unworthy he was of a visit from one so great as General Grant, but that this unworthiness only increased the honor. Then he presented the General to the members of his court—Chang Tsein, the Tartar General; Jen Chi, the Imperial Commissioner of Customs; Shan Chang Mow, the Deputy Tartar General, and Chi Hwo, the Assistant Tartar General. It is one of the memories of the Tartar conquest of China that the armies should be under Tartar chiefs, and it is noted as a rare incident that the Viceroy himself should be a Chinaman and not of the conquering race. Notwithstanding the rank of the Viceroy and his being the supreme ruler, I presume the real government depends upon the Tartar General, who, in case of an emergency, would defend his race and the throne which is now held by a Tartar dynasty. The Tartar General was a small, rather full person, with a weary, ill face, and we were told that he had come from a chamber of sickness to welcome us. Military care, the luxury of exalted station, opium, most probably, had had their way upon the Commander-in-Chief, and made him prematurely old. After General Grant had been presented we were each of us in turn welcomed by the Viceroy and presented to his suite. Mr. Holcombe and the Chinese interpreter of the Consul, a blue button mandarin, who speaks admirable English, were our interpreters. The Viceroy was cordial to Mr. Borie, asking him many questions about his journey, congratulating him upon his years, it being Chinese courtesy to especially salute age, and expressing his wonder that Mr. Borie should have taken so long a journey. Mr. Borie said to the Viceroy that he had always desired to see China. He had been for fifty years in business, trading with China, and the result of that long experience had been to

give him the highest opinion of the honesty, ability, and veracity of Chinese merchants.

"During this interchange of compliments the reception-room was filled with members and retainers of the court. Mandarins, aids, soldiers—all ranks were present. The whole scene was one of curiosity and excitement. The Chinamen seemed anxious to do all they could to show us how welcome was our coming, but such a visit was a new thing, and they had no precedent for the reception of strangers who had held so high a position as General Grant. The question of who should call first had evidently been much in the Viceroy's mind, for he said, apparently with the intention of assuaging any supposed feeling of annoyance that might linger in the General's mind, that, of course, that was not a call: it was only the General on his way about the town coming in to see him. The assurance was certainly not necessary, and I only recall it as an illustration of the Oriental feature of our visit. After the civilities were exchanged, the Viceroy led the General and party into another room, where there were chairs and tables around the room in a semi-circle. Between each couple of chairs was a small table, on which were cups of tea. The General was led to the place of honor in the centre, and the Chinese clustered together in one corner. After some persuasion the Viceroy was induced to sit beside the General, and the conversation proceeded. Nothing was said beyond the usual compliments, which were only repeated in various forms. I observed more vivacity among the Chinese than when we visited the Siamese—more of a desire to talk and make the callers at home.

"After sitting fifteen minutes, we drank tea in Chinese fashion. The tea is served in two cups, one of which is placed over the other in such a manner that when you take up the cups you have a globe in your hands. The tea is plain, and as each particular cup has been brewed by itself—is, in fact, brewing while you are waiting—you have the leaves of the tea. You avoid the leaves by pushing the upper bowl down into the lower one so as to leave a minute opening, and draw out the tea. Some of us drank the tea in orthodox home fashion, but others, being sensitive to the reputation of barbarism, perhaps, managed the two bowls very

much as though it were an experiment in jugglery, and drank the tea like a mandarin. This ceremony over, we were led into another room that opened on a garden. Here were guards, aids, and mandarins, and lines of soldiers. We found a large table spread, covered with dishes—eighty dishes in all. A part of a Chinese reception is entertainment, and ours was to be regal. We sat around the table and a cloud of attendants appeared, who, with silver and ivory chopsticks, heaped our plates. Beside each plate were two chopsticks and a knife and fork, so that we might eat our food as we pleased, in Chinese or European fashion.

"I tried to pay my hosts the compliment of using the chopsticks. They are about the size of large knitting needles, and, in the hands of a Chinaman, useful instruments. The servants twirled them all over the table, and picked up every variety of food with sure dexterity. I could do nothing with them. I never thought I had so large fingers as when I tried to carry a sweetmeat from one dish to another with chopsticks. The food was all sweetmeats, candied fruit, walnuts, almonds, ginger, cocoanuts, with cups of tea and wine. The Viceroy, with his chopsticks, helped the General. This is true Chinese courtesy for the host to make himself the servant of his guest. Then came a service of wine—sweet champagne and sauterne—in which the Viceroy pledged us all, bowing to each guest as he drank. Then, again, came tea, which, in China, is the signal for departure, an intimation that your visit is over. The Viceroy and party arose and led us to our chairs. Each one of us was severally and especially saluted as we entered our chairs, and, as we filed off under the trees, our coolies dangling us on their shoulders, we left the Viceroy and his whole court, with rows of mandarins and far-extending lines of soldiers in an attitude of devotion, hands held together toward the forehead and heads bent, the soldiers with arms presented. The music, real, banging, gong-thumping, Chinese music, broke out, twenty-one guns were fired, so close to us that the smoke obscured the view, and we plunged into the sea of life through which we had floated, and back again, through one of the most wonderful sights I have ever seen—back to our shady home in the American Consulate.

"The call of the Chinese officials the next day was a solemn ceremony. The Viceroy sent word that he would come at ten. Punctuality, however, is not an Oriental virtue, and ten o'clock had passed and we were sitting on the piazza looking out on the shipping in the river, when the beating of gongs gave the signal of the coming in state.

"I went out under the trees to see the procession, at the risk of exciting remark as to my curiosity from the crowd of Chinamen, chair-bearers, attendants and others who were standing around waiting for the show. The visitor proved to be the Tartar General, and he came in the most solemn state. First came the gong-beaters, who beat a certain number of strokes in a rapid measure. By the number you know the rank of the great man. Then came soldiers carrying banners on which were inscribed the names and titles of the commander. There was a marshal on a pony who seemed to command the escort. There were soldiers carrying spikes and spears and banners. The profusion of banners, or more properly small silk pennants, gave the procession a picturesque aspect, and the waving, straggling line, as it came shambling along under the trees, was quaint. There were attendants carrying the pipes and teapots of the great man. Four men carried a load under which they staggered, and this, I was told, was food. It is the custom when a great man goes forth to carry food and refreshment for himself and party and to give as largess to friends on the way, and although this General was only making a morning call, he showed honor to our party by coming in as much state as though he were journeying through the country. There were aids in chairs, but the General rode in a green state chair, the blinds closely drawn. I noticed that there was no drill or discipline in the procession—no keeping step. It shuffled and straggled along, the gongs beating and the attendants shouting in chorus to clear the way and do honor to the great man they were escorting until the Consulate was reached. Then the soldiers and burden-bearers crowded under the trees and the Tartar General's chair was borne to the piazza.

"The Tartar General, Chang Tsein, was met at the door by the Consul and escorted into the parlor, where General Grant shook

hands and gave him a seat. The attendants swarmed around the doors and the windows. I rather pitied the Tartar General, who looked tired and nervous, when I was told that his hour for rising was three o'clock in the afternoon; that he was not in the best of health, and that nothing but his desire to be civil to General Grant induced him to break through his habits. But His Excellency was chatty and ran into a long conversation, mainly about the age of General Grant and his own, the long distance between America and China, the extraordinary fact that the world was round, which no Chinaman really believes, and the singular circumstance that while we were sitting there looking at the trees and the shining sun people at home were either in bed or thinking of going to bed. One of the party, for the purpose I presume of sustaining the conversation, said that in going around the world we lost a day—that it was 364 days in the year going one way, and 366 going another; to all of which the Tartar General listened with a polite but doubting interest. General Grant ventured upon some questions as to the resources of the country, and learned that Pekin was much colder than Canton, that the Tartar General's home was in Pekin, that he had been so long in Canton that his health was affected and he wanted to be recalled. This talk ran on for fifteen minutes and tea was passed around in Chinese fashion, and the Consul led the way to another room. Here were refreshments, mainly sweetmeats and wine. Ten minutes more were spent over the candies and cakes, and the Tartar General, filling his glass with champagne, drank our health. Then tea was served again and the Tartar General arose, took his leave, and went off amid the beating of gongs, the waving of banners and the cries of his retinue.

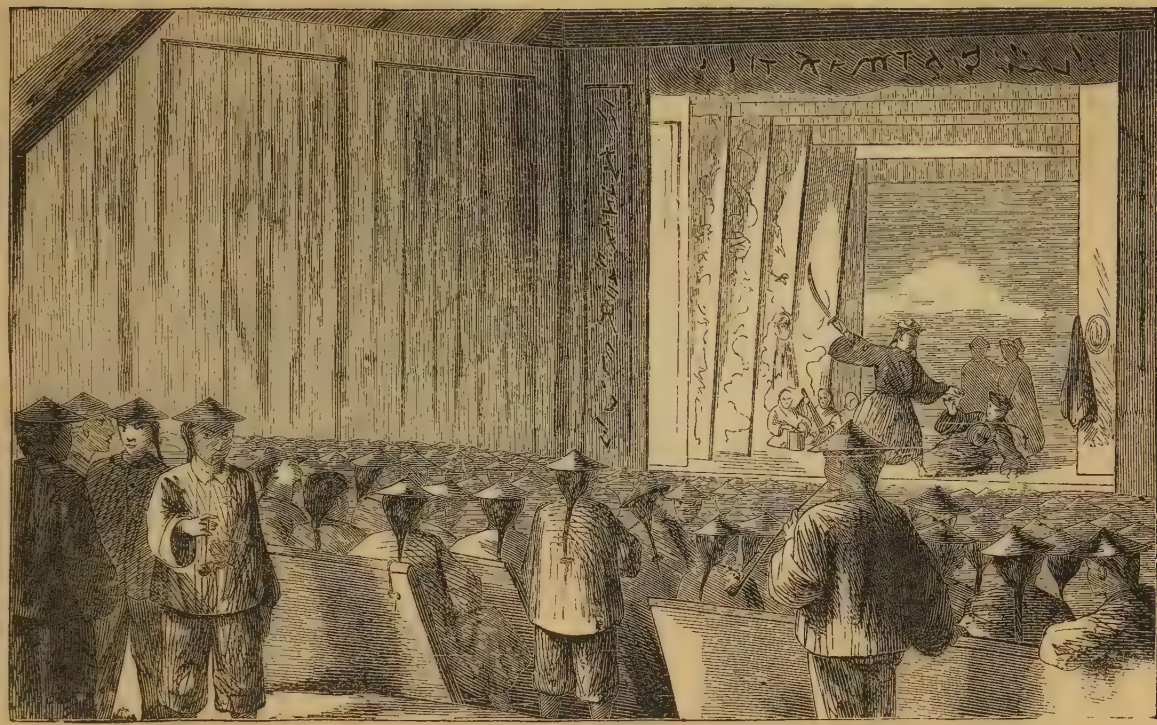
"The sounds of the gongs had scarcely died away when the sounds of other gongs announced the coming of the Viceroy, Lin Kwan Yu. He came in a little more state than the Tartar General, but the ceremonies of the reception were about the same. Then came other officials, all of whom had to be received, and given tea and sweetmeats and wine, so that the morning had gone before the last visit. At one o'clock there was a luncheon party, to which Mr. Lincoln invited the members of the American

Mission. The American missionary work in Canton has been long established, and the ladies and gentlemen engaged in it seemed to be contented and hopeful. Among those present were Rev. D. A. P. Hopper and his family, Rev. Mr. Noyes and family, Rev. Mr. Henry and wife, Rev. Mr. Van Dyke and wife, Rev. Mr. Graves and wife, Miss Wilden and Dr. Kerr, Commander Perkins and several of the officers of the 'Ashuelot.' Mr. Borie and some of the members of General Grant's party had broken away in the morning from the unending ceremonies and were over in the Chinese city buying curiosities. Mr. Borie came back in time to shake hands with the missionaries and converse with them on the progress of the Gospel in China. The luncheon party was pleasant, because there were no speeches—because it was pleasant to meet so many fellow-countrymen away from home engaged in the stupendous work of trying to bring China to Christianity. At five o'clock we formed into procession again and were carried in chairs to the residence of the Viceroy to take part in a state dinner given to General Grant.

"The hour fixed by the Viceroy for the dinner was six, and it was necessary for us to be under way at five. Those who went to the dinner were General Grant and party, Commander Perkins, Engineer McEwen, Lieutenant Deering, Dr. Fitz Simons and A. Ludlow Case, of the 'Ashuelot.' Our journey to the Viceroy was in the same state as when we made our official call. The hour was later, and it was more pleasant to ride in the cool evening than in the warm, sweltering day. Although the crowd was immense it was not so large as on the day before. There were the same ceremonies, the same parade, the same firing of guns, and if anything even more splendor when we came to the viceregal mansion. The Viceroy, the Tartar General and their splendidly embroidered retinues were all in waiting, and we were shown into the audience-chamber and given tea. The hall was illuminated and the gardens were dazzling with light. After the tea and the exchange of compliments between the Chinese and the members of our party a signal was given by the ringing of silver chimes, and we marched in procession to the dining-hall.

"It was something of a march, because in these Oriental palaces space is well considered, and if you dine in one house you sleep in another and bathe in a third. The dining-room was open on the gardens, apparently open on three sides. Around the open sides was a wall of servants, attendants, soldiers, mandarins, and if you looked beyond into the gardens, under the corruscating foliage, burdened with variegated lanterns, you saw groups and lines, all staring in upon us. How much of this was curiosity or how much ceremony I could not tell. Our dining-room was, I have said, an open hall, looking out upon a garden. Our table was a series of tables, forming three sides of a square. The sides of the tables that formed the interior of the square were not occupied. Here the servants moved about. At each table were six persons, with the exception of the principal table, which was given up to General Grant, the Viceroy, the Tartar General, Mr. Borie and Mr. Holcombe. Behind the Viceroy stood his interpreter and other personal servants. Attendants stood over the other tables with large peacock fans, which was a comfort, the night was so warm. The dinner was entirely Chinese, with the exception of the knives, forks and glasses. But in addition to the knives and forks we had chopsticks, with which some of the party made interesting experiments in the way of searching out ragout and soup dishes. At each of the tables were one or two of our Chinese friends, and we were especially fortunate at having with us a Chinese officer who spoke English well, having learned it at the mission school of Dr. Hopper.

"The custom in China is not to give you a bill of fare over which you can meditate, and if the dinner has any resources whatever compose a minor dinner of your own. A servant comes to each table and lays down a slip of red tea-box paper inscribed with Chinese characters. This is the name of the dish. Each table was covered with dishes, which remained there during the dinner—dishes of everything except bread—sweetmeats and cakes predominating. The courses are brought in bowls and set down in the middle of the table. Your Chinese friend, whose politeness is unvarying, always helps you before he helps himself. He dives his two chopsticks into the smoking bowl and



INTERIOR OF A CHINESE THEATRE.

lugs out a savory morsel and drops it on your plate. Then he helps himself frequently, not troubling the plate, but eating directly from the bowl. If the dish is a dainty shark's fins or bird's nest soup all the Chinese go to work at the same bowl and with the same chopsticks, silver and ivory, which were not changed during the entire dinner, but did service for fish and fowl and sweetmeats. Between each course were cigars or pipes. The high Chinamen had pipe-bearers with them, and as each course was ended they would take a whiff. But the cigars came as a relief to the smoking members of the party: for they could sit and look on and enjoy the spectacle, and have the opera sensation of looking at something new and strange. The cigars, too, were an excuse for not eating, and at a Chinese dinner an excuse for not eating is welcome. There is no reason in the world why you should not eat a Chinese dinner, except that you are not accustomed to it. You come to the table with a depraved appetite. Corn-bread and pigs-feet and corned beef have done their work upon you, and a good dinner most probably means a mound of beef overspread with potatoes. Of course such a training unfits you for the niceties, the delicate touches of a Chinese dinner. Then I am sure you do not like sweetmeats. That is a taste belonging to earlier and happier days—to the days of innocence and hope, before you ever heard of truffles and champagne. You would rather fight a duel than eat one of those heaps of candied preparations which our Chinese friends gobble up like children. But there is where our Chinese friends, with their healthy child-bred tastes, have the advantage of us, and why it is that your incapacity to enjoy your dinner is the result of an appetite deadened by civilization.

"But whatever the reason, the fact is that a cigar is a blessing and enables you to turn your dinner into an entertainment, to look on and be yourself amused, just as an hour ago you were amusing the crowd by the way in which you welcomed the bird's nest soup. The one thing which gave the dinner a touch of poetry was the bird's nest soup. The fact that the Chinese have found a soup in the nest of a bird is one of the achievements of their civilization. Take any school of half-grown children and

ask them about the manners of the Chinese, and there is not an answer that will not include bird's nest soup. So when our Chinese general told us, as he read the cabalistic letters on red tea-chest paper, that the next dish was to be bird's nest soup, we awakened to it as to the realization of a new mystery. The birds' nests came from Java, Borneo and Sumatra, and are rare and dear. My China friend told me that the dish before us would cost $15 or $20, that the bird's nest prepared for soup was worth its weight in silver. The nests are built in and are the work of a species of swallow. When the bowl came on the table it was as thick as a ragout, and our Chinese friends lugged out a mess of stringy, fibrous food, about the color and consistency of good old-fashioned vermicelli. The soup certainly does not justify its fame. There was nothing disagreeable about it; it was simply tasteless. I could not detect a flavor or the suspicion of a flavor; it was only a mess of not unpleasant, glutinous food, that needed seasoning.

"After we had learned the bird's nest soup, and had, alas! one mystery less to know in this developing world, we were attracted by shark's fins. The fins of the shark are much prized in China, and there were several stewed. We only skirmished around this dish in a coy, inquiring manner, really not caring to go into it, but feeling that it would be an impropriety to come to a Chinese dinner and not taste shark's fins. The dishes that we knew were so disguised that even when they made themselves known they were beyond recognition. The dishes we did not know we experimented upon. We discovered that the bird's nest soup was insipid; that shark's fins were oily and rancid; that fish brain was too rich; that the preparations of whale sinews and bamboo and fish maw, mushrooms and a whole family of the fungus species were repelling; that the chipping of the ham and duck and pigeon into a kind of hash took away all the qualities that inspire respect for them at home, and that the fatal omission was bread. 'If you go to a Chinese dinner,' said a friend on shipboard, 'be sure and take a loaf of bread in your pocket.' I thought of this injunction as I was preparing to dine with the Viceroy, but had not the courage to go into a Chinese palace,

like Benjamin Franklin, with a loaf of bread under my arm. If we had been dining we should have missed the bread; but none of us went through the dinner, except the Doctor, perhaps, who viewed the entertainment from a professional point of view and went through it in a spirit of discovery. When the feast was about two-thirds over, the Viceroy, seeing that General Grant and Mr. Borie had gone beyond the possibility of dinner, proposed a walk in the garden. The remainder of the party waited until the dinner was over. It was a long and weary repast, once that the novelty passed away.

"It was about half-past ten when we returned to the audience-room and took leave of our hosts. The Viceroy said he would come down to the 'Ashuelot' and see the General off. But the General said he was to sail at an early hour, and so said that he would prefer not putting His Excellency to so great a trouble. Then the Viceroy said it was a custom in China to send some memento of friendship to friends; that he was sorry he could not, without violation of Chinese etiquette, entertain Mrs. Grant, and he would like to send her a specimen of Cantonese work which might serve to remind her of Canton when she came to her own home beyond the seas. The Viceroy also spoke of the pleasure and the honor that he had felt in receiving General Grant, and his welcome in Canton would be repeated throughout China. In taking leave the Viceroy asked the General to be kind to his people in the United States, 'for you have,' he said, 'a hundred thousand Cantonese among you, and they are good people.' Then we entered our chairs, and amid the firing of guns, music, the cries of attendants and the waving of lanterns, we returned. The journey home through the night was weird and strange. The party was preceded by torch-bearers, and every chair carried lanterns. At regular points on the route were attendants holding torches and lanterns. The streets swung with lanterns, and the effect, the light, the narrow streets, the variety of decoration, the blended and varying colors, the doors massed with people, the dense and silent throng through which we passed, their yellow features made sombre by the night—everything was new and strange and grotesque; and when we crossed the river and

came under the green trees and saw our boat in the river and felt ourselves again among our own ways, it seemed that in the scenes through which we had passed the curtain had been lifted from a thousand years and that we had been at some mediæval feast of Oriental and barbaric splendor."

General Grant and his party left Canton on the 9th of May. "We sailed down the river from Canton," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "and over to Macao. Macao is a peninsula on the east coast of China, within five hours' sail of Hong Kong, a distance of about forty miles. Its exact situation is latitude 22° 11′ 30″ north, longitude 113° 32′ 30″ east. Macao is a colony of Portugal, and has been under its rule for more than three centuries. In the days of Portuguese commercial greatness, when Albuquerque was carrying the sword and St. Francis Xavier the cross through the East, Macao was picked up by Portuguese adventurers and added to the Indian possessions of Portugal. That empire has crumbled, has been taken by Englishman and Hollander. Macao remains as a remnant, a ruin of an empire that once bid fair to rule the continent of Asia. The holding of Macao looks like a bit of national vanity on the part of the Portuguese. I can see no use for it except as a haven for opium smugglers and a sort of Sunday resort for the Hong Kong youth to visit and play fantan. The right to play fantan is sold for $180,000 a year, and this revenue is a large part of the income of the colony. The town looks picturesque as you come to it from the sea, with that aspect of faded grandeur which adds to the beauty, if not to the interest and value, of a city. As the 'Ashuelot' came around the point in view of Macao, a slight sea was rolling and a mist hung over the hills. As soon as our ship was made out from the shore, the Portuguese battery flashed out a salute of twenty-one guns, to which the 'Ashuelot' responded. About five o'clock we came to an anchor, and the aide of the Governor came on board to say that the illness, and we were sorry to hear the serious illness, of the Governor prevented his doing any more than sending the most cordial welcome to Macao. The General landed and drove to a hotel. In the evening he strolled about, and in the morning

visited the one sight which gives Macao a world-wide fame—the home and grotto of Camoens.

"Camoens lived in the age when it was not unbecoming for a poet to be a soldier, and to engage in adventurous enterprises. He lost his sight in a conflict with the Moors, and, dissatisfied with the condition of his affairs in Portugal, sailed for the East in the thirty-sixth year of his age. In the Portuguese colony of Goa he made enemies by the freedom with which he criticised the rulers, and the result was that he came in banishment to Macao, where in time local friendship procured him the appointment of administrator to the estates of deceased persons. Here he wrote a good part of the 'Lusiad.' Senhor Marques, a Portuguese resident, is now the owner of what is now known as Camoen's Grotto. General Grant visited it the morning after his arrival, and was shown over the grounds by Senhor Marques, who, in honor of our coming, had built an arch over the entrance, with the inscription, 'Welcome to General Grant.' The grounds surrounding the grotto are beautiful and extensive, and for some time we walked past bamboo, the pimento, the coffee and other tropical trees and plants. Then we ascended to a bluff overlooking the town and sea, and from the point we had a commanding view of the town, the ocean and the rocky coasts of China. The grotto of Camoens is enclosed with an iron railing, and a bust of the poet surmounts the spot where, according to tradition, he was wont to sit and muse and compose his immortal poems. General Grant inscribed his name in the visitors' book, and, accompanied by Senhor Marques, returned to the 'Ashuelot,' which at once steamed for Hong Kong. Salutes were fired from the Portuguese battery as we left, and at two o'clock we landed in Hong Kong harbor, were Governor Hennessy met the General and took him to the Government House.

"Our return to Hong Kong was to be present at a garden-party which had been arranged by the citizens. But the weather interfered, and the General was compelled to leave on Monday to keep engagements which had been made for him in the north. He spent Sunday quietly with the Governor, and on Monday

morning took leave of his brilliant and hospitable host. Before leaving, the General, accompanied by the Governor and our Consul, Colonel John S. Mosby, received a deputation of Chinese who wished to present him with an address. The presentation took place in the parlors of the Government House.

"After giving the address the General and party, accompanied by Governor Hennessy and wife and Colonel Mosby, took chairs and proceeded to the landing to embark for the north. There was a guard of honor at the wharf and all the foreign residents were present. As the General went on board the launch hearty cheers were given, which were again and again repeated as he steamed into the bay. The Governor took his leave of General Grant on board the 'Ashuelot,' and as he left the vessel fired a salute of seventeen guns in his honor, with the British flag at the fore.

CHINESE VASES.

"General Grant's trip along the coast of China was exceptionally pleasant, so far as winds and waves were concerned. There

was a monsoon blowing, but it was just enough to help us along without disturbing the sea. Then it was a pleasure to come once more into cooler latitudes. Ever since we left Naples we had been under the sun, and nearly four months' battle with it had told upon us all. It was a luxury to tread the deck and feel a cool breeze blowing from the north, to roll yourself in a blanket as you slept on deck, to look out warmer clothing and feel that life was something more than living in a Turkish bath. On the morning of the 13th we came to Swatow.

"Swatow is one of the treaty ports thrown open to foreigners under the treaty of Lord Elgin. It is at the mouth of the river Hau, near the border of the Kwangtung Province, in latitude 23° 20′ north, longitude 116° 39′ east. The entrance to the river is striking in point of scenery, and as we came in sight of the town all the Chinese forts saluted and the shipping in the harbor dressed. C. C. Williams, our Consular Agent, came on board to welcome the General, and in his company we landed and spent an hour in threading the old Chinese town. The streets were narrow, and our way was rendered more difficult by a company or two of strolling players, who had erected a kind of Punch and Judy show. The apparition of the foreigner, however, injured the show business, for the audience gave up the music and merry-making and followed us over the town. We saw nothing in Swatow, except that it was very dirty, and it was a relief to steam across the river to the house of Mr. Williams, where there was a sumptuous luncheon. In the afternoon we bade farewell to our hosts and steamed out amid several salutes from the forts to Amoy. While in Swatow the Chinese Governor called in state, and said that he had orders from the government to pay all possible attentions to General Grant. It was the custom of the country in making these calls to bring an offering, and as nothing is more useful than food he had brought a live sheep, six live chickens, six ducks and four hams. While the Governor was in conference with the General the animals were outside. There was nothing for the General to do but to accept the homely offering and present it to the servants.

"Amoy is another of the treaty ports open to foreign trade.

It is on the island of Heamun, at the mouth of Dragon river, in latitude 24° 40′ north, longitude 118° east. It was one of the ports visited by the Portuguese, and has practically been open to trade for three centuries. The island is about forty miles in circumference, and the scenery as we approached was picturesque. All the batteries fired, and there was a welcome from one of our own men-of-war, the 'Ranger,' commanded by Commander Boyd. N. C. Stevens, the Vice Consul, came on board and welcomed us to Amoy. We landed and strolled through the Chinese town, which was very old and dirty. At noon there was a large luncheon party, at which we met all the consuls, the leading citizens and the commanders of the 'Ashuelot' and the 'Ranger.' Among the guests was Sir Thomas Wade, the British Minister to Pekin, who was on his way to the capital, and with whom the General had a long conversation about China. Mr. Stevens proposed the health of the General in a complimentary speech, and at five we went on board the 'Ranger' to attend a reception. You can never tell what can be done with a man-of-war in the way of flags and lanterns and greenery. Certainly the 'Ranger' under the inspiration of the officers was transformed into a fairy scene, and nothing could have been more kind and hospitable than the captain and the officers. Mrs. Boyd assisted her husband in entertaining his guests. At seven o'clock, as the sun was going down, we took our leave of the brilliant gathering in the 'Ranger' and steamed to Shanghai.

"On the morning of the 17th of May, the 'Ashuelot,' commanded by Commander Johnson, who relieved Commander Perkins in Hong Kong, came in sight of the Woosung forts, which fired twenty-one guns. We had had a pleasant run from Amoy, a stiff breeze helping us along. As soon as the firing of the Chinese forts ceased, the 'Iron Duke,' the flagship of the admiral commanding the British fleet in China, ran up the American flag to the fore and fired twenty-one guns. The Chinese gunboats joined in the chorus, and the 'Ashuelot' returned the salutes. There was so much cannonading and so much smoke that it seemed as if a naval battle were raging. As the smoke lifted, the American man-of-war 'Monocacy' was seen steaming

toward us, dressed from stem to stern. As she approached a salute was fired. We were a little bit ahead of the time appointed for our reception in Shanghai, and when the 'Monocacy' came within a cable-length both vessels came to an anchor. A boat came from the 'Monocacy,' carrying the committee of citizens who were to meet the General, Messrs. R. W. Little, F. B. Forbes, Helland, Purden, and Hübbe. The committee was accompanied by Mr. D. W. Bailey, the American Consul-General for China, who presented the members to General Grant, and by Mrs. Little and Mrs. Holcombe, who came to meet Mrs. Grant. The committee lunched with the General, and about half-past one the 'Ashuelot' slowly steamed up to the city. As we came in sight of the shipping the sight was very beautiful. The different men-of-war all fired salutes and manned yards, the merchantmen at anchor were dressed, and as the 'Ashuelot' passed the crews cheered. The General stood on the quarter-deck and bowed his thanks. As we came to the spot selected for landing, the banks of the river were thronged with Chinamen. It is estimated that at least one hundred thousand lined the banks, but figures are, after all, guesses, and fail to give you an idea of the vast, far-extending, patient and silent multitude. It was Saturday afternoon, the holiday, and consequently every one could come, and every one did in holiday attire. One of the committee said to me, as we stood on the deck of the 'Ashuelot' looking out upon the wonderful panorama of life and movement, that he supposed that every man, woman and child in Shanghai who could come was on the river bank. The landing was in the French concession. A large 'go down,' or storehouse, had been decorated with flags, flowers and greenery. This building was large enough to hold all the foreign residents in Shanghai, and long before the hour of landing every seat was occupied.

"At three o'clock precisely the barge of the 'Ashuelot' was manned, the American flag was hoisted at the bow, and General Grant, accompanied by Mrs. Grant, Mr. Borie, Colonel Grant, Mr. Holcombe, acting Minister at Pekin, Mrs. Holcombe, Consul-General Bailey, and Dr. Keating, embarked. As the boat slowly pulled toward the shore the guns of the 'Ashuelot' thun-

dered out a national salute, while the other men-of-war manned the yards. In a few minutes the boat came to the landing, which was covered with scarlet cloth. Mr. Little, chairman of the Municipal Council, and the committee shook hands with the General, and the procession marched into the building. As General Grant entered, the audience rose and cheered heartily. On reaching the seats prepared for him he was presented to the Chinese Governor, who had come to do his part in the reception. The Governor was accompanied by a delegation of mandarins of high rank. The band played 'Hail, Columbia!' and after the music and cheering ceased Mr. Little advanced and read an address welcoming General Grant to Shanghai, to which the General made an appropriate reply.

"The speech over, there were other presentations, and General Grant was escorted to his carriage. There was a guard of honor composed of sailors and marines from the American and French men-of-war and the Volunteer Rifles of Shanghai. It was the intention of the British naval commander to have sent a hundred men on shore to take part in the reception, but there was some misunderstanding as to the time, and the British tars did not land until it was too late. The captain was mortified at the blunder, and sent a message to the General to explain his absence and his regret that he had not been able to do his part in honoring the General. The General rode in a carriage with Mrs. Grant, Mr. Bailey and Mr. Holcombe. The volunteers formed on either side and walked as a guard of honor. There was an infantry battalion and a battery of artillery. Horses are not plentiful in Shanghai, and the General's carriage was drawn by a pair of Australian horses. The animals, however, did not have military experience, and grew so impatient with the guns, the music, and the cheering that they became unmanageable, and the procession came to a halt. Lieutenant Cowles, of the 'Monocacy,' who was in command of the escort, suggested a remedy. The horses were taken out, and the volunteer guard, taking hold of the carriage, drew it along the embankment to the Consulate, a distance of more than a mile. On arriving at the Consulate, the General reviewed the escort. The evening was spent quietly,

the General dining with Mr. Bailey and a few of the leading citizens of the settlement.

"Sunday was passed quietly, General Grant attending service in the Cathedral. On Monday morning he visited a dairy farm and afterward made a few calls. In the evening he dined with R. W. Little, and after dinner went to the house of Mr. Cameron, the Manager of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, to witness the torchlight procession and the illumination. The whole town had been agog all day preparing for the illumination, and as we strolled along the parade every house was in the hands of workmen and Chinese artists. There was a threat of bad weather, but as the sun went down the ominous winds went with it, and the evening was perfect for all the purposes of the display. The two occasions when Shanghai had exerted herself to welcome and honor a guest were on the visits of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duke Alexis. The display in honor of General Grant far surpassed these, and what made it so agreeable was the heartiness with which English, Americans, French, Germans and Chinese all united. I had heard a good deal during the day of what Shanghai would do. But with the memory of many fêtes in many lands, fresh from the stupendous demonstration in Canton, I felt skeptical as to what a little European colony clinging to the fringe of the Chinese Empire could really do in the way of a display. The dinner at Mr. Little's was over at half-past nine, and in company with Mr. Little and the General I drove along the whole river front. The scene as we drove out into the open street was bewildering in its beauty. Wherever you looked was a blaze of light and fire, of rockets careering in the air, of Roman lights and every variety of fire. The ships in the harbor were a blaze of color and looked as if they were pieces of fireworks. The lines of the masts, the rigging and the hulls were traced in flames. The 'Monocacy' was very beautiful, every line from the bow to the topmast and anchor chain hung with Japanese lanterns. This graceful, blending mass of color thrown upon the black evening sky was majestic, and gave you an idea of a beauty in fire hitherto unknown to us. 'Never before,' says the morning journal—for I prefer to take other authority than my own in

recording this dazzling scene—'never before has there been such a blaze of gas and candles seen in Shanghai.'

"The trees in full foliage gave a richer hue to the scenes, and they seemed under the softening influence of the night and the fire to be a part of the fireworks. On the front of the club house was a ten-foot star in gas jets with the word 'Welcome.' There was the United States coat of arms, with the initials 'U. S. G.,' flanked with the words 'Soldier' and 'Statesman.' Russell & Co. had a ten-foot star 'Welcome to Grant,' and in addition there were 2,000 Chinese lanterns crossing the whole building, lighting the grounds and swinging from the flagstaff. At the Central Hotel was a six-foot St. George's star, with 'U. S. G.' At the French a St. George's star, with a sunburst on either side. The American consulate was covered with lanterns arranged to form sentences—'Washington, Lincoln, Grant—three immortal Americans;' 'Grant will win on this line if it takes all summer;' 'The fame of Grant encircles the world;' 'Grant—of the people, with the people, for the people.' There was also a mammoth device in gas jets, fifty feet high, 'Welcome, Grant—soldier, hero, statesman.' The Japanese consulate, their merchant and the offices of the shipping company were covered with lanterns, 4,000 arranged in the most effective manner. The Astor House had this quotation from the General's speech in Hong Kong, 'The perpetual alliance of the two great English-speaking nations of the world.' The English consulate had a multitude of lanterns and the word 'Welcome' in a blazing gas jet. The Masonic Hall was a mass of light. Jardine, Matheson & Co. had lanterns arranged in a St. Andrew's cross and a triumphal arch of fire.

"These are, however, dry details, which I repeat to do justice to those who took so much pains to do honor to the ex-President. Mere details give no idea of the scene. Even more striking than the decorations was the multitude. The Chinese like a celebration, and all day the people had been pouring into the foreign settlement from the old city, and from the country for miles around, to see the show. Here I am at a loss for figures, but the General's own estimate is perhaps the best. In answer to a ques-

tion he said that there were no less than 200,000 persons within the range of vision. As we drove slowly along the river front, wherever the eye rested it was upon a massed, silent and immovable throng, not like our own rolling, impatient, heedless crowds at home, but silent, sober, calm. At ten the General returned to the house of Mr. Cameron, and from there reviewed the firemen's procession. Each engine was preceded by a band, which played American airs; and it gave one a feeling of homesickness, and recalled the great days of trial and sacrifice, to hear the strains of 'John Brown' and 'Sherman's March Through Georgia.' After the procession passed and re-passed there was a reception in Mr. Cameron's house, and at midnight the General drove home to the consulate. So came to an end a wonderful day—one of the most wonderful in the history of General Grant's tour around the world."

From Shanghai the "Ashuelot" sailed for Tientsin, at the mouth of the Peiho river, from which point General Grant intended visiting Pekin, the capital of China. His Excellency Li-Hung Chang, the Viceroy of Tientsin, and by far the greatest living General of China, was very attentive to General Grant, and the General on his part conceived a high admiration for the Viceroy.

"The great Viceroy, Li-Hung Chang, of Tientsin," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "perhaps to-day the most powerful subject in China, took the deepest interest in the coming of General Grant. He was of the same age as the General. They won their victories at the same time—the Southern rebellion ending in April, the Taeping rebellion in July, 1865. As the Viceroy said to a friend of mine, 'General Grant and I have suppressed the two greatest rebellions known in history.' Those who have studied the Taeping rebellion will not think that Li-Hung Chang coupled himself with General Grant in a spirit of boasting. 'How funny it is,' he also said, 'that I should be named Li and General Grant's opponent should be called Lee.' While General Grant was making his progress in India the Viceroy followed his movements and had all the narratives of the journey translated. As soon as the General

VIEW OF TIENTSIN.

reached Hong Kong, Judge Denny, Consul at Tientsin, conveyed a welcome from the Viceroy. When questions were raised as to the reception of the General in Tientsin the Viceroy ended the matter by declaring that no honor should be wanting to the General and that he himself should be the first Chinaman to greet him in Tientsin, and welcome him to the chief province of the empire.

"As the 'Ashuelot' came into the Peiho river on the 28th of May, the forts fired twenty-one guns, and all the troops were paraded. A Chinese gunboat was awaiting, bearing Judge Denny, our Consul, and Mr. Dillon, French Consul and Dean of the Consular Corps. As we came near Tientsin the scene was imposing. Wherever we passed a fort twenty-one guns were fired. All the junks and vessels were dressed in bunting. A fleet of Chinese gunboats formed in line, and each vessel manned yards. The booming of the cannon, the waving of the flags, the manned yards, the multitude that lined the banks, the fleet of junks massed together and covered with curious lookers-on, the stately 'Ashuelot,' carrying the American flag at the fore, towering high above the slender Chinese vessels and answering salutes gun for gun; the noise, the smoke, the glitter of arms, the blending and waving of banners and flags which lined the forts and the rigging like a fringe—all combined to form one of the most vivid and imposing pageants of our journey. The General stood on the quarter-deck, with Commander Johnson, Mr. Holcombe, Judge Denny and Mr. Dillon, making acknowledgments by raising his hat as he passed each ship. As we came near the landing the yacht of the Viceroy, carrying his flag, steamed toward us, and as soon as our anchor found its place hauled alongside. First came two mandarins carrying the Viceroy's card. General Grant stood at the gangway, accompanied by the officers of the ship, and as the Viceroy stepped over the side of the 'Ashuelot' the yards were manned and a salute was fired. Judge Denny, advancing, met the Viceroy and presented him to General Grant as the great soldier and statesman of China. The Viceroy presented the members of his suite, and the General, taking his arm, led him to the upper

deck, where the two generals sat in conversation for some time, while tea and cigars and wine were passed around in approved Chinese fashion.

"Li-Hung Chang strikes you at first by his stature, which would be unusual in a European and was especially notable among his Chinese attendants, over whom he towered. He has a keen eye, a large head and wide forehead, and speaks with a quick, decisive manner. When he met the General he studied his face curiously and seemed to show great pleasure, not merely the pleasure expressed in mere courtesy, but sincere gratification. Between the General and the Viceroy friendly relations grew up, and while in Tientsin they saw a great deal of each other. The Viceroy said at the first meeting that he did not care merely to look at General Grant, or even to make his acquaintance, but to know him well and to talk with him. As the Viceroy is known to be among the advanced school of Chinese statesmen, not afraid of railways and telegraphs and anxious to strengthen and develop China by all the agencies of outside civilization, the General found a ground upon which they could meet and talk. The subject so near to the Viceroy's heart is one about which few men living are better informed than General Grant. During his stay in China, wherever the General has met Chinese statesmen he has impressed upon them the necessity of developing their country and of doing it themselves. No man has ever visited China who has had the opportunities of seeing Chinese statesmen accorded to the General, and he has used these opportunities to urge China to throw open her barriers and be one in commerce and trade with the outer world.

"The General formed a high opinion of the Viceroy as a statesman of resolute and far-seeing character. This opinion was formed after many conversations—official, ceremonial and personal. Some of these I will give you at another time. This letter I am confining to the reception at Tientsin. The visit of the Viceroy to the General was returned next day, May 29th, in great pomp. There was a marine guard from the 'Ashuelot.' We went to the viceregal palace in the Viceroy's yacht, and as we steamed up the river every foot of ground, every spot on the

junks, was covered with people. At the landing troops were drawn up. A chair lined with yellow silk, such a chair as is only used by the Emperor, was awaiting the General. As far as the eye could reach the multitude stood expectant and gazing, and we went to the palace through a line of troops who stood with arms at a present. Amid the firing of guns, the beating of gongs, our procession slowly marched to the palace door. The Viceroy, surrounded by his mandarins and attendants, welcomed the General. At the close of the interview the General and the Viceroy sat for a photograph. This picture Li-Hung Chang wished to preserve as a memento of the General's visit, and it was taken in one of the palace rooms. A day or two later there was a ceremonial dinner given in a temple. The hour was noon, and the Viceroy invited several guests to meet the General. Of Chinese there were several high officials. Among the Europeans were Judge Denny, Mr. Forrest, the British Consul; Mr. Dillon, the French Consul; Colonel Grant, the German and Russian Consuls, Mr. Detring, the Commissioner of Customs; Mr. Pethich, the Vice Consul; Commander M. L. Johnson, commanding the 'Ashuelot,' and the commander of the British gunboat, the 'Frolic.' The dinner was a stupendous, princely affair, containing all the best points of Chinese and European cookery, and, although the hour was noon, the afternoon had far gone when it came to an end.

"There was tea and then cigars. The Viceroy had arranged for a photograph of the whole dinner party. So our portraits were taken in the room where we had dined, the Viceroy and the General sitting in the middle, beside a small tea-table. On the side of the General were the European, on that of the Viceroy the Chinese members of the party. This function over, we returned to our yacht amid the same ceremonies as those which attended our coming, and steamed back to the Consulate, the river still lined with thousands of Chinamen.

"We made a tour of the town in chairs, and nothing more dismal and dreary have we seen in China. The streets were covered with dust, the sun shone down upon hard, baked walls; the sewers were open and the air was laden with odors that sug-

gested pestilence, and explained the dreadful outbreaks of typhus and small-pox with which the city is so often visited. One of the first sights that attracted me was the number of people whose faces were pitted with small-pox. Mr. Holcombe informed me that small pox had no terror for the Chinese, and that they did not believe it was contagious. In walking along the line of one of the Viceroy's regiments, drawn up to salute the General, it seemed as if every other soldier's face bore marks of the disease.

"The foreign settlement runs along the river. Streets have been laid out. Houses stand back in the gardens. Trees throw their shadows over the lanes. The houses are neat and tasteful, and the French Consulate is especially a striking building. This, however, was built by the Chinese as an act of reparation for the Tientsin massacre, one of the saddest events in the recent history of China. The American Consulate is a pleasant, modest little house that stands in the centre of a garden. The garden had been turned into a conservatory on the occasion of the General's visit, flowers in great profusion having been brought from all parts of the settlement. The whole settlement seemed to unite in doing honor to the General, and this hearty sympathy, in which every one joined, was among the most agreeable features of the General's visit to Tientsin. Even the captain of the British gunboat showed his good-will by sending his crew and marines to act as a guard of honor at the house of the Consul. There was nothing oppressive in the hospitality, as has been the case in so many of the places visited by the General. The French Consul, Mr. Dillon, gave a dinner and a garden party, at which all the inhabitants attended. The grounds were beautifully illuminated. One of the features of the dinner at the French Consul's was the presence of the Viceroy. This was the first time the Viceroy had ever attended a dinner party at which Europeans were present with their wives. The only difference in the arrangement of the table was that the General escorted the Viceroy to the table, the ladies coming in after and sitting in a group on one side of the table. It was a quaint arrangement and not without its advantages, and the Viceroy, notwithstanding

he was breaking through customs as old as the civilization of China, and apt to bring down upon him the censure of conservatives and the displeasure of the censors who sit in Pekin in judgment upon all officers of the Empire, high and low, seemed to enjoy the feast. The Viceroy is, perhaps, the one statesman in China who can do as he pleases in matters of this kind.

"The fête at the French Consul's was made brilliant by a display of fireworks, which gave us a new idea of what was possible in pyrotechny under the cunning hands of the Chinaman. There was also a display of jugglery, the Viceroy, the General and the ladies of the party sitting on the balcony and watching the performers. I was told that the Viceroy had never even seen a Chinese juggler before, and he certainly seemed to be pleased with the show. There was nothing startling about the tricks, except that what was done was pure sleight-of-hand. There were no machinery, no screens and curtains and cupboards. All that the players required were a blanket and a fan. They stood on the lawn and performed their tricks with the crowd all about them, drawing bowls full of water and dishes of soup and other cumbrous and clumsy articles from impossible places. At midnight the fête ended, and considering the small colony and the resources possible to so limited a community, it was a great success."

At one o'clock in the afternoon of the 31st of May, General Grant and his party embarked on the Peiho river for Pekin. "The question of how we should go to Pekin," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "had been gravely discussed. You can go on horseback, or in carts, or in boats. It is only a question of degree in discomfort, for there is no comfort in China —none, at least, in travel. The quickest way of reaching Pekin from Tientsin is by horse. Horseback-riding is the principal amusement in Tientsin, and you can find good horses with Chinese attendants at a reasonable rate. Mr. Holcombe went ahead in a cart, so as to prepare the legation for the reception of the General and party. The cart in China is the accustomed method of travel, although an attempt at luxury has been made in arranging a mule cart or litter. The litter seems to be a

recollection of the Indian litter or palanquin. You creep into an oblong box with a rest for the head should you care to lie down. This box is mounted on shafts, and you have a mule leading and another bringing up the rear. While reviewing our arrangements for the journey Mr. Holcombe, who has seen nearly every form of adventure and travel in China, gave his preference to the mule litter. The horse was impossible for the ladies of the expedition. The carts embodied so many forms of discomfort that we were not brave enough to venture. They have no springs, and the roads, worn and torn and gashed, make travel a misery. There was no available method but the boats, and all day Judge Denny and other friends were busy in arranging the boats for the comfort of the General. In this labor the Judge was assisted by Mr. Hill, an old American resident of China, who knew the language, and who was so anxious to do honor to General Grant that he volunteered as quartermaster and admiral of the expedition. It would have been difficult to find a better quartermaster. There was no trouble, no care that he did not take to insure us a safe and easy road to Pekin.

"When the boats necessary assembled they formed quite a fleet. They were moored near the 'Ashuelot,' and all the morning Chinamen were running backward and forward, carrying furniture and food. The party who visited Pekin were General and Mrs. Grant; Mrs. Holcombe, wife of the acting American Minister; Colonel Grant, Lieutenant Belknap, Mr. Deering and Mr. Case, officers of the 'Ashuelot.' Mr. Hill, as I have said, went along as quartermaster. Mr. Pethich, the accomplished Vice Consul of Tientsin, and one of the best Chinese scholars in our service, and the secretary of the Viceroy, an amiable young mandarin, who knew English enough to say 'Good-morning,' were among our scouts. There were two small, shallow gunboats, which seemed to have no guns, except muskets, who brought up our rear. The General's boat was what is called a mandarin's boat—a large, clumsy contrivance, that looked, as it towered over the remainder of the fleet, like Noah's ark. It had been cleaned up and freshened, and was roomy. There were two bed-rooms, a small dining-room, and in the stern what seemed to

be a Chinese laundry house, three stories high. It seemed alive with women and children, who were always peeping out of windows and portholes to see what new prank the barbarians were performing, and scampering away if gazed at. These were the families of the boatmen, who have no other home but the river. The other boats were small, plain shells, divided into two rooms and covered over. The rear of the boat was given to the boatmen, the front to the passengers. In this front room was a raised platform of plain pine boards, wide enough for two to sleep. There was room for a chair and a couple of tables. If the weather was pleasant we could open the sides by taking out the slats, and as we reclined on the bed look out on the scenery. But during the day it was too warm, and in addition to the sun there were streaming clouds of dust that covered everything. During the night it was cold enough for blankets, so that our boats were rarely or never open, and we burrowed away most of the time as though in a kennel or a cage. Each of the small boats had room for two persons. In the rear the cooking was done. The General had a special cooking boat which brought up the rear, and when the hour for meals came was hauled alongside.

"We should have been under way at daybreak, and the General was up at an early hour and anxious to be away. But the Chinese mind works slowly, and a visit to the General's boat—the flagship as we called it—showed that it would be noon before we could go. Judge Denny had taken off his coat and was trying to stimulate the Chinese mind by an example of Western energy. But it was of no use. The Chinaman has his pace for every function, and was not to be hurried. The day was oppressively warm and the knowledge of the General's departure had brought a multitude of Chinamen to the water side—of the curious people who think it no hardship to stand all day around the Consulate watching for a glimpse of the General. About noon the last biscuit had been stored, all the sails were hoisted and the fleet moved away under the command of Quartermaster and Admiral Hill. The purpose was to pull through the wilderness of junks that crowd the river for miles, and wait the Gen-

eral above. An hour later the General went on board the Viceroy's private yacht and pushed up the river. A small steam launch from the 'Ashuelot' led the way. The result of this was advantageous. If the General had gone in his own boat it would have taken him some time to thread his way through the junks. But a boat carrying the viceregal flag has terror for the boatmen, who, as soon as they saw it coming, hastened to make room. A Chinese officer stood in the bow and encouraged them to this by loud cries and imprecations. Whenever there was any apathy he would reach over with his bamboo pole and beat the sluggard over the shoulders. It was woe to any boatman who crossed our path, and only one or two ventured to do so, to their sore discomfort. We pushed through the wilderness of junks at full speed. We passed the bridge of boats and under the walls of the ruined cathedral destroyed in the Tientsin massacre of the Sisters of Charity. Here there was a pause as we were passing the house of the Viceroy, and etiquette demands that when one great mandarin passes the home of another he shall stop and send his card and make kind inquiries. So we stopped until Mr. Pethich carried the General's card to the viceregal house and returned with the card and the compliments of the Viceroy.

"After taking our leave of the Viceroy we came into the open country and found our fleet waiting under the immediate and vociferous command of Admiral Hill. The Admiral was on the bank, wearing a straw hat and carrying a heavy stick, which he waved over the coolies and boatmen as he admonished them of their duties. The Admiral had learned the great lesson of diplomacy in the East—terror—and it was difficult to imagine anything more improving to the Chinese mind than his aspect as he moved about with his stick. Boating in the Peiho is an original experience. Sometimes you depend upon the sail. When the sail is useless a rope is taken ashore and three or four coolies pull you along. If you get aground, as you are apt to do every few minutes, the coolies splash into the water and push you off the mud by sheer force of loins and shoulders, like carters lifting their carts out of the mud. What one needs in boating like this is, I have remarked, resignation and patience. The men who pull

EMBROIDERED CHINESE SCREEN.

your boats have done so all their lives. They are a sturdy, well-knit race, and seem to thrive under their exertions. Ordinary travellers generally tie up for the night and go on during the day. There are three or four villages on the river where the boats and junks rendezvous, and as we passed them we saw fleets at anchor, mainly riceboats. The Admiral, however, had organized his expedition so that we should move day and night. The boatmen do not like night service, but with double relays it is not arduous. The responsibility, however, of the undertaking was serious, for

if the Admiral ventured to go on board the boat and sleep, the boatmen would tie up and sleep likewise. As it was impossible even for the most willing Admiral to walk all night as well as all day, we discovered on the second morning of our journey that instead of poling along we were quietly at rest. The coolies were asleep; the boatmen had thrown down their oars and fallen asleep, disregarding the menaces of the Admiral, who had admonished them to vigilance before he turned in. Human nature has its limitations, and once the eye of the Admiral was closed the boatmen lay down on the banks and slept. We might have remained all night at rest, but Lieutenant Belknap discovered the situation and gave the alarm. The Admiral turned out with his stick, and after a few minutes of vigorous and effective manœuvring we got under way. But there was no more sleep for the Admiral that night. He had lost confidence in his boatmen, and as they tugged along the river bank with their ropes over their shoulders he tramped on behind with his cudgel, telling them in forcible Chinese what he thought of men who would basely go asleep after promising to remain awake and pull.

"You can imagine that boating under these circumstances is not an exciting experience. Here we are, fresh from the feverish and rushing West, where nothing that is worth doing is done at less than a pace of fifty miles an hour. Here we are journeying from a seaport to the capital of the oldest and most populous Empire in the world—an Empire before whose achievements even the proudest of us must bow. At home we could run the distance in two or three hours—in a morning train while we ran down the columns of the newspaper and smoked the breakfast cigar. Here your journey is a matter of days, and although you may chafe under the consciousness of so much time wasted, there is no help for it. You must accept it, and you will be wise if you do as Mrs. Grant did, and take a cheerful view and look on the trip as a picnic, and see the pleasant side of a journey in which you are hauled along a muddy, shallow river at the pace of a mile or two an hour. We all of us seemed to be cheerful. Our expedition had grown into quite a fleet, and we named our boats after the English navy. We had a 'Vixen' and a 'Growler,' a

'Spitfire,' and a 'Terror;' the General's hulk was called 'Temé-raise' and the cooking boat the 'Chow Chow.' We exchanged visits from boat to boat. There was reading and sleeping, drawing sketches and writing. When the sun was in his strength we sheltered ourselves and dozed. In the cool of the evening, or as the sun went down, we went ashore and strode over the fields, crossing the bends of the river and meeting our boats further up. When we went ashore we were always followed by a policeman from the gunboat, whose duty it was to see that we did not go astray or fall into unfriendly hands. When we came to a village the magistrates and head men came out and saluted us, and offered us welcome and protection. Then we learned that the Viceroy had sent word of our coming, and had commanded the officials of every degree to hasten and offer their homage.

"Even such a trip has its bits of adventure. In this country there are squalls—spits of wind that scud over the fields, and fill your sails and send you booming along. Then the cooly's heart rejoices, and he comes on board and gorges himself with rice and crawls into his corner and sleeps. Then the Admiral comes on board and unbends himself, and tells stories of Chinese life and character; how he was chased by Chinamen near Shanghai when building that untimely Woosung Railroad, how he knew Ward and Burgevine in the Taeping rebellion days. These squalls, however, have to be closely watched, for the sails are large, the boats wide and shallow, and a sudden whift of wind will careen them over. The boatmen, however, are alert, and as the wind comes over the wheat-fields and the orchards, down falls the sail. One morning some of the party went on board the mandarin's boat to show our Chinese friend as much attention as we could through an interpreter. These attentions never proceed far. You cannot say many things to a Chinese mandarin, no matter how civil you mean to be, when your medium is an interpreter, and where there is really no common theme of conversation. You see that you are objects of wonder, of curiosity, to each other. You cannot help regarding your Chinese friend as something to be studied, something you have come a long way to see, whose dress, manners, appearance amuse you. To him

you are quite as curious. He looks down upon you. You are a barbarian. You belong to a lower grade in the social system.

"As I was saying, some of our party had gone on the mandarin's boat, to be polite to him and tell him about the world being round. The mandarin was very civil, and, the Admiral acting as interpreter, a great deal of information, mainly geographical, was imparted. Then one of the party stepped over to another boat for the purpose of calling on the General. The way you make calls while boating on the Peiho is to hop from boat to boat, for they all remain within easy distance of one another, and there is no trouble in going through the whole fleet when you are in a visiting humor. One of our party stepped on another boat. Before he had gone fifty paces a spitting squall came over the fields and caught the sail. The boat began to reel and bilge over against the bank. The boatman rushed toward his ropes, but too late. The boat was on its beam-ends and the best that could be done was to hold on to the sides of the deck and keep your feet out of the water. There was nothing calamitous in the situation. If the worst came to the worst you had only to walk ashore in water up to your knees. But the boat righted again, and not even that harm was done. Our Chinese mandarin pulled up in great excitement. Nothing could exceed his concern—his polite expressions of concern. The idea that whom the Viceroy was honoring should be almost tossed into the water! Terrible! And by Chinamen, too! Horrible! He would make an example of that boatman. The only proper punishment would be to take his head off. At the very least he must have 200 lashes. We interfered as well as we could. No harm had been done, and accidents will happen to the best managed boats, and who can tell when a squall of wind may come spitting and hissing over the fields? The captain of the careening boat was already on his knees—abject and imploring. If Mrs. Grant's boat had been within reach, influence of a decisive nature might have been invoked in favor of mercy. But her boat was half a mile away, and justice to be effective must be summary, and the best that could be done was to reduce the blows from 200 to 20. So the unlucky captain was seized by two of his own crew and laid down

on his face on his own deck. One held his head down, another his feet, and a third, kneeling, gave him twenty blows with a thick bamboo cane. The blows did not seem to be severe and would not have brought a whimper out of an average New England boy. At the close of the punishment the whipped man knelt before the mandarin, pressed his forehead to the ground, expressed his gratitude for the mercy he had received and his contrition for his fault. Then, with crestfallen looks, he went to his boat and took command. About half an hour later I saw him gorging himself with rice and chattering away with his comrades as though he had never known a lash. The more you see of the Orientals the more you are struck with the fact that many of their ways are as the ways of children.

"In the evening we would gather in the General's boat and talk. I recall no remarkable incident in the conversations except the discovery that one of the naval men knew some words of the song 'Sherman's March Through Georgia.' He only knew one verse, and that inaccurately. But the fragmentary lines were constructed into a verse in some such fashion as scientific men take a bone and construct an animal, and the result was a Union war song, sung as badly, perhaps, as any song could be, but full of music to us in the memories it brought of home and of the great days in American history. This snatch of song led to other snatches, all of them inaccurate and badly chanted, but homelike and familiar, and given with the usual gusto, so that when we went from the General's boat and picked our way from boat to boat until we found our own, we were surprised to find it midnight, and that the long evening hours, which one would suppose to drag wearily along on this tedious, muddy river, had swept past us like a dream. So gentle are the memories of home. And some of us sat on the deck and smoked a last cigar—just one last cigar before turning in—to see the moon, and watch the night shadows, and think of home. The Admiral was on shore urging and driving his boatmen, his voice rising into crescendo and ending in a wail that sounded to us like a plaintive entreaty, but must have meant something dreadful to the Chinamen. The boatmen pulled and tugged, now and then giving a grunt as they

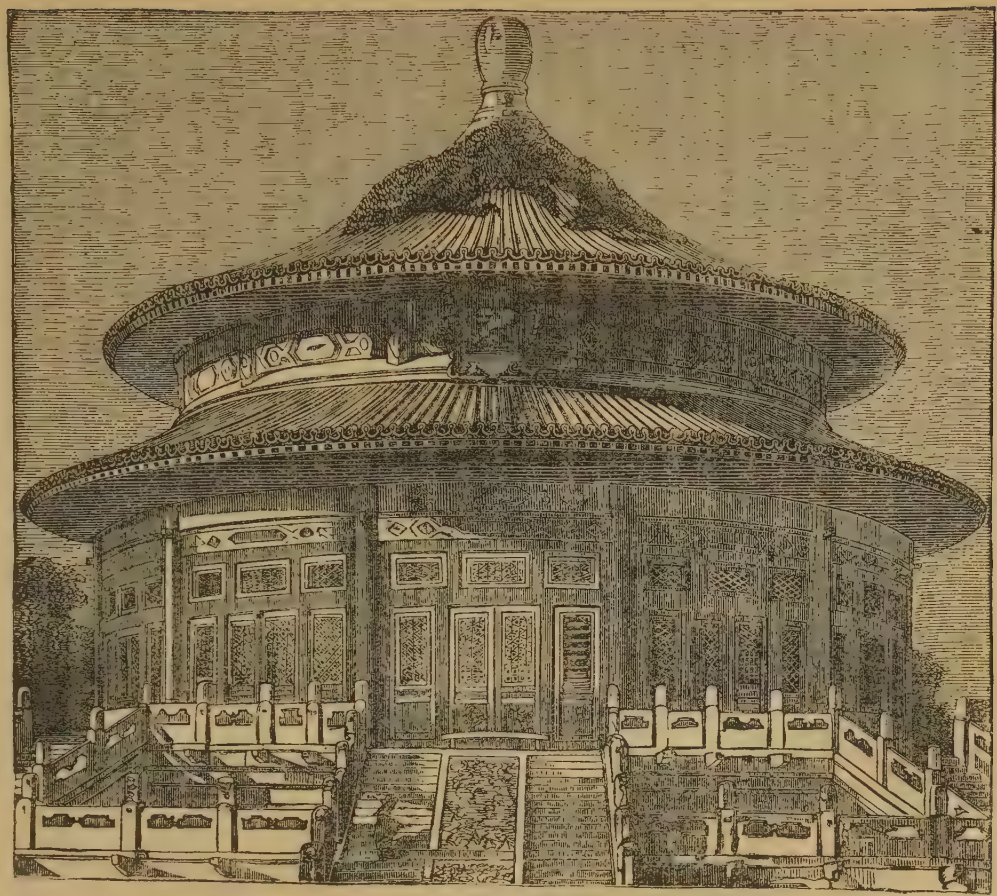
pulled together in a sudden burst over some muddy bar or around a bend. Passing rice junks hailed us in words that we did not understand, as it was well perhaps that we did not understand. Lights flitted along the shore, telling us that we were passing a village, and that the magistrates were coming down to the river bank to execute the Viceroy's orders and see that we were journeying in safety. And with the magistrates came the dogs, who gave us welcome. And there were the voices of the night that somehow here, even here in the far antipodes, spoke with the language of home, and above all the moon, throwing tints and shadows on the river.

"On the morning of the third day of our departure from Tientsin we awoke and found ourselves tied up to the bank at the village of Tung Chow. This was the end of our journey by the river, and our little boat was in a myriad of boats, the banks lined with chattering Chinamen. Mr. Holcombe had ridden down from Pekin and came on board to greet us. The Admiral was on the bank very dusty and travel-worn. He had been tramping all night to keep the boatmen at their pulling, and his voice was husky from much admonition. He was in loud and cheerful spirits and in great glee at having brought the General on time. The General, however, was not in, but we saw his hulk slowly moving up through the junks, towering above them all—the American flag at the masthead. The available population of the village had been assembled, and something like a step had been erected, covered with red cloth, where there was to be an official landing. There were mandarins and officers from the Foreign Office, and an escort of horsemen and coolies with chairs, who were to carry us to Pekin. Prince Kung, the Prince Regent, had sent the escort, and we were glad to learn from Mr. Holcombe that there was every disposition among the rulers of China to show the General all the courtesy in their power—to treat him with a respect, even with a pomp, that had never before been extended to a foreigner.

"It was some time before the General's hulk was dragged into position, and it was only by extreme authority on the Admiral's part and the loyal co-operation of other Chinese officials, who

had sticks, that the boat was finally tied to the shore. It was early in the morning, and there was no sign of the General stirring. So we stood around and studied the crowd and talked over the incidents of the night and paid compliments to Admiral Hill upon the vigorous manner in which he had taken us up the Peiho. The town folks were waiting; but, in the meantime, their patience was rewarded by an extraordinary spectacle—no less a sight than a group of barbarians at breakfast. Our naval friends had breakfast early, and as they removed the slats in their boats to let in the morning air, the whole operation of breakfast was witnessed by the people of the town. They gathered in front and looked on in wonder, the crowd growing denser and denser, more and more eager and amused. The knives, the forks, the spoons, the three officers performing on eggs and coffee, and eating from plates without chopsticks, instead of gobbling rice out of the same bowl—all this was the strangest sight ever seen in the ancient and conservative town of Tung Chow. I am sure it was the theme of much innocent gossip at many hearthstones, and will long be remembered as a tale to be told by those who were fortunate enough to stand on the bank and see the barbarians at their uncouth performances.

"In time the General arose, and breakfast was hurried. Then came all the officials of Tung Chow—mandarins in red and blue buttons—to welcome the General and ask him to remain and breakfast with them. But the sun was rising, and it was important to reach Pekin if possible before he was on us in all of his power. There were chairs from Prince Kung for some of the party and horses for others. There were mule litters for the luggage and donkeys for the servants, and at eight o'clock we were under way. The General rode ahead in a chair carried by eight bearers. This is an honor paid only to the highest persons in China. The other chairs were carried by four bearers. Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Holcombe rode some distance behind the General, two other chairs were occupied by two other members of the party and the rest mounted. By the time we formed in procession it was really a procession, a little army. Our own party, with the servants, was large enough, and to this was added the Chinese troops who were to escort us to Pekin.



A CHINESE TEMPLE.

"So we scrambled up the dusty bank and into the gates of the town and through the narrow streets. The whole town was out, and as our chairs passed the people stared at the occupants with curious eyes. What we noticed in the aspect of the people was that they had stronger and coarser features than those in Amoy and Canton. We saw the predominance of the Tartar in the Tartar types, which are marked and readily distinguished from the Chinese. There were Tartar women in the crowds, their hair braided in a fashion we had never seen before, and their cheeks tinted with an obvious vermilion. Tradesmen left their booths and workmen their avocations to see the barbarians who had invaded Tung Chow, and were marching through, not as invaders nor as prisoners, but as the honored guests of the Empire. Invaders and prisoners had been seen before, but never a barbarian, in an imperial chair and escorted by Tartar troops. Those familiar with the history of China and who remembered the days not long since gone, when an army marched over this very road to menace Pekin, burn the summer palace of the Emperor and dictate a humiliating peace to China, those who remember the earnestness, the supplicating earnestness with which the government resisted the efforts of the European Powers to introduce ministers into Pekin, could not but note the contrast in the reception of General Grant, and the changes in Chinese thought which that contrast implied. It confirmed the remark made to me in Tientsin by one of the clearest-headed men I have seen in China, that General Grant's visit had done more than anything else to break down the great wall between China and the outer world.

"Our journey from Tung Chow to Pekin lasted five hours. The horsemen could have gone ahead in two hours, but the chairs moved slowly. The sun was warm, and the panting coolies had to rest and change frequently. After leaving Tung Chow our way was through a country that did not appear to be oversettled, over a stone road which now and then broke into a dirt path. We came to villages and all the people were out, even to the women and children. Sometimes the children, quite naked, ran after us and begged. They had learned the Naples

pantomime of pressing their hands on their breasts and lips to tell us that they were hungry. You observed what you see in Naples, that for hungry people almost starved, the beggars have a running and staying power which our highly fed people at home might envy. Sometimes an elder beggar would appear and kneel on the road, and shake his rags and bend his forehead into the dust and crave alms. We noted tea-houses by the way, where our escort stopped for refreshment. In fact, the main duty of the escort seemed to be to gallop from tea-house to tea-house, tie their horses under the trees, refresh themselves, and on our arrival gallop on to the next point. Considering that our escort was more for ornament than use, that although robbers sometimes overhaul travellers on the Pekin road, we had enough in our own party to take care of any band of robbers we were apt to encounter; it was rather a comfort that they rode ahead and had their ease at their inns. As we came to a town near Pekin we were met by other officials, who were presented to the General and other troops. These ceremonies over, we kept on our road. The dust rose about us, the sun grew warmer and warmer, and the general discomfort of the weather, the country, the cheerless aspect of nature, the sloth, the indifference, the neglect, the decay that seemed to have fallen on the land, all combined to make the journey a weary one. In addition to this came the fatigue of riding in a chair. For an hour or less riding in a chair is novel and you have no special sensations of fatigue. There is an easy, jogging gait, and you can look out of your window into the faces of the crowd as you pass along. But after the first hour you grow tired and cramped. You cannot move about. You are compressed into one position. You ache and grow restless, the jogging trot becomes an annoyance, and your journey, if it lasts more than two hours, becomes the most exhausting form of travel known to man.

"Shortly after midday we saw in the distance the walls and towers of Pekin. We passed near a bridge where there had been a contest between the French and Chinese during the Anglo-French expedition, and one of the results of which was that the officer who commanded the French should be made a

nobleman, under the name of the Count Palikao, and had later adventures in French history. As we neared the city the walls loomed up and seemed harsh and forbidding, built with care and strength as if to defend the city. We came to a gate and were carried through a stone arched way, and halted, so that a new escort could join the General's party. The people in Pekin after we passed the bazaars did not seem to note our presence. Our escort rode on over the wide, dusty lanes called streets, and all that we saw of the city was the dust which arose from the hoofs of the horses who straggled on ahead. We were so hot, so weary with riding in our chairs, so stifled with the dust that it was an unspeakable relief to see at last the American flag floating over the gateway of the legation. Here were guards and tents for guardsmen, to do honor to the General during his stay. A few minutes after one o'clock, after five hours of a severe and uncomfortable ride, we entered the legation and met a grateful and gracious welcome from our hosts.

"The legation in Pekin is shut off from the main street by a wall. As you enter you pass a small lodge, from which Chinese servants look out with inquiring eyes. The American flag floats over the archway, an indication that General Grant has made his home here. It is the habit for the legations ordinarily to display their colors only on Sundays and holidays. On the right side of the walk is a series of low, one-storied buildings, which is the home of the American Minister. They are of brick, painted drab, and covered with tiles. Nothing could be plainer and at the same time more commodious and comfortable. On the left side is another series, where the Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Holcombe, the acting Minister, resides. In the rear is a smaller building, for the archives of the legation. Standing a little way off from the house of the Chargé d'Affaires is a building called the pavilion, set apart for guests. In the arrangement of the grounds and the buildings you note American simplicity and American energy. The energy seems to be devoted to make flowers and trees grow. There are flowers and trees, and coming out of the hot, dusty town as I did an hour ago, it was grateful to be welcomed by them. They have a forlorn time in this

hard soil, and I have no doubt if the secrets of the legation were unfolded it would be found that the preservation of the roses and the cedar was among the high cares of office. Under my window is a rose bush, a couple of roses depending from one stem being all that remain of its beauty. It seems to gasp for rain. Dr. Elmore, the Peruvian Minister, lives in Mr. Seward's section, and, as he gives a dinner to General Grant this evening, he has a small army of coolies watering his plants and trying to induce them to smile upon his guests. General Grant lives in Mr. Holcombe's apartments; the Colonel and I are in the pavilion. Our naval friends are in Mr. Seward's house, under Dr. Elmore's hospitality, which is thoughtful and untiring. The legation offices are plain but neatly kept. You have a library with the laws of the United States, Congress archives, newspapers and the latest mails. In a side room are an English clerk and a Chinese clerk. Behind this office is a row of other buildings, where the servants live and where the horses are kept.

"On the evening of our arrival the American residents in Pekin called in a body on the General to welcome him and read an address. Dinner over, our party entered the legation parlors and were presented to the small colony of the favored people who have pitched their tents in Pekin. The members of this colony are missionaries, members of the customs staff, diplomatists and one or two who have claims or schemes for the consideration of the Chinese government. After being introduced to the General and his party Dr. Martin, the president of the Chinese English University, stepped forward and read an address, to which the General replied in cordial and appropriate terms.

"Within an hour or two after General Grant's arrival in Pekin he was waited upon by the members of the Cabinet, who came in a body, accompanied by the military and civil governors of Pekin. These are the highest officials in China, men of grace and stately demeanor. They were received in Chinese fashion, seated around a table covered with sweetmeats, and served with tea. The first Secretary brought with him the card of Prince Kung, the Prince Regent of the Empire, and said that His Im-

perial Highness had charged him to present all kind wishes to General Grant and to express the hope that the trip in China had been pleasant. The Secretary also said that as soon as the Prince Regent heard from the Chinese Minister in Paris that General Grant was coming to China, he sent orders to the officials to receive him with due honor. The General said that he had received nothing but honor and courtesy from China, and this answer pleased the Secretary, who said he would be happy to carry it to the Prince Regent.

"General Grant did not ask an audience of the Emperor. The Emperor is a child seven years of age, at his books, not in good health, and under the care of two old ladies called the empresses. When the Chinese Minister in Paris spoke to the General about audience, and his regret that the sovereign of China was not of age, that he might personally entertain the ex-President, the General said he hoped no question of audience would be raised. He had no personal curiosity to see the Emperor, and there could be no useful object in conversing with a child.

"As soon as General Grant arrived at Pekin he was met by the Secretary of State, who brought the card of Prince Kung, and said His Imperial Highness would be glad to see General Grant at any time. The General named the succeeding day, at three. The General and party left the Legation at half-past two, the party embracing Mr. Holcombe, the acting Minister; Colonel Grant, Lieutenant Charles Belknap, C. W. Deering and A. Ludlow Case, Jr., of the 'Ashuelot.' The way to the Yamen was over dirty roads and through a disagreeable part of the town, the day being unusually warm, the thermometer marking 101 degrees in the shade. This is a trying temperature under the best circumstances, but in Pekin there was every possible condition of discomfort in addition. When we came to the court-yard of the Yamen, the secretaries and a group of mandarins received the General and his party and escorted them into the inner court. Prince Kung, who was standing at the door, with a group of high officers, advanced and saluted the General, and said a few words of welcome, which were translated by Mr. Holcombe.

"The Prince saluted General Grant in Tartar fashion, looking

at him for a moment with an earnest, curious gaze, like one who had formed an ideal of some kind and was anxious to see how far his ideal had been realized. The sun was beating down, and the party passed into a large, plainly furnished room, where was a table laden with Chinese food. The Prince, sitting down at the centre, gave General Grant the seat at his left, the post of honor in China. He then took up the cards one by one, which had been written in Chinese characters on red paper, and asked Mr. Holcombe for the name and station of each member of the General's suite. He spoke to Colonel Grant and asked him the meaning of the uniform he wore, the rank it showed and his age. He asked whether the Colonel was married and had children. When told that he had one child, a daughter, the Prince condoled him, saying, 'What a pity.' In China, you must remember, that female children do not count in the sum of human happiness, and when the Prince expressed his regret at the existence of the General's granddaughter, he was saying the most polite thing he knew. The Prince was polite to the naval officers, inquiring the special rank of each, and saying that they must be anxious to return home. It was a matter of surprise, of courteous surprise and congratulation on the part of the Prince, that the writer had seen so many countries as the companion of the General, and he said that no doubt I had found things much different elsewhere from what I saw in China. Beyond these phrases, the manner of which was as perfect as if it had been learned in Versailles, under Louis XIV., the conversation was wholly with General Grant.

"The Prince returned to his perusal of the face of the General, as though it were an unlearned lesson. He expected a uniformed person, a man of the dragon or lion species, who could make a great noise. What he saw was a quiet, middle-aged gentleman in evening dress, who had ridden a long way in the dust and sun, and who was looking in subdued dismay at servants who swarmed around him with dishes of soups and sweetmeats, dishes of bird's nest soup, sharks' fins, roast ducks, bamboo sprouts, and a teapot with a hot insipid tipple made of rice, tasting like a remembrance of sherry, which was poured into small silver cups. We

were none of us hungry. We had had luncheon, and we were on the programme for a special banquet in the evening. Here was a profuse and sumptuous entertainment. The dinner differed from those in Tientsin, Canton and Shanghai, in the fact that it was more quiet; there was no display or parade, no crowd of dusky servants and retainers hanging around and looking on as though at a comedy. I didn't think the Prince himself cared much about eating, because he merely dawdled over the bird's nest soup and did not touch the sharks' fins. Nor, in fact, did any of the ministers, except one, who, in default of our remembering his Chinese name and rank, one of the party called Ben Butler. The dinner, as far as the General was concerned, soon merged into a cigar, and the Prince toyed with the dishes as they came and went, and smoked his pipe.

"As princes go, I suppose few are more celebrated than Prince Kung. He is a Prince of the Imperial house of China, brother of a late emperor and uncle of the present. He wore no distinguishing button on his hat, imperial princes being of a rank so exalted that even the highest honor known to Chinese nobility is too low for them. In place of the latter he wore a small knot of dark red silk braid, sewed together so as to resemble a crown. His costume was of the ordinary Chinese, plainer if anything than the official's. His girdle was trimmed with yellow, and there were yellow fringes and tassels attached to his pipe, his fan and his pockets. Yellow is the imperial color, and the trimming was a mark of princely rank. In appearance the Prince is of middle stature, with a sharp, narrow face, a high forehead—made more prominent by the Chinese custom of shaving the forehead, and a changing, evanescent expression of countenance. He has been at the head of the Chinese government since the English invasion and the burning of the Summer Palace. He was the only prince who remained at his post at that time, and consequently when the peace came it devolved upon him to make it. This negotiation gave him a European celebrity and a knowledge of Europeans that was of advantage. European Powers have preferred to keep in power a prince with whom they have made treaties before. In the politics of China Prince Kung has shown courage and

A CHINESE NOBLEMAN AND HIS WIFE.

ability. When the Emperor, his brother, died, in 1861, a council was formed composed of princes and noblemen of high rank. This council claimed to sit by the will of the deceased Emperor. The inspiring element was hostility to foreigners. Between this Regency and the Prince there was war. The Emperor was a child—his own nephew; just as the present Emperor is a child. Suddenly a decree, coming from the child Emperor, was read, dismissing the Regency, making the Dowager Empress Regent, and giving the power to Prince Kung.

"This decree Prince Kung enforced with vigor, decision and success. He arrested the leading members of the Regency, charged them with having forged the will under which they claimed the Regency and sentenced three of them to death. Two of the regents were permitted to commit suicide, but the other was beheaded. From that day under the Empresses Prince Kung has been the ruler of China. Under the last Emperor the party in opposition succeeded in degrading him. I have read the decree of degradation as it appeared in the Pekin *Gazette*. The principal accusation against the Prince was that he had been haughty and overbearing—which I can well believe. The decree was sweeping and decisive. The Prince was degraded, deprived of his honors and reduced to the common level. But the power of the Prince was not to be destroyed by a decree. In a few days appeared another decree, saying that as the Prince had crept to the foot of the throne in tears and contrition he had been pardoned. The real fact, I suppose, was that the young Emperor and the Empress found that the Prince was a power whose wrath it was not wise to invoke. Since his restoration to his honors his power has been unquestioned, and one of the recent decrees conferred new honors upon himself and his son for their loyalty to the Empire and especially for their fervent prayers at the ceremonies to the manes of the dead Emperor.

"There were some points in this first conversation that I gather up as illustrative of the character of the Prince and his meeting with the General. I give them in the form of a dialogue:

"*General Grant*—I have long desired to visit China, but have been too busy to do so before. I have been received at every

point of the trip with the greatest kindness, and I want to thank your Imperial Highness for the manner in which the Chinese authorities have welcomed me.

"*Prince Kung*—When we heard of your coming we were glad. We have long known and watched your course, and we have always been friends with America. America has never sought to oppress China, and we value very much the friendship of your country and people. The Viceroy at Tientsin wrote of your visit to him.

"*General Grant*—I had a very pleasant visit to the Viceroy. He was anxious for me to visit Pekin and see you. I do not wish to leave Pekin without saying how much America values the prosperity of China. As I said to the Viceroy, that prosperity will be greatly aided by the development of the country.

"*One of the Ministers*—We know some of the wonderful things your railways have done.

"*Prince Kung*—I suppose your railways and roads have been a long time building?

"*General Grant*—I am old enough—almost old enough—to remember when the first railway was built in the United States, and now we have 80,000 miles. I do not know how many miles there are under construction, but, notwithstanding the arrest of our industries by the war and the recent depression of trade, we have continued to build railways.

"*Prince Kung*—Are your railways owned by the State?

"*General Grant*—It is not our policy to build roads by the State. The State guaranteed the building of the great road across the continent; but this work is the result of private energy and private capital. To it we owe a great part of our material prosperity. It is difficult to say where we would be now in the rank of nations but for our railway system.

"*Prince Kung*—China is not insensible to what has been done by other nations.

"*A Minister*—China is a conservative country, an old Empire governed by many traditions, and with a vast population. The policy of China is not to move without deliberation.

"*General Grant*—The value of railroads is to disseminate a

nation's wealth and enable her to concentrate and use her strength. We have a country as large as China—I am not sure about the figures excluding Alaska, but I think practically as large. We can cross it in seven days by special trains, or in an emergency in much less time. We can throw the strength of the nation upon any required point in a short time. That makes us as strong in one place as another. It leaves us no vulnerable points. We cannot be besieged, broken up and destroyed in detail, as has happened to other large nations. That, however, is not the greatest advantage. The wealth and industry of the country are utilized. A man's industry in interior States becomes valuable because it can reach a market. Otherwise his industry would be confined necessarily to his means of subsistence. He would not enjoy the benefits enjoyed by his more favored fellow-citizens on the ocean or on the large rivers in communication with the markets of the world. This adds to the revenue of the country.

"*A Minister*—That is a great advantage. China sees these things and wants to do them in time.

"*Prince Kung*—If the world considers how much China has advanced in a few years it will not be impatient. I believe our relative progress has been greater than that of most nations. There has been no retrocession, and of course we have to consider many things that are not familiar to those who do not know China.

"*General Grant*—I think that progress in China should come from inside, from her own people. I am clear on that point. If her own people cannot do it it will never be done. You do not want the foreigner to come in and put you in debt by lending you money and then taking your country. That is not the progress that benefits mankind, and we desire no progress either for ourselves or for China that is not a benefit to mankind.

"The ministers all cordially assented to this proposition with apparent alacrity.

"*General Grant*—For that reason I know of nothing better than to send your young men to our schools. We have as good schools as there are in the world, where young men can learn

every branch of science and art. These schools will enable your young men to compare the youngest civilization in the world with the oldest, and I can assure them of the kindest treatment, not only from our teachers but from the people.

"*Prince Kung*—We have now some students in your American colleges.

"*General Grant*—Yes, I believe there are some at the college where one of my sons studied, Harvard.

"*Prince Kung*—We propose to send others to your schools and European schools, so long as the results are satisfactory. What they learn there they will apply at home.

"*General Grant*—I understand China has vast mineral resources. The Viceroy at Tientsin told me of large coal fields as yet undeveloped. If this is so the wealth of such a deposit is incalculable and would be so especially in the East. America and England have received enormous advantages from coal and iron. I would not dare to say how much Pennsylvania, one of our States, has earned from her coal and iron. And the material greatness of England, which, after all, underlies her moral greatness, comes from her coal and iron. But your coal will be of no use unless you can bring it to a market, and that will require railroads.

"The allusion to the influence the development of the coal and iron interests of England had upon her greatness seemed to impress the ministers, especially the Secretary of the Treasury, who repeated the statement and entered into conversation with one of his colleagues on the subject. Prince Kung said nothing, but smoked his pipe and delved into the bird's nest soup. The dishes for our repast came in an appalling fashion—came by dozens—all manner of the odd dishes which China has contributed to the gastronomy of the age. I am afraid Prince Kung was more interested in the success of his dinner than in the material prosperity of the nation, and with the refinement of politeness characteristic of the Chinese kept piling the General's plate with meats and sweetmeats until there was enough before him to garnish a Christmas tree. The General, however, had taken refuge in a cigar and was beyond temptation. You see

there is time for a good many things in a Chinese interview. What I have written may seem a short conversation. But it was really a long conversation. In the first place it was a deliberate, slow conversation. There was a reserve upon the part of the Chinese. They were curious and polite. They had heard a great deal about the General's coming. It had been talked over for weeks in the Yamen. He was the most distinguished stranger that had ever visited China. He had been the head of the American government, and it was a surprise that no amount of discussion could appease, that having been the head of the government he should now come with all the honors his own government could give him. I am afraid, also, the want of a uniform had its influence upon the imagination of the Yamen, so that our interview never lost its character of a surprise. General Grant on his part was anxious to do what he could to induce the Chinese to come more and more within the limits of European civilization. He had spoken in this sense to the Viceroy in Canton, to the Viceroy in Tientsin, who may be called the Wellington of China, and to all the officials with whom he had come in relations. I do not suppose that he would have cared about it, or that he would have allowed his visit to go beyond mere study and curiosity, had he not seen that opportunities had fallen to him such as had fallen to no other stranger who had ever come to China. There was every disposition on the part of the Chinese to be courteous to General Grant. But they are a polite people, and courtesy requires no effort and amounts to little. But the action of the naval authorities, of the diplomatic and consular authorities, the respect paid him by foreign representatives, the extraordinary demonstration in Shanghai, all contributed to invest the coming of the General with a meaning that the Chinese could not overlook. General Grant felt, not alone as an American, but as a representative of the advanced civilization of the world, that this opportunity, like what fell to him in Siam, was really a duty, and this accounts for the earnestness with which he pressed upon Prince Kung and the Yamen the necessity of Chinese progress.

"We could not remain long enough in the Yamen to finish the dinner, as we had an engagement to visit the college for the

INTERIOR OF A CHINESE TEMPLE, SHOWING THEIR IDOLS.

teaching of an English education to young Chinese. This institution is under the direction of Dr. Martin, an American, and the buildings adjoin the Yamen. Consequently, on taking leave of the Prince, who said he would call and see the General at the Legation, we walked a few steps and were escorted into the class-room of the college. Dr. Martin presented General Grant to the students and professors, and one of the students read an address, to which General Grant replied briefly."

During his stay at Pekin Prince Kung had an important interview with General Grant, in which he asked him to use his good

offices with the Government of Japan, in order that an honorable and peaceable settlement of the question at issue between the two countries concerning the Loo Choo Islands might be had. The following conversation took place between the Prince Regent and the General:

"*Prince Kung*—There is one question about which I am anxious to confer with you. The Viceroy of Tientsin writes us that he has mentioned it to you. And if we could secure your good offices, or your advice, it would be a great benefit, not only to us, but to all nations, and especially in the East. I refer to the questions now pending between China and Japan.

"*General Grant*—In reference to the trouble in the Loo Choo Islands?

"*Prince Kung*—Yes; about the sovereignty of Loo Choo and the attempt of the Japanese to extinguish a kingdom which has always been friendly and whose sovereign has always paid us tribute, not only the present sovereign, but his ancestors for centuries.

"*General Grant*—The Viceroy spoke to me on the subject and has promised to renew the subject on my return to Tientsin. Beyond the casual reference of the Viceroy in the course of conversations on the occasion of interviews that were confined mainly to ceremonies I am entirely ignorant of the questions.

"*Prince Kung*—We all feel a great delicacy in referring to this or any other matter of business on the occasion of your visit to Pekin—a visit that we know to be one of pleasure and that should not be troubled by business. I should not have ventured upon such a liberty if I had not been informed by the Viceroy of the kind manner in which you received his allusions to the matter and your known devotion to peace and justice. I feel that I should apologize even for the reference I have made, which I would not have ventured upon but for the report of the Viceroy and our conviction that one who has had so high a place in determining the affairs of the world can have no higher interest than furthering peace and justice.

"*General Grant*—I told the Viceroy that anything I could do in the interest of peace was my duty and my pleasure. I can

conceive of no higher office for any man. But I am not in office. I am merely a private citizen, journeying about like others, with no share in the Government and no power. The Government has given me a ship of war whenever I can use it without interfering with its duties, but that is all.

"*Prince Kung*—I quite understand that, and this led to the expression of my regret at entering upon the subject. But we all know how vast your influence must be, not only upon your people at home, but upon all nations who know what you have done, and who know that whatever question you considered would be considered with patience and wisdom and a desire for justice and peace. You are going to Japan as the guest of the people and the Emperor, and will have opportunities of presenting our views to the Emperor of Japan and of showing him that we have no policy but justice.

"*General Grant*—Yes, I am going to Japan as the guest of the Emperor and nation.

"*Prince Kung*—That affords us the opportunity that we cannot overlook. The Viceroy writes us that he has prepared a statement of the whole case, drawn from the records of our Empire, and he will put you in possession of all the facts from our point of view.

"*General Grant*—The King of the Loo Choo Islands has, I believe, paid tribute to China as well as Japan?

"*Prince Kung*—For generations. I do not know how long with Japan, but for generations Loo Choo has recognized the sovereignty of China. Not alone during the present, but in the time of the Ming Emperors, the dynasty that preceded our own, this recognition was unchallenged, and Loo Choo became as well known as an independent Power in the East owing allegiance only to our Emperor as any other part of our dominions.

"*General Grant*—Has Japan made her claim upon Loo Choo a subject of negotiation with China? Has she ever presented your Government with her view of her claim to the islands?

"*Prince Kung*—Japan has a Minister in Pekin. He came here some time since amid circumstances of ostentation, and great importance was attached to his coming. There was a great deal

said about it at the time, and it was said that the interchange of Ministers would be of much importance to both nations. We sent a Minister to Japan, an able and prudent man, who is there now. This showed our desire to reciprocate. We supposed, of course, that when the Japanese Minister came there would be a complete explanation and understanding in Loo Choo. We welcomed his coming in this spirit and in the interest of peace. When he came to the Yamen, and we brought up Loo Choo, he knew nothing about the subject. Nothing about the wishes or the attitude of his Government. We naturally inquired what brought him here as a Minister. Of what use was a Minister, if he could not transact business of such vital consequence to both nations and to the peace of the world? He said he had certain matters connected with the trade of the two countries to discuss —something of that kind. It seemed almost trifling with us to say so. When we presented our case he said that anything we would write or say he would transmit to his Government—no more. He was only a post-office. When our Minister in Japan presented the subject to the authorities he had no better satisfaction, and was so dissatisfied that he wrote to us asking permission to request his passports and withdraw. But we told him to wait and be patient, and do nothing to lead to war, or that might be construed as seeking war on our part.

"*General Grant*—Any course short of national humiliation or national destruction is better than war. War in itself is so great a calamity that it should only be invoked when there is no way of saving a nation from a greater. War, especially in the East, and between two countries like Japan and China, would be a misfortune—a great misfortune.

"*Prince Kung*—A great misfortune to the outside and neutral Powers as well. War in the East would be a heavy blow to the trade upon which other nations so much depend. That is one reason why China asks your good offices and hopes for those of your Government and of your Minister to Japan. We have been told of the kind disposition of Mr. Bingham toward us. Our Minister has told us of that; and one reason why we kept our Minister in Japan under circumstances which would have justi-

fied another Power in withdrawing him, was because we knew of Mr. Bingham's sentiments and we were awaiting his return. It is because such a war as Japan seems disposed to force on China would be peculiarly distressing to foreign Powers that we have asked them to interfere.

"*General Grant*—How far have the Japanese gone in Loo Choo?

"*Prince Kung*—The King of the islands has been taken to Japan and deposed. The sovereignty has been extinguished. A Japanese official has been set up. We have made a study of international law as written by your English and American authors, whose text-books are in Chinese. If there is any force in the principles of international law as recognized by your nations, the extinction of the Loo Choo sovereignty is a wrong, and one that other nations should consider.

"*General Grant*—It would seem to be a high-handed proceeding to arrest a ruler and take him out of the country, unless there is war or some grave provocation.

"*Prince Kung*—If there was provocation, if Japan had suffered any wrong in Loo Choo that justified extreme action, why does not her Ambassador at our Court or their own ministers at home in dealing with our embassy give us an explanation? China is a peaceful nation. Her policy has been peace. No nation will make more sacrifices for peace, but forbearance cannot be used to our injury, to the humiliation of the Emperor and a violation of our rights. On this subject we feel strongly, and when the Viceroy wrote the Emperor from Tientsin that he had spoken to you on the subject, and that you might be induced to use your good offices with Japan, and with your offices your great name and authority, we rejoiced in what may be a means of escaping from a responsibility which no nation would deplore more than myself.

"*General Grant*—As I said before, my position here and my position at home are not such as to give any assurance that my good offices would be of any value. Here I am a traveller, seeing sights, and looking at new manners and customs. At home I am simply a private citizen, with no voice in the councils of the Government and no right to speak for the Government.

"*Prince Kung* (with a smile)—We have a proverb in Chinese that 'No business is business'—in other words, that real affairs, great affairs, are more frequently transacted informally, when persons meet, as we are meeting now, over a table of entertainment for social and friendly conversation, than in solemn business sessions at the Yamen. I value the opportunities of this conversation, even in a business sense, more than I could any conversation with ambassadors.

"*General Grant*—I am much complimented by the confidence you express and in that expressed by the Viceroy. It would afford me the greatest pleasure—I know of no pleasure that could be greater—to be the means, by any counsel or effort of mine, in preserving peace, and especially between two nations in which I feel so deep an interest as I do in China and Japan. I know nothing about this Loo Choo business except what I have heard from the Viceroy and yourself, and an occasional scrap in the newspapers, to which I paid little attention, as I had no interest in it. I know nothing of the merits of the case. I am going to Japan, and I shall take pleasure in informing myself on the subject in conversing with the Japanese authorities. I have no idea what their argument is. They, of course, have an argument. I do not suppose that the rulers are inspired by a desire to wantonly injure China. I will acquaint myself with the Chinese side of the case, as Your Imperial Highness and the Viceroy have presented it, and promise to present it. I will do what I can to learn the Japanese side. Then, if I can, in conversation with the Japanese authorities, do anything that will be a service to the cause of peace, you may depend upon my good offices. But, as I have said, I have no knowledge on the subject, and have no idea what opinion I may entertain when I have studied it.

"*Prince Kung*—We are profoundly grateful for this promise. China is quite content to rest her case with your decision, given, as we know it will be, after care and with wisdom and justice. If the Japanese Government will meet us in this spirit all will be well. I shall send orders to our Minister in Japan to wait upon you as soon as you reach Japan, and to speak with you on the subject. Your willingness to do this will be a new claim to the

respect in which you are held in China, and be a continuance of that friendship shown to us by the United States, and especially by Mr. Burlingame, whose death we all deplored and whose name is venerated in China.

"An allusion was made to the convention between Great Britain and America on the 'Alabama' question—the arbitration and the settlement of a matter that might have embroiled the two countries. This was explained to His Imperial Highness as a precedent that it would be well to follow now. The Prince was thoroughly familiar with the 'Alabama' negotiations.

"*General Grant*—An arbitration between nations may not satisfy either party at the time; but it satisfies the conscience of the world, and must commend itself more and more as a means of adjusting disputes.

"*Prince Kung*—The policy of China is one of reliance upon justice. We are willing to have any settlement that is honorable and that will be considered by other nations as honorable to us. We desire no advantage over Japan. But, at the same time, we are resolved to submit to no wrong from Japan. On that point there is but one opinion in our Government. It is the opinion of the Viceroy, one of the great officers of the Empire, and, like yourself, not only a great soldier, but an advocate always of a peaceful policy, of concession, compromise and conciliation. It is my own opinion, and I have always, as one largely concerned in the affairs of the Empire and knowing what war entails, been in favor of peace. It is the opinion of the Yamen. I do not know of any dissension among those who serve the throne. Our opinion is that we cannot, under any circumstances, submit to the claims of Japan. We cannot consent to the extinction of a sovereignty, of an independence that has existed for so long a time under our protection. If Japan insists upon her present position, there must be war.

"*General Grant*—What action on the part of Japan would satisfy China?

"*Prince Kung*—We would be satisfied with the situation as it was.

"*General Grant*—That is to say, Loo Choo paying tribute to Japan and China?

"*Prince Kung*—We do not concern ourselves with what tribute the King of Loo Choo pays to Japan or any other Power. We never have done so, and, although there is every reason an Empire should not allow other nations to exact tribute from its vassals, we are content with things as they have been, not only under the dynasty of my own ancestors and family, but under the dynasty of the Mings. We desire Japan to restore the King she has captured and taken away, to withdraw her troops from Loo Choo and abandon her claims to exclusive sovereignty over the island. This is our position. Other questions are open to negotiation and debate. This is not open, because it is a question of the integrity of the Empire. And the justice of our position will be felt by any one who studies the case and compares the violence and aggression of Japan with the patience and moderation of China.

"*General Grant*—I shall certainly see the Viceroy on my return to Tientsin, and converse with him, and read the documents I understand he is preparing. I shall also, when I meet the Japanese authorities, do what I can to learn their case. If I can be of any service in adjusting the question and securing peace, I shall be rejoiced, and it will be no less a cause of rejoicing if, in doing so, I can be of any service to China, or be enabled to show my appreciation of the great honor she has shown to me during my visit, and of the unvarying friendship she has shown our country."

From Pekin General Grant and his party returned to Tientsin. Immediately upon the General's arrival the Viceroy called upon him.

"When Prince Kung saw General Grant in Pekin," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "he said he would write to the Viceroy to see the General and continue the conversation on the matter at issue with Japan. General Grant reached Tientsin in the morning, and at an early hour—before breakfast—the General received a message from the Viceroy that he was on his way. Very soon the viceregal procession was seen coming, the gongs were heard beating, and amid the firing of cannon, the roll of drums and military honors, the Viceroy's

chair was carried to the Consulate steps. General Grant, accompanied by Minister Seward and Consul Denny, was waiting on the veranda, and as the Viceroy stepped out of his chair the General advanced and welcomed him. Together they passed into an inner room and received tea and sweetmeats in Chinese fashion.

"The Viceroy spoke of the stories which came to China of the oppressions of the Chinese by evil-disposed persons in California, and said that China was compelled to trust entirely to the justice of other nations in the treatment of her people.

"General Grant said that he had no doubt that the stories of ill-treatment were exaggerated; that neither in California nor in any settled section in the Union would violence be allowed as a rule to any class. The fact that Chinamen come to America in a constantly increasing stream showed that they were not deterred by violence. The cases that did occur were sporadic, and deplored and punished.

LI-HUNG-CHANG, VICEROY OF TIENTSIN.

"The Viceroy said that in China the safety and protection of all people was a matter of imperial concern; that foreign nations held the imperial government responsible.

"General Grant answered by explaining the relations of the States to the general government, showing the existence of three powers in the State—legislative, judicial and executive—and that while the Executive was a part of the government he was not

altogether so. The Executive of the United States, no matter what party succeeded, would look at the Chinese question from the highest point of view, and not as the Governor of a State like California. 'There will be no Executive,' said the General, 'who will not do all he can to protect the people, Chinese or Europeans. The opposition to the Chinese at home comes from various causes. There is a class of thriftless, discontented adventurers, agitators and communists, who do not work themselves and go about sowing discontent among honest workingmen. This class is always ready for trouble, and of course as soon as there is trouble the criminal class asserts itself. The class always has a grievance over which to fight and disturb society. Sometimes it is a religious outbreak like what was seen thirty years ago or thereabouts when there was an uprising against Catholics, or more recently in New York, when there was a fatal street fight arising out of an attack of Protestants by Catholics. During the war the grievance was the negro, and there was an outbreak in New York that required us to withdraw troops from the field, in presence of the enemy, to put it down. Two years ago it was war upon railways, in which millions were destroyed. Your Excellency can understand that in all large nations the turbulent class can give trouble. What they want is trouble. The pretext is nothing. Then we have demagogues in politics—men who know better, but who always seek advancement by pandering to this class. I attribute the worst features of the Chinese agitation—the threats of violence, the outbreaks in sections of California—to this class, the agitators and communists, men who believe that nothing is right that is orderly and legal, and the criminal classes. Your Excellency may rest assured that the great mass of the American people will never consent to any injustice toward China or any class.'

"The Viceroy said that his Government never lost its confidence in the justice of the United States. If there was a grievance—a real grievance—in America on account of the emigration of Chinamen to that country, his Government was prepared to do what it could to remove it.

"General Grant answered that the Chinese question at home

was not free from embarrassments—serious embarrassments. 'I am ready to admit,' he said, 'that the Chinese have been of great service to our country. I do not know what the Pacific coast would be without them. They came to our aid at a time when their aid was invaluable. In the competition between their labor and ours, of course, if we cannot hold our own, we confess our weakness and go to the wall. If the Chinaman surpasses us in industry, thrift and ingenuity, no law can arrest the consequences of that superiority. I have never been alarmed about that, however. The trouble about your countrymen coming to America is that they come under circumstances which make them slaves. They do not come of their own free will. They do not come to stay, bringing their wives and children. Their labor is not their own, but the property of capitalists. On that point our best people feel very strongly, because we consider nothing so carefully as the elements that go toward building up the nation. Its future depends on that. We had slavery some years since, and we only freed ourselves from slavery at the cost of a dreadful war, in which hundreds of thousands of lives were lost and thousands of millions of dollars spent. Having made these sacrifices to suppress slavery in one form, we do not feel like encouraging it in another, in the insidious form of coolie emigration. That is a wrong to your government and our own, and to the people especially.'

"The Viceroy said that it was a mistake to suppose that the emigration of the Chinese to America or to any other part of the world was the desire of the government. If the government had its way it would keep all the Chinamen at home.

"General Grant said that this was natural.

"The Viceroy continued that he was willing to consider any proposition to relieve the Americans from the burden of Chinese emigration.

"General Grant said, 'You can put a stop to the slavery system.'

"The Viceroy answered that the government would do so if possible. But many things were hard to do, like, for instance, the suppression of the opium traffic, which was the desire of every statesman in China.

"*General Grant*—If you can stop the slavery feature, then emigration from China is like emigration from other countries. Then, as there is a complaint on the Pacific coast of Chinamen coming too rapidly, coming so as to glut the labor market, emigration might be stopped for a period—for three or five years. I infer from what you say that, with the indisposition of the government to have Chinamen leave home, there would be no objection to such a measure.

"The Viceroy said that he was glad he had the expression of the General's views as to what would be satisfactory to the United States. They would have great influence with his government, and he would communicate them to Prince Kung. At the same time he hoped that the General would use his influence to secure protection to the Chinese now in America. The government was distressed when it heard of the attacks on Chinamen.

"General Grant said that it was not alone his duty to do that, but the duty of all citizens. But the Chinese could have no better protector than the present administration. Mr. Hayes will do all a President can do. 'You have,' he continued, 'many young Chinamen in our schools. What reports do they send home?'

"The Viceroy answered that the reports were most satisfactory. They were treated with kindness, and he wished to send more. He was anxious to send some to West Point. The government had tried to do this before, but the Americans, to his surprise and grief, would not consent.

"*General Grant*—Yes, I remember. I was anxious to have this done. The proposal was defeated, mainly, if I remember, through the influence of Mr. Casserly, then Senator from California. I wish you would send some of your boys to West Point. It is one of the best schools in the world.

"The Viceroy asked whether there was any idea that another application to the American Government would be favorably entertained.

"General Grant said he did not know; he had been away from home so long that he did not know the public temper. 'But,' he continued, 'if there is any trouble about entering the schools why not do like the Siamese government? We have on

board one of our men-of-war in the China waters two Siamese noblemen, one a brother of the King, who entered as seaman. They are now serving before the mast. That was the way seamanship was learned in the past, and although it was, of course, not as good as the school, it was a great deal. Why would not the Chinese do the same thing with their young men—with youths of intelligence and good family?

"The Viceroy said he would be delighted. If General Grant would use his good offices and would secure the admission of young men on men-of-war he would send them.

"The Viceroy said he was anxious to have the advice and aid of the Americans so far as possible. There were several things which could be learned from Americans, and in that event he would like General Grant to select competent persons. There was General Upton, who had been in China. He wanted him to take a post.

"*General Grant*—General Upton is a distinguished and able officer. When Mr. Burlingame was alive he asked me to name an officer to enter your service and organize the army. I selected Upton. But Mr. Burlingame died and the matter fell through. General Upton has a high rank in our regular army, especially for a young man, and I have no idea that he would care to leave. But there is no nation in the world where there are so many competent military men as in America. The war was an educator, and so large a proportion of the population, North and South, were in the army that at the close there was scarcely any department of business or industry where you could not find men competent to hold high commands.

"The Viceroy asked General Grant whether at the close of the war any difficulty was experienced in sending the soldiers back to civil life.

"General Grant replied that, on the contrary, the men who had been in the army reverted to their old homes and occupations and became the best portions of society. He did not think it a reflection upon those who did not go into the war to say that no classes were more loyal, industrious and peaceful than those who had been in the war.

"The Viceroy asked if this was true of the South as well as the North.

"*General Grant*—Of the South as well as the North. The soldiers of the Southern army have shown themselves by all odds the best part of the Southern population. Our armies were not mercenaries—not on either side. Mercenary armies give trouble. No people are more peaceable in civil life than those who have seen war. They know what war is.

"The Viceroy said he knew that the General was not a diplomatist nor an official. But for this purpose he might say that neither was he an official. When he heard that the General was coming to China his heart was glad, for he felt that he could talk to him about Loo Choo. If the General chose to speak on the subject he would speak with an authority greater than that of any diplomatist. There were men to whose words nations would listen, and the General was one of those men. His own government was willing to put its case unreservedly in his hands, and as he was going to see the Mikado a word from him to that sovereign might serve the cause of peace and justice.

"The General said if he could ever speak words with such a result, he would not hesitate to speak them. As to the Loo Choo question, he knew nothing beyond what he had heard from Prince Kung. He might add that since seeing Prince Kung he had conversed with Mr. Seward and others, and had heard their opinions. But he felt that he knew only the Chinese case, or at least a hurried statement of the case, and he had no idea what his view might be when he conversed with the Japanese.

"The Viceroy opened a volume in Chinese containing the treaties, and read from an early treaty made when Mr. Cushing was Minister, in which the United States held herself ready to offer her good services between China and other Powers in the event of any question arising. He asked whether the General did not think the difference with Japan about Loo Choo did not come within the limits of the treaty.

"General Grant read over the clause and said he thought it did.

"The Viceroy then read from the Burlingame treaty assurances

of the same character. He read from a treaty between China and Japan engagements on the part of the two countries not to invade the territory of the others. He pointed out the existence of a treaty between the United States and the Loo Choo Islands, showing that the American government dealt with the Loo Choo King as an independent Power. He then called the attention of the General to the international law on the subject, and held that the course of Japan was one that called for the intervention of outside Powers. Otherwise there was no use of that international law which foreign nations were always quoting to China.

"General Grant said the argument seemed to be sound, but it belonged to diplomacy. From the fact that the Viceroy quoted a treaty in which the United States acknowledged the Loo Choo Islands as an independent Power, he supposed that China, in dealing with Japan, was also willing to regard them as an independent Power.

"The Viceroy said as an independent Power, certainly. But, to be entirely accurate, Loo Choo should be described as a semi-dependent Power. China had never exercised sovereignty over the islands, and did not press that claim. But China was as much concerned in the maintenance of the independence of a Power holding toward her coasts the relations of Loo Choo as in the integrity of her inland territory. As a matter of fact, because of the great powers allowed by China always to her provinces and dependencies, the emperors had never exercised the rights of sovereignty over Loo Choo. As a matter of law and right, however, the right was never alienated, and the sovereigns of Loo Choo always respected it by paying tribute to China until Japan came in and forbade the tribute.

"General Grant asked if the sovereign did not also pay tribute to Japan.

"*The Viceroy*—In this way. Before the revolution in Japan, and the consolidation of the power of the princes into the imperial power, the feudal lords had great authority. They did as they pleased. Perhaps none of these lords were more powerful than the Satsuma princes. These princes occupied the islands of Japan nearest to Loo Choo. To protect themselves from the

raids and exactions of the Satsuma princes the Loo Choo people paid tribute only to the princes, never to Japan. Well, when the revolution came, and the powers of the princes were absorbed, the Emperor claimed that the payment of tribute to the princes was recognition of the sovereignty of Japan. That is the only claim that the Japanese have ever made.

"The Viceroy said, from all he could learn the Mikado was not in favor of any policy like that shown in the occupation of Loo Choo. But there was a party—among them men like the Princes of Satsuma—who were urging the Japanese to annexation. His own belief was that if the foreign Powers were to strengthen the Mikado in resisting the wishes of this party, its influence would die out, and the Loo Choo Islands be restored.

"General Grant wished to know if the Viceroy had had any expression from the foreign Powers.

"The Viceroy said he believed that Mr. Bingham, the American Minister, was friendly to the views of China. He supposed so, at least, from the anxiety in Pekin to have Mr. Bingham return to Japan. Of the wishes of the other Powers he had no information beyond rumor.

"General Grant felt certain that Mr. Bingham would consider the matter. He (Mr. Bingham) had just returned from home, and no doubt had been in conference with Mr. Evarts. He would see Mr. Bingham as soon as he reached Japan, and learn all the facts. He did not know what he could do, or how far he would go until he saw Mr. Bingham.

"The Viceroy asked if the General found, on reaching Japan, that Mr. Bingham had given no attention to the subject, or had formed opinions hostile to negotiation, he would then pursue the matter.

"General Grant said, of course, if he found that so important a question had been overlooked by the Minister, and if it was in a position where he as a private gentleman could aid the cause of peace, he would do all he could. But he had every confidence in Mr. Bingham.

"The Viceroy said this confidence was shared by the Chinese. But Prince Kung and himself laid especial stress upon the name

and influence of the General. The Loo Choo question could not be considered as within the range of diplomatic action. The Japanese had not allowed it a diplomatic standing. Consequently there was no chance of reaching a solution by the ordinary methods of diplomacy. How can you talk to ministers and governments about matters which they will not discuss? But when a man like General Grant comes to China and Japan, he comes with an authority which gives him power to make peace. In the interest of peace China asks the General to interest himself. China cannot consent to the position Japan has taken. On that point there is no indecision in the councils of the government. The Viceroy had no fear of Japan or of the consequences of any conflict which Japan would force upon China.

"General Grant said his hope and belief were that the difficulty would end peacefully and honorably. He appreciated the compliment paid him by the Chinese government. The Viceroy and Prince Kung overrated his power, but not his wish, to preserve peace, and especially to prevent such a deplorable thing as a war between China and Japan. When he reached Japan he would confer with Mr. Bingham and see how the matter stood. He would study the Japanese case as carefully as he proposed studying the Chinese case. He would, if possible, confer with the Japanese authorities. What his opinion would be when he heard both sides he could not anticipate. If the question took such a shape that, with advantage to the cause of peace and without interfering with the wishes of his own government, he could advise or aid in a solution, he would be happy, and, as he remarked to Prince Kung, this happiness would not be diminished if, in doing so, his action did not disappoint the Chinese government.

"The Viceroy said, with a smile, that he had received much pleasure from the kind words spoken by the General about China, and he hoped that they would not be forgotten when the General became President again. Of course the General would become President again, and the Viceroy hoped this would be, and that when President the General would remember him and write to him.

"*General Grant*—Your Excellency is very kind, but there could be no wish more distasteful to me than what you express. I have held the office of President as long as it has ever been held by any man. There are others who have risen to great distinction at home and who have earned the honor who are worthy, and to them it belongs, not to me. I have no claims to the office. It is a place distasteful to me, a place of hardships and responsibilities. When I was a younger man these hardships were severe and never agreeable. They would be worse now.

"*The Viceroy*—But you are a young man, and your experience would be of value.

"*General Grant*—No man who knows what the Presidency imposes would care to see a friend in the office. I have had my share of it—have had all the honors that can be or should be given to any citizen, and there are many able and distinguished men who have earned the office. To one of them it should be given.

"The Viceroy, smiling, said that the General showed himself to be what he always heard—a modest man—and that he still hoped, for the good relations between China and America alone, that he would be again President. The Viceroy said he had read in some Chinese papers translations from the American papers about the great reception that was awaiting the General in California, and supposed he would time his arrival so as to meet it.

"*General Grant*—I would much rather time my arrival so as to avoid it. But most of these paragraphs are exaggerations, and others are written in an unfriendly spirit. It is possible some personal friends may come to meet me from the East—a half-dozen, perhaps—who will take the occasion to run over to California. I have a good many friends on the Pacific coast whom I will be glad to see. But my time of return is unknown and indefinite, and the stories that have crept into the Chinese papers about monster excursions are exaggerations.

"The Viceroy said he read them with pleasure, and hoped they were true.

"So came to an end an interesting and extraordinary conversation."

While in Pekin General Grant was informed that the "Richmond," so long expected, was at the mouth of the Peiho river, and would convey him to Japan, so, after his return to Tientsin, preparations were made for a speedy departure.

"When General Grant returned to Tientsin," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "he became the guest of Judge Denny, our esteemed and popular Consul. Mr. Detring, the Customs Commissioner, gave a dinner and evening party in honor of General Grant and the Viceroy. As I have said, the Viceroy, for the first time in his career and in the career of Chinese statesmen, has met Europeans in social intercourse, at a dinner-table with ladies present. Woman does not hold a position in China that justifies Chinamen in meeting as an equal even the ladies of European and American families. Accordingly, when the Viceroy expressed his willingness to attend dinner parties at which ladies were present, there was some anxiety to know what should be done with them. Mr. Dillon, the French Consul, solved the problem by massing all the ladies together on one side of the table and the gentlemen on the other. The Viceroy and General Grant walked in alone and ahead. Then the ladies, while the remainder of the guests placed themselves in the odd spaces. Mr. Detring made a step in advance at his dinner, and the ladies went in to dinner escorted by the gentlemen in European fashion, the Viceroy walking ahead and alone. The dinner was served in a temporary dining-room arranged on the veranda, with flags of all nations forming shelter. There were forty guests present, including the Viceroy and suite, General Grant and party, Mr. Seward, our Minister, who had just come from America, the members of the Consular body and their wives, officers of the navy, and leading citizens. In all there were about fifty guests. When the dinner was over Mr. Detring arose and made a brief speech in the name of the Viceroy. In this speech the Viceroy spoke with feeling of the pleasure it had given him to meet General Grant, how he had looked for his coming, how anxious he was to meet him, how much he had enjoyed the visit, and hoped

that General Grant would not forget him when he returned home, but regard him as a friend and admirer. The speech was manly and simple, but its real value was in the fact that it was the speech of the foremost man in China—of a man whose name will be remembered as among the greatest of Chinese soldiers and statesmen. General Grant acknowledged the Viceroy's speech.

"Immediately after the dinner General Grant and party went on board the 'Ashuelot.' There we spoke our farewells to our kind friends and said our good-by as lovers are said to prefer doing—under the stars. Our visit had been so pleasant, there had been so much grace and courtesy and consideration in our reception, that it was with sincere regret that we said farewell. The Viceroy had sent word that he would not take his leave of General Grant until we were on the border of his dominions and out at sea. He had gone ahead on his yacht, and with a fleet of gunboats, and would await us at the mouth of the river and accompany the General on board of the 'Richmond.' We left our mooring at three in the morning, and were awakened by the thunder of the guns from the forts. Orders had been given that the forts should fire salutes as the General passed, that the troops should parade and the vessels dress with flags. The day was warm and clear, and there was Oriental splendor in the scene as we slowly moved along the narrow stream and saw the people hurrying from the villages to the river side, and the smoke that came from the embrasures, and the clumsy, stolid junks teeming with sight-seers, the lines of soldiery and the many colored pennants fluttering in the air. The river widened as we came to the sea, and about eleven o'clock we came to the viceregal fleet at anchor under the guns of the Waku forts. As we passed every vessel manned yards, and all their guns and all the guns from the forts thundered a farewell. Two or three miles out we saw the tapering masts of the 'Richmond,' which, after so long a chase, had at last found General Grant. The 'Ashuelot' answered the salute and steamed over the bar at half-speed, so as to allow the Viceroy's fleet to join us. The bar was crossed and the blue sea welcomed us, and we kept on direct toward the

'Richmond.' In a short time the white smoke was seen leaping from her deck. The sailors rushed up the sides and we swung around amid the thunder of her guns. Then Captain Benham came on board and was presented to General Grant. The Chinese fleet came to an anchor, and at noon precisely General Grant passed over the side of the 'Ashuelot.' On reaching the 'Richmond' the General was received by another salute, all the officers being on deck in full uniform. The American ensign was run up at the fore and another salute was fired, the Chinese vessels joining in.

"After the General had been received the barge was sent to the Viceroy's boat, and in a few minutes was seen returning with Li-Hung Chang, followed by other boats carrying the high officers of his government. General Grant received the Viceroy, and again the yards were manned and a salute of nineteen guns was fired. The Viceroy and his suite were shown into the cabin. Tea was served, and Li-Hung Chang having expressed a desire to see the vessel, he was taken into every part, gave its whole arrangement, and especially the guns, a minute inspection. This lasted for an hour, and the Viceroy returned to the cabin to take his leave. He seemed loath to go, and remained in conversation for some time. General Grant expressed his deep sense of the honor which had been done him, his pleasure at having met the Viceroy. He urged the Viceroy to make a visit to the United States, and in a few earnest phrases repeated his hope that the statesmen of China would persevere in a policy which brought them nearer to our civilization—a policy that would give new greatness to China, enable them to control the fearful famines that devastated China, and secure the nation's independence. He repeated his belief that there could be no true independence unless China availed herself of the agencies which gave prestige to other nations and with which she had been so largely endowed by Providence. The Viceroy was friendly, almost affectionate. He hoped that General Grant would not forget him; that he would like to meet the General now and then, and if China needed the General's counsel he would send it. He feared he could not visit foreign lands and regretted that he had not done

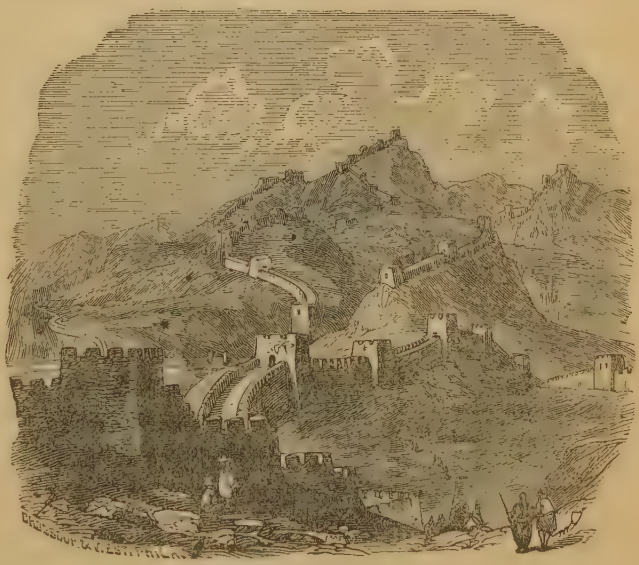
so in earlier years. He spoke of the friendship of the United States as dear to China, and again commended to the General and the American people the Chinese who had gone to America. It made his heart sore to hear of their ill usage, and he depended upon the justice and honor of our government for their protection. He again alluded to the Loo Choo question with Japan, and begged General Grant would speak to the Japanese Emperor, and, in securing justice, remove a cloud from Asia, which threw an ominous shadow over the East. The General bade the Viceroy farewell, and said he would not forget what had been said, and that he would always think of the Viceroy with friendship and esteem. So we parted, Li-Hung Chang departing amid the roar of our cannon and the manning of the yards, while the 'Richmond' slowly pushed her prow into the rippling waves and steamed along to Japan."

From Tientsin the "Richmond" sailed for Chefoo, in order to enable the General and his party to visit the Great Wall of China, at the point where it comes to an end on the seashore.

"As soon as the Viceroy had left us," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "the 'Richmond' steamed slowly up the coast, the 'Ashuelot' going direct to Chefoo. The contrast between the 'Richmond' and the modest little 'Ashuelot' was marked, and we had a sense of abundant space, of roominess, of opportunities for walking. But the 'Ashuelot' is a well-commanded ship, and we left her with pleasant memories, and it was not without a regret that we saw General Grant's flag hauled down. It was our good fortune to have a smooth sea, and when the morning came we found ourselves steaming slowly along, the shores of Northern China lining the horizon. Navigation in the China seas is always a problem, and the coast past which we are sailing is badly surveyed. As a general thing, so carefully has science mapped and tracked the ocean that you have only to seek counsel from a vagrant, wandering star, and you will be able to tell to the minute when some hill or promontory will rise out of the waves. There was no such comfort on the China coast, and the 'Richmond' had to feel her way, to grope along the coast, and find the

great wall as best we could. Fortunately the day was mild and clear, and we could steam close to shore. All morning we sailed watching the shore; the brown, receding hills; the leaping, jutting masses of rock; the bits of greenery that seemed to rejoice in the sun, the fishing villages in houses of clay that run toward the shore.

"About two o'clock in the afternoon Lieutenant Sperry, the navigator, had an experience that must have reminded him of Columbus discovering America. He had found the Great Wall. By careful looking through the glasses, in time we saw it—a thick, brown, irregular line, that crumbles into the sea. The 'Richmond' steamed toward the beach, and so gracious was the weather that we were able to anchor within a mile of shore. All the boats were let down, and as many as could be spared from the vessel went ashore—the captain, the officers, the sailors in their blue, tidy uniforms, and an especial sailor with a pot of white paint to inscribe the fact that the 'Richmond' had visited the Great Wall. The Great Wall is the only monument I have seen which could be improved by modern sacrilege, and which could be painted over and plastered without compunctions of conscience. From what I read of this stupendous achievement it was built under the reign of a Chinese Emperor who flourished two centuries before Christ. This Emperor was disturbed by the constant



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

invasion of the Tartars, a hardy nomadic race, who came from the hills of Mongolia and plundered his people, who were indeed afterward to come, if only the Emperor could have opened the book of fate and known, and rule the country and found the dynasty which exists after a fashion still. So His Majesty resolved to build a wall which should forever protect his empire from the invader. The wall was built, and so well was it done that here we come, wanderers from the antipodes, twenty centuries after, and find it a substantial, imposing, but in the light of modern science, a useless wall. It is 1,250 miles in length, and it is only when you consider that distance and the incredible amount of labor it imposed that the magnitude of the work breaks upon you. We landed on a smooth, pebbly beach, studded with shells which would have rejoiced the eyes of children. We found a small village and saw the villagers grinding corn. The children, a few beggars and a blind person came to welcome us. The end of the wall which juts into the sea has been beaten by the waves into a ragged, shapeless condition. There was an easy ascent, however, up stone steps. At the top there was a small temple, evidently given to pious uses still, for there was a keeper who dickered about letting us in, and the walls seemed to be in order, clean and painted. The wall at the site of the temple was seventy-five or a hundred feet wide, but this was only a special width to accommodate the temple and present an imposing presence to the sea. As far as we could see the wall stretched over hill and valley, until it became a line. Its average width at the surface is from twenty to twenty-five feet. At the base it varies from forty to a hundred feet. It is made of stone and brick, and, considering that twenty centuries have been testing its workmanship, the work was well done.

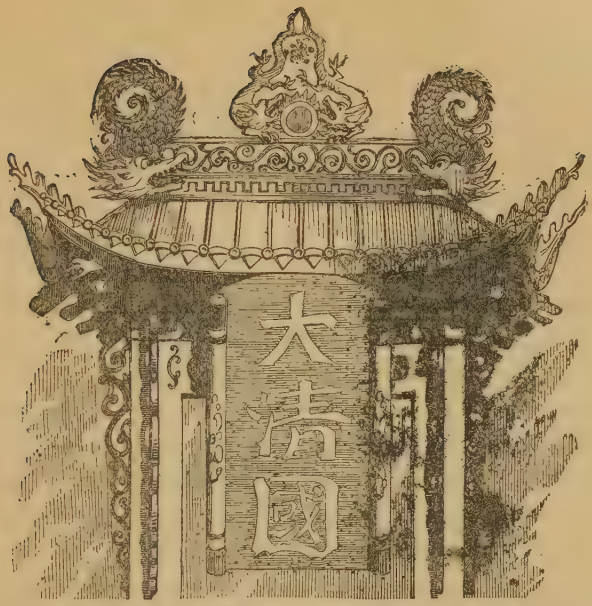
"As a mere wall, there is nothing imposing about the Great Wall of China. There are a hundred thousand walls, the world over, better built and more useful. What impressed us was the infinite patience which could have compassed so vast a labor. Wonderful are the Pyramids, and wonderful as a dream the ruins of Thebes. There you see mechanical results which you cannot follow or solve, engineering achievements we could not

even now repeat. The Great Wall is a marvel of patience. I had been reading the late Mr. Seward's calculation that the labor which had builded the Great Wall would have built the Pacific Railways. General Grant thought that Mr. Seward had underrated its extent. 'I believe,' he said, 'that the labor expended on this wall could have built every railroad in the United States, every canal and highway, and most if not all of our cities.' The story is that millions were employed on the wall; that the work lasted for ten years. I have ceased to wonder at a story like this. In the ancient days—the days which our good people are always lamenting and a return to which is the prayer of so many virtuous and pious souls—in the ancient days when an emperor had a wall or a pyramid to build he sent out to the fields and hills and gathered in the people and made them build on peril of their heads. It required an emperor to build the Great Wall. No people would ever have done such a thing. When you see the expression of a people's power it is in the achievements of the Roman, the Greek and the Englishman—in the achievements of Chinamen when they have been allowed their own way. The Great Wall is a monument of the patience of a people and the misapplied prerogative of a king. It never could have been of much use in the most primitive days, and now it is only a curiosity. We walked about on the top and studied its simple, massive workmanship, and looked upon the plains of Mongolia, over which the dreaded Tartar came. On one side of the wall was China, on the other Mongolia. We were at the furthest end of our journey, and every step now would be toward home. There was something like a farewell in the feeling with which we looked upon the cold land of mystery which swept on toward the north—cold and barren even under the warm sunshine. There was something like a welcome in the waves as we again greeted them, and knew that the sea upon which we are again venturing with the confidence that comes from long and friendly association would carry us home to America, and lighten even that journey with a glimpse of the land of the rising sun.

"At five in the afternoon we were under way. The ocean was smooth and settled into a dead calm—a blessing not always

vouchsafed in the China seas. We ran along all night across the gulf, and early in the morning found ourselves at Chefoo. Judge Denny had gone ahead, Chefoo being within his consular jurisdiction, to see that all preparations were made for the reception of General Grant. Chefoo is a port, a summer watering-place for the European residents of Shanghai and Tientsin. It is situated on the northern side of the Shantung promontory, in latitude 37° 35′ 56″ north and longitude 124° 22′ 33″ east. Chefoo does not present an interesting appearance from the sea. The hills rise and form a moderate background to the horizon, and on the hill was a group of commodious houses, showing that the European had put his foot here and was seeking the summer winds. Chefoo was opened for trade in 1861, as one of the results of the French and English expedition against Pekin. The province of Shantung, of which Chefoo is the open port, was for a long time one of the out-of-the-way provinces of China. It is famous for its climate. The health-seeking foreigner has discovered the dryness of its atmosphere, the cool breezes which temper the pitiless summer rays—the firm, bracing winds, which bring strength with the winter. As Europeans come more and more to China, Chefoo grows in value, and in addition there is a trade, especially in the bean pancake, which gives it a mercantile vitality. The bean pancake is used as a fertilizer all over China, and is made by throwing peas into a trough, and crushing them under a heavy stone wheel. The oil is pressed out, and what remains goes into the fields, to give new life to the wheat and tea. There is a good trade in cotton, and the position which the town holds toward Japan, Corea and the Pacific settlements of the Russian Empire insure Chefoo a commercial prominence on the China seas. In winter when the Peiho river is frozen and communication with Pekin is interrupted, Chefoo assumes new importance as the seaport of Northern China.

"The historical value of Chefoo arises from the fact that here was signed the Chefoo Convention between China and England, about which you hear occasionally in Parliament. This convention arose out of the murder of Mr. Margary, an English official, who was killed in the southern part of the Empire. The



ORNAMENTAL ENTRANCE TO A CHINESE DWELLING.

signing of this convention, the last political relation of an international character, gave Chefoo a world-wide fame. Beyond this and the air there is nothing to interest you in Chefoo. The bay when we came was studded with junks, which were massed close to the shore. A fleet of gunboats were drawn up near the landing and were streaming with flags on account of the arrival. We landed about eleven, and the barge made a detour through the fleet. The vessels all fired salutes, and the point of debarcation was tastefully decorated. The General and Mrs. Grant on landing were met by Consul Denny, the Vice Consul, Mr. C. L. Simpson, the Commissioner of Customs, and all the foreign residents. The General's party were escorted to a small pavilion, where presentations took place to the ladies and gentlemen present. From here there was a procession about a quarter of a mile to the house of the Vice Consul. The foreign settlement and the Custom House buildings were decorated. Chinese troops from the Viceroy's army were drawn up on both sides of the road. A temporary arch was erected in which the American and Chinese flags were intertwined. Mounted Chinese officers rode ahead

and the General followed after in a chair carried by eight bearers. The people of the Chinese town had turned out, and amid the firing of cannon, the playing of Chinese music, and the steady, stolid, inquiring gaze of thousands, we were carried to the Consulate. Here there was luncheon. After luncheon General Grant strolled about the town, and in the evening attended a dinner at the house of the Customs Commissioner, Mr. Simpson. At the end of the dinner there was a ball, attended by most of the officers of the 'Richmond' and 'Ashuelot' and the principal residents. There were fireworks, lanterns and illuminations, and the little conservative town had quite a holiday.

"At midnight General Grant and party, accompanied by Captain Benham, returned on board the 'Richmond.' There was one incident on the return of a novel and picturesque character. According to the regulations of the American navy no salutes can be fired by men-of-war after the sun goes down. But the 'Richmond' was to sail as soon as the General embarked, and before the sun arose would be out at sea. So the Chinese gunboats sent word that they would fire twenty-one guns as General Grant passed in his barge. The announcement caused some consternation in the well-ordered minds of our naval friends, and there was a grave discussion as to what regulations permitted under the circumstances. It would be rude to China not to return her salute. There were especial reasons for going out of the way to recognize any honor shown us by the Chinese. Our mission in those lands, so far as it was a mission, was one of peace and courtesy and good-will. Captain Benham, with the ready ability and common sense which as a naval officer he possesses in an eminent degree, decided that the courtesy should be honored and answered, gun for gun, and that, in so doing, he would carry out, in spirit at least, the regulations which should govern a naval commander. So it came to pass that Lieutenant Commander Clarke found himself performing a duty which I suppose never before devolved upon a naval officer, holding a midnight watch, with the gun crew at quarters ready for the signal which was to justify him in startling the repose of nature on sea and shore with the hoarse and lurid menace of his guns. General

Grant's launch had hardly moved before the Chinese gunboats thundered forth, gun after gun, their terrifying compliment. These boats have no saluting batteries, and as the guns fired were of heavy calibre the effect of the firing was startling and sublime. The General's launch slowly steamed on, the smoke of the guns rolling along the surface of the waves and clouding the stars. When the last gun was fired there was a pause, and far off in the darkness our vessel, like a phantom ship, silent and brooding, suddenly took life and a bolt of fire came from her bows, followed swiftly by the sullen roar of the guns. A salute of cannon under any circumstances is an imposing sight. There is so much sincerity in the voice of a cannon that you listen to it as the voice of truth. The power it embodies is pitiless and awful, and felt at night, amid the solemn silence of the universe, it becomes indescribably grand. I have seen few things more impressive and thrilling than the midnight salute fired at Chefoo in honor of General Grant."

CHAPTER XVII.

JAPAN.

Arrival of General Grant at Nagasaki—A Royal Reception—A Welcome from the Emperor—Prince Dati—Landing at Nagasaki—The Cholera—Dinner to General Grant by the Governor—General Grant Entertained by the Merchants—An Old-Fashioned Japanese Feast—Japanese Dishes and Customs—An Ancient Dance—General Grant Sails for Yokohama—Arrival at that Port—The Landing at Yokohama—A Magnificent Spectacle—Reception by the Authorities—The Journey to Tokio—Reception of General Grant at the Japanese Capital—General Grant's Visit to the Emperor of Japan—The Palace—The Emperor and Empress—A Cordial Reception—The Fourth of July in Japan—The Emperor Holds a Review of the Japanese Army in Honor of General Grant, and Entertains him at Breakfast—General Grant's Home at Tokio—The Palace of Euriokwan—Grant the Guest of Japan—A Japanese Paradise—Glimpses of Japanese Life—Japanese Hospitality—Mrs. Grant and the Empress—The Emperor's Visit to General Grant—Grant's Advice to the Emperor—The Chinese Question—Excursions to Nikko and Kamakara—General Grant Prepares to Leave Japan—Last Days in the Island Empire—General Grant Dines With the Prime Minister—An Entertainment at Mr. Yoshida's—A Visit to Prince Dati—General Grant Takes Leave of the Emperor—Parting Courtesies to General Grant.

FROM Chefoo, in China, the "Richmond" sailed direct for Nagasaki, in Japan. "There was no special incident in our run from China," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald.* "On the morning of the 21st of June we found ourselves threading our way through beautiful islands and rocks rich with green, that stood like sentinels in the sea, and hills on which were trees and gardens, and high, commanding cliffs, covered with green, and smooth, tranquil waters, into the Bay of Nagasaki. Nagasaki ranks among the beautiful harbors in the world.

"The 'Richmond' steamed between the hills and came to an anchorage. It was the early morning, and over the water were shadows of cool, inviting green. Nagasaki, nestling on her hillsides, looked cosy and beautiful, and, it being our first glimpse of a Japanese town, we studied it through our glasses, studied every feature—the scenery, the picturesque attributes of the city, the terraced hills that rose beyond, every rood under cultivation;

the quaint, curious houses; the multitudes of flags which showed that the town knew of our coming and was preparing to do us honor. We noted, also, that the wharves were lined with a multitude, and that the available population were waiting to see the guest whom their nation honors and who is known in common speech as the American Mikado. Then the 'Richmond' ran up the Japanese standard and fired twenty-one guns in honor of Japan. The forts answered the salute. Then the Japanese gunboats and the forts displayed the American ensign and fired a salute of twenty-one guns in honor of General Grant. Mr. W. P. Mangum, our Consul, and his wife came on board. In a short time the Japanese barge was seen coming, with Prince Dati and Mr. Yoshida and the Governor, all in the splendor of court uniforms. These officials were received with due honors and escorted to the cabin. Prince Dati said that he had been commanded by the Emperor to meet General Grant on his landing, to welcome him in the name of His Majesty, and to attend upon him as the Emperor's personal representative so long as the General remained in Japan. The value of this compliment can be understood when you know that Prince Dati is one of the highest noblemen in Japan. He was one of the leading daimios, one of the old feudal barons who, before the revolution, ruled Japan and had powers of life and death in his own dominions. The old daimios were not only barons but heads of clans, like the clans of Scotland, and in the feudal days he could march an army into the field. When the revolution came Dati accepted it, not sullenly and seeking retirement, like Satsuma and other princes, but as the best thing for the country. He gave his adhesion to the Emperor, and is now one of the great noblemen around the throne. The sending of a man of the rank of the Prince was the highest compliment that the Emperor could pay any guest. Mr. Yoshida you know as the present Japanese Minister to the United States, a discreet and accomplished man, and among the rising statesmen in the Empire. Having been accredited to America during the General's administration and knowing the General, the government called him home so that he might attend General Grant and look after the reception So, when

General Grant arrived, he had the pleasure of meeting not only a distinguished representative of the Emperor but an old personal friend.

"At one o'clock on the 21st of June General Grant, accompanied by Prince Dati, Mr. Yoshida, and the Governor, landed in Nagasaki. The Japanese man-of-war 'Kango,' commanded by Captain Zto, had been sent down to Nagasaki to welcome the General. The landing took place in the Japanese barge. From the time that General Grant came into the waters of Japan it was the intention of the government that he should be the nation's guest. As soon as the General stepped into the barge the Japanese vessels and the batteries on shore thundered out their welcome, the yards of the vessels were manned, and as the barge moved slowly along, the crews of the ships in the harbor cheered. It was over a mile from the 'Richmond' to the shore. The landing-place had been arranged, not in the foreign section nor the Dutch concession, carrying out the intention of having the reception entirely Japanese. Lines of troops were formed, the steps were covered with red cloth, and every space and standing spot and coigne of vantage was covered with people. The General's boat touched the shore, and with Mrs. Grant on his arm and followed by the Colonel, the Japanese officials, and the members of his party, he slowly walked up the platform, bowing to the multitude who made this obeisance in his honor. There is something strange in the grave decorum of an Oriental crowd—strange to us who remember the ringing cheer and the electric hurrah of Saxon lands. The principal citizens of Nagasaki came forward and were presented, and, after a few minutes' pause, our party stepped into jinrickshaws and were taken to our quarters.

"The jinrickshaw is the common vehicle of Japan. It is built on the principle of a child's perambulator or an invalid's chair, except that it is much lighter. Two men go ahead and pull, and one behind pushes. But this is only on occasions of ceremony. One man is quite able to manage a jinrickshaw. Those used by the General had been sent down from Tokio, from the palace. Our quarters in Nagasaki had been prepared in the Japanese

town. A building used for a female normal school had been prepared. It was a half mile from the landing, and the whole road had been decorated with flags, American and Japanese entwined, with arches of green boughs and flowers. Both sides of the road were lined with people, who bowed low to the General as he passed. On reaching our residence the Japanese officials of the town were all presented. Then came the foreign consuls in a body, who were presented by the American Consul, Mr. Mangum. After this came the officers of the Japanese vessels, all in uniform. Then came a delegation representing the foreign residents of all nationalities in Nagasaki, who asked to present an address. This address was read by Mr. Farber, one of the oldest foreign residents in Japan. To this address General Grant replied briefly and appropriately.

"On the evening of June 22d Mr. Bingham, the American Minister to Japan, came to Nagasaki in the mail steamer, and was met on landing by General Grant. Mr. Bingham brought sad news of the cholera, which was ravaging parts of Japan—an event which will limit our journeys. The Minister was fresh from home, and it was pleasant not only to meet an old friend, but one who could tell us of the tides and currents in home affairs. There were dinners and fêtes during our stay in Nagasaki, some of which I may dwell on more in detail. The Governor of the province gave a State dinner on the evening of the 23d of June, served in French fashion; one that in its details would have done no discredit to the restaurants in Paris. To this dinner the Governor asked Captain Benham, of the 'Richmond;' Commander Johnson, of the 'Ashuelot,' and Lieutenant Commander Clarke. At the close His Excellency Utsumi Tadakatsu arose and said:

"'GENERAL GRANT AND GENTLEMEN: After a two years' tour through many lands Nagasaki has been honored by a visit from the ex-President of the United States. Nagasaki is situated on the western shore of this Empire, and how fortunate it is that I, in my official capacity as Governor of Nagasaki, can greet and welcome you, sir, as you land for the first time on the soil of Japan. Many years ago, honored sir, I learned to appreciate your great services, and during a visit to the United States I was filled with an ardent desire to learn more of your illustrious deeds. You were then the President of the United States, and

little then did I anticipate that I should be the first Governor to receive you in Japan. Words cannot express my feelings. Nagasaki is so far from the seat of government that I fear you cannot have matters arranged to your satisfaction. It is my earnest wish that you and Mrs. Grant may safely travel through Japan and enjoy the visit.'

"This address was spoken in Japanese. At its close an interpreter, who stood behind His Excellency during its delivery, advanced and read the above translation. When the Governor finished General Grant arose and said:

"'YOUR EXCELLENCY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: You have here to-night several Americans who have the talent of speech, and who could make an eloquent response to the address in which my health is proposed. I have no such gift, and I never lamented its absence more than now, when there is so much that I want to say about your country, your people and your progress. I have not been an inattentive observer of that progress, and in America we have been favored with accounts of it from my distinguished friend, whom you all know as the friend of Japan, and whom it was my privilege to send as Minister—I mean Judge Bingham. The spirit which has actuated the mission of Judge Bingham—the spirit of sympathy, support and conciliation—not only expressed my own sentiments, but those of America. America has much to gain in the East—no nation has greater interests—but America has nothing to gain except what comes from the cheerful acquiescence of the Eastern people and insures them as much benefit as it does us. I should be ashamed of my country if its relations with other nations, and especially with these ancient and most interesting empires in the East, were based upon any other idea. We have rejoiced over your progress. We have watched you step by step. We have followed the unfolding of your old civilization and its absorbing the new. You have had our profound sympathy in that work, our sympathy in the troubles which came with it, and our friendship. I hope it may continue—that it may long continue. As I have said, America has great interests in the East. She is your next neighbor. She is more affected by the Eastern populations than any other Power. She can never be insensible to what is doing here. Whatever her influence may be, I am proud to think that it has always been exerted in behalf of justice and kindness. No nation needs from the outside Powers justice and kindness more than Japan, because the work that has made such marvellous progress in the past few years is a work in which we are deeply concerned, in the success of which we see a new era in civilization and which we should encourage. I do not know, gentlemen, that I can say anything more than this in response to the kind words of the Governor. Judge Bingham can speak with much more eloquence and much more authority as our Minister. But I could not allow the occasion to pass without saying how deeply I sympathized with Japan in her efforts to advance, and how much those efforts were appreciated in

America. In that spirit I ask you to unite with me in a sentiment: "The prosperity and the independence of Japan."'

"General Grant, a few minutes later, arose and said that he wished to propose another toast—a personal one—the drinking of which would be a great pleasure to him. This was the health of Judge Bingham, the American Minister to Japan. He had appointed the Judge Minister, and he was glad to know that the confidence expressed in that appointment had been confirmed by the admiration and respect of the Japanese people. When a Minister serves his own country as well as Judge Bingham has served America, and in doing so wins the esteem of the authorities and the people to whom he is accredited, he has achieved the highest success in diplomacy.

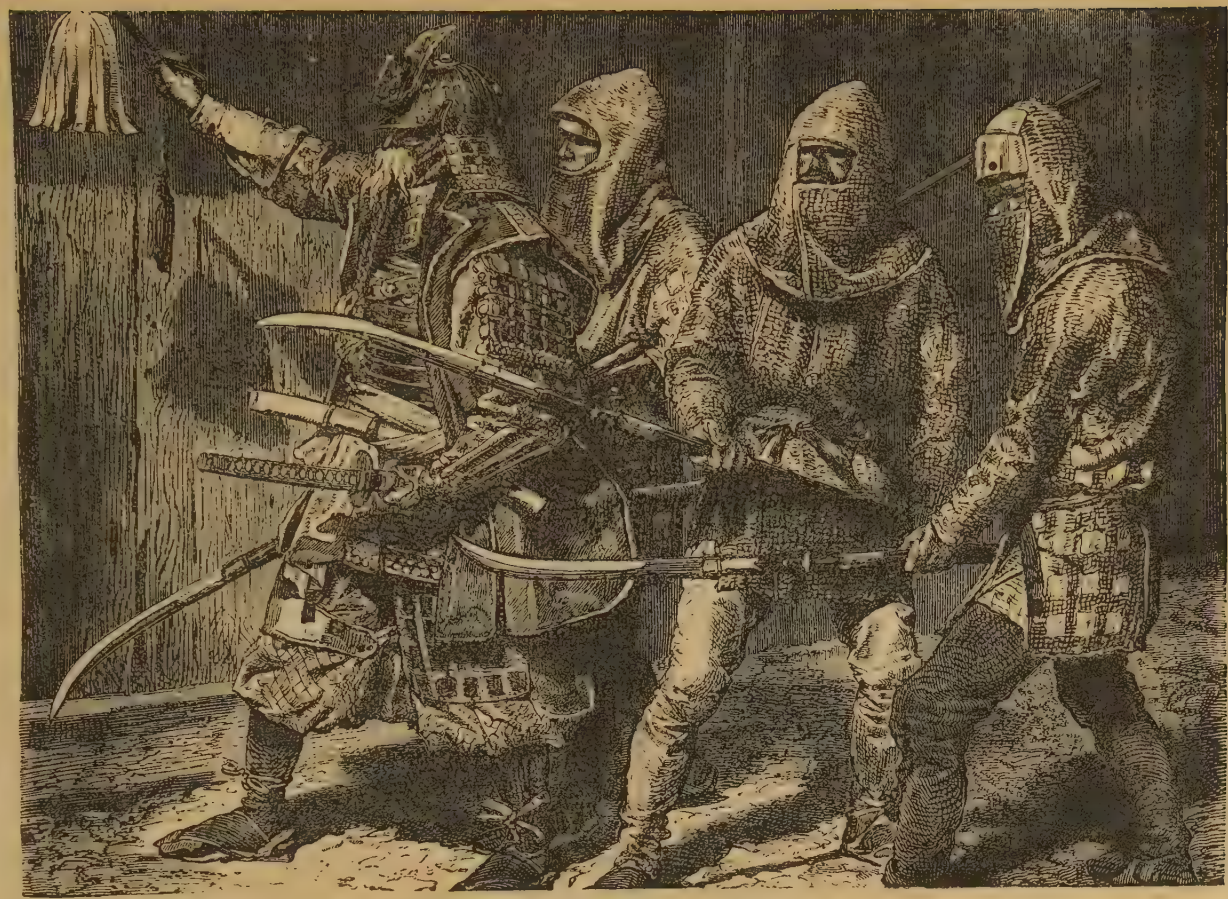
"Mr. Yoshida, the Japanese Minister, arose and asked leave to add his high appreciation of Mr. Bingham, and the value which had been placed on his friendship to Japan by the government. He was proud to bear public tribute to Mr. Bingham's sincerity and friendliness, and to join in drinking his health.

"Judge Bingham, in response to the sentiments of personal regard offered by Mr. Yoshida, acknowledged the courtesy to himself and said that he had come hither to join the official representatives of His Majesty the Emperor and also the people of Nagasaki in fitting testimonials of respect to General Grant, the friend of the United States of America and the friend of Japan. He had come to Japan as Minister bearing the commission issued by the distinguished guest of the evening. It had been his endeavor to faithfully discharge his duties, and in such manner as would strengthen the friendship between the two countries and promote the commercial interests of both. He knew that in so acting he reflected the wishes of the illustrious man who is the guest of the Empire and the wishes also of the President and people of the United States. 'The government of my country,' said Mr. Bingham, 'has, by a recent treaty with Japan, manifested its desire that justice may be done by according to Japan her right to regulate her own commercial affairs, and to do justice is the highest duty as it is the highest interest of civil government.'"

On the 24th of June, the citizens of Nagasaki entertained General Grant at a dinner served in Japanese style. "The party," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "was not more than twenty, including General Grant and party, our Japanese hosts, Consul Mangum and family and Consul Denny and family. The dinner was served on small tables, each guest having a table to himself. The merchants themselves waited on us, and with the merchants a swarm of attendants wearing the costumes of old Japan.

"The bill of fare was almost a volume and embraced over fifty courses. The wine was served in unglazed porcelain wine cups, on white wooden stands. The appetite was pampered in the beginning with dried fish, edible seaweeds and isinglass, in something of the Scandinavian style, except that the attempt did not take the form of brandy and raw fish. The first serious dish was composed of crane, seaweed, moss, rice bread and potatoes, which we picked over in a curious way as though we were at an auction sale of remnants, anxious to rummage out a bargain. The soup when it first came—for it came many times—was an honest soup of fish, like a delicate fish chowder. Then came strange dishes, as ragout and as soup in bewildering confusion. The first was called namasu and embodied fish, clams, chestnuts, rock mushrooms and ginger. Then, in various combinations, the following:—Duck, truffles, turnips, dried bonito, melons, pressed salt, aromatic shrubs, snipe, egg plant, jelly, boiled rice, snapper, shrimp, potatoes, mushroom, cabbage, lass-fish, orange flowers, powdered fish, flavored with plum juice and walnuts, raw carp sliced, mashed fish, baked fish, isinglass, fish boiled with pickled beans, wine and rice again. This all came in the first course, and as a finale to the course, there was a sweetmeat composed of white and red bean jelly cake, and boiled black mushroom. With this came powdered tea, which had a green, monitory look, and suggested your earliest experiences in medicine.

"When the first pause came in the dinner two of our merchant hosts advanced toward General Grant and read an address, to which General Grant replied in appropriate terms.



JAPANESE WARRIORS, OLD STYLE.

"When the second course was finished—the ominous course that came to an end in powdered tea and sweetmeats composed of white and red bean jelly cake and boiled black mushroom—there was an interval. We arose from the table and sauntered about on the gravelled walk and looked down upon the bay and the enfolding hills, whose beauty became almost plaintive under the sympathetic shadows of the descending sun.

"A trailing line of mist rises from the town and slowly floats along the hillside, veiling the beauty upon which you have been dwelling all the afternoon. The green becomes gray, and on the tops there are purple shadows, and the shining waters of the bay become opaque. The ships swing at anchor, and you can see above the trim masts and prim-set spars of the 'Richmond' the colors of America. The noble ship has sought a shelter near the further shore, and as you look a light ascends the rigging and gives token that those in command are setting the watches for the night. Nearer us, distinguishable from her white wheelhouse, rides the 'Ashuelot,' while ships of other lands dot the bay. As you look a ball of fire shoots into the air and hangs pendant for a moment, and explodes into a mass of shooting, corruscating stars, and you know that our friends in the town are rejoicing over the presence of General Grant. From the other hills a flame breaks out and struggles a few moments, and becomes a steady asserting flame, and you know that this is a bonfire, and that the people have builded it to show their joy. Other bonfires creep out of the blackness, for while you have been looking night has come, and reigns over hill and valley and sea, and green has become black. Lines of light streak the town and you see various decorations in lanterns, forming quaint shapes. One shapes itself into the flag of America, another into the flag of Japan, another into a triangle, another into a Japanese word—the word in red lanterns, surrounded by a border of white lanterns—and Mr. Yoshida translates the word to mean a sentiment in honor of General Grant. These lights in curious forms shoot up in all parts of the town and you know that Nagasaki is illuminated, and that while here in this venerable temple the merchants have assembled to give us entertainment

the inhabitants are answering their hospitality with blazing tokens of approval. As you look below on the streets around the temple you see the crowd bearing lanterns, chattering, wondering, looking on, taking what comfort they can out of the festival in honor of the stranger within their gates.

"But while we could well spend our evening strolling over this gravelled walk and leaning over the quaint brick wall and studying the varying and ever changing scene that sweeps beneath us, we must not forget our entertainment. The servants have brought in the candles. Before each table is a pedestal on which a candle burns, and the old temple lights up with a new splendor. To add to this splendor the wall has been draped with heavy silks, embroidered with gold and silver, with quaint and curious legends of the history of Japan. These draperies lend a new richness to the room, and you admire the artistic taste which suggested them. The merchants enter again bearing meats. Advancing to the centre of the room, and to the General, they kneel and press their foreheads to the floor. With this demure courtesy the course begins. Other attendants enter, and place on each table the lacquer bowls and dishes. Instead of covering the tables with a variety of food and tempting you with auxiliary dishes of watermelon seeds and almond kernels, as in China, the Japanese give you a small variety at a time. I am afraid, however, we have spoiled our dinner. Our amiable friend, the Japanese Minister, warned us in the beginning not to be in a hurry, to restrain our curiosity, not to hurry our investigations into the science of a Japanese table, but to pick and nibble and wait—that there were good things coming, which we should not be beyond the condition of enjoying. What a comfort, for instance, a roll of bread would be and a glass of dry champagne! But there is no bread and no wine, and our only drink is the hot preparation from rice with its sherry flavor, which is poured out of a teapot into shallow lacquer saucers, and which you sip, not without relish, although it has no place in any beverage known to your experience. We are dining, however, in strict Japanese fashion, just as the old daimios did, and our hosts are too good artists to spoil a feast with champagne. Then it has been going on for

hours, and when you have reached the fourth hour of a dinner, even a temperance dinner, with nothing more serious than a hot insipid sherry-like rice drink, you have passed beyond the critical and curious into the resigned condition. If we had only been governed by the Minister we might have enjoyed this soup, which comes first in the course, and as you lift the lacquered top you know to be hot and fragrant. It is a soup composed of carp and mushroom and aromatic shrub. Another dish is a prepared fish that looks like a confection of cocoanut, but which you see to be fish as you prod it with your chopsticks. This is composed of the red snapper fish, and is served in red and white alternate squares. It looks well, but you pass it by as well as another dish that is more poetic at least, for it is a preparation of the skylark, wheat flour cake and gourd. We are not offended by the next soup, which comes hot and smoking, a soup of buckwheat and egg-plant. You push your soup to the end of the table and nip off the end of a fresh cigar, and look out upon the town over which the dominant universe has thrown the star-sprinkled mantle of night, and follow the lines of light that mark the welcome we are enjoying, and trace the ascending rockets as they shoot up from the hillside to break into masses of dazzling fire and illuminate the heavens for a moment in a rhapsody of blue and scarlet and green and silver and gold.

"If you have faith you will enter bravely into the dish that your silk-draped attendant now places before you, and as he does, bows to the level of the table and slides away. This is called oh-hira, and was composed, I am sure, by some ambitious daimio, who had given thought to the science of the table and possessed an original genius. The base of this dish is panyu. Panyu is a sea fish. The panyu in itself would be a dish, but in addition we have a fungus, the roots of the lily and the stems of the pumpkin. The fungus is delicate, and reminds you of mushroom, but the pumpkin, after you had fished it out and saw that it was a pumpkin, seemed forlorn and uncomfortable, conscious no doubt of a better destiny in its New England home than flavoring a mess of pottage. What one objects to in these dishes is the objection you have to frogs and snails. They lack dignity. And when we

come to real American food, like the pumpkin and buckwheat, we expect to see it specially honored, and not thrown into a pot and boiled in mixed company. The lily roots seemed out of place. I could find no taste in them, and would have been content to have known them as turnips. But your romantic notions about the lily—the lines you have written in albums, the poetry and water colors—are dispelled by its actual presence in a boiled state, suffused with arrowroot and horseradish.

"While our hosts are passing around the strange dishes a signal is made and the musicians enter. They are maidens with fair, pale faces, and small, dark, serious eyes. You are pleased to see that their teeth have not been blackened, as was the custom in past days, and is even now almost a prevalent custom among the lower classes. We are told that the maidens who have come to grace our feast are not of the common singing class, but the daughters of the merchants and leading citizens of Nagasaki. The first group is composed of three. They enter, sit down on the floor and bow their heads in salutation. One of the instruments is shaped like a guitar, another is something between a banjo and a drum. They wear the costume of the country, the costume that was known before the new days came upon Japan. They have blue silk gowns, white collars and heavily brocaded pearl-colored sashes. The principal instrument was long and narrow, shaped like a coffin lid and sounding like a harpsichord. After they had played an overture another group entered, fourteen maidens similarly dressed, each carrying the small banjo-like instrument and ranging themselves on a bench against the wall, the tapestry and silks suspended over them. Then the genius of the artist was apparent, and the rich depending tapestry, blended with the blue and white and pearl, and animated with the faces of the maidens, their music and their songs, made a picture of Japanese life which an artist might regard with envy. You see then the delicate features of Japanese decoration which have bewitched our artist friends, and which the most adroit fingers in vain try to copy. When the musicians enter the song begins. It is an original composition. The theme is the glory of America and honor to General Grant.

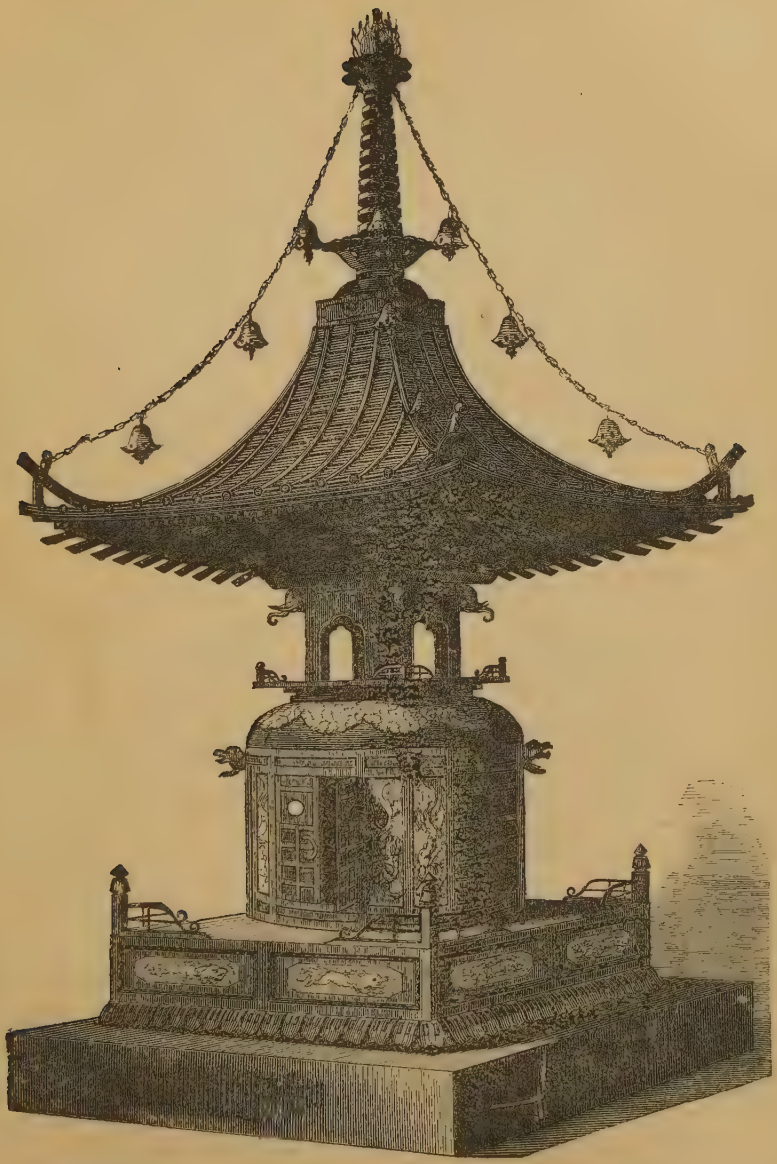
They sing of the joy that his coming has given to Japan, of the interest and the pride they take in his fame; of their friendship for their friends across the great sea. This is all sung in Japanese, and we follow the lines through the mediation of a Japanese friend who learned his English in America. This anthem was chanted in a low, almost monotonous key, one singer leading in a kind of solo and the remainder coming in with a chorus. The song ended, twelve dancing maidens enter. They wore a crimson-like overgarment fashioned like pantaloons—a foot or so too long—so that when they walked it was with a dainty pace, lest they might trip and fall. The director of this group was constantly on his hands and knees, creeping around among the dancers keeping their drapery in order, not allowing it to bundle up and vex the play. These maidens carried bouquets of pink blossoms, artificially made, examples of the flora of Japan. They stepped through the dance at as slow a measure as in a minuet of Louis XIV. The movement of the dance was simple, the music a humming thrumming, as though the performers were tuning their instruments. After passing through a few measures the dancers slowly filed out and were followed by another group, who came wearing masks—the mask in the form of a large doll's face—and bearing children's rattles and fans. The peculiarity of this dance was that time was kept by the movement of the fan—a graceful, expressive movement which only the Eastern people have learned to bestow on the fan. With them the fan becomes almost an organ of speech, and the eye is employed in its management at the expense of the admiration we are apt at home to bestow on other features of the amusement. The masks indicated that this was a humorous dance, and when it was over four special performers, who had unusual skill, came in with flowers and danced a pantomime. Then came four others, with costumes different—blue robes, trimmed with gold, who carried long, thin wands, entwined in gold and red, from which dangled festoons of pink blossoms.

"All this time the music hummed and thrummed. To vary the show we had even a more grotesque amusement. First came eight children, who could scarcely do more than toddle.

They were dressed in white, embroidered in green and red, wearing purple caps formed like the Phrygian liberty cap and dangling on the shoulders. They came into the temple enclosure and danced on the gravelled walk, while two, wearing an imitation of a dragon's skin, went through a dance and various contortions, supposed to be a dragon at play. This reminded us of the pantomime elephant, where one performer plays the front and another the hind legs. In the case of our Japanese dragon the legs were obvious, and the performers seemed indisposed even to respect the illusion. It was explained that it was an ancient village dance, one of the oldest in Japan, and that on festive occasions, when the harvests are ripe or when some legend or feat of heroism is to be commemorated, they assemble and dance it. It was a trifling, innocent dance, and you felt as you looked at it, and, indeed, at all the features of our most unique entertainment, that there was a good deal of nursery imagination in Japanese fêtes and games. A more striking feature was the decorations which came with the second course of our feast. First came servants, bearing two trees, one of the pine, the other of the plum. The plum tree was in full blossom. One of these was set on a small table in front of Mrs. Grant, the other in front of the General. Another decoration was a cherry tree, surmounting a large basin, in which were living carp fish. The carp has an important position in the legends of Japan. It is the emblem of ambition and resolution. This quality was shown in another decoration, representing a waterfall, with carp climbing against the stream. You will note, however, as our dinner goes on it becomes bizarre and odd, and runs away with all well-ordered notions of what even a daimio's dinner should be. The soups disappear. You see we have only had seven distinct soups served at intervals, and so cunningly prepared that you are convinced that in the ancient days of Japanese splendor soup had a dignity which it has lost.

"The music is in full flow, and the lights of the town grow brighter with the shades of darkening night, and some of the company have long since taken refuge from the dinner in cigars, and over the low brick wall and in the recesses of the temple

grounds crowds begin to cluster and form, and below, at the foot of the steps, the crowd grows larger and larger, and you hear the buzz of the throng and the clinking of the lanterns of the chair-bearers, for the whole town was in festive mood, and high up in our open temple on our hillside we have become a show for the town. Well, that is only a small return for the measureless hospitality we have enjoyed, and if we can gratify an innocent curiosity, let us think of so much pleasure given in our way through the world. It is such a relief to know that we have passed beyond any comprehension of our dinner, which we look at as so many conceptions and preparations—curious contrivances, which we study out as though they were riddles or problems adjusted for our entertainment. The dining quality vanished with that eccentric soup of lassfish and orange flowers. With the General it went much earlier. It must be said that for the General the table has few charms, and long before we began upon the skylarks and buckwheat degraded by the egg-plant, he for whom this feast is given had taken refuge in a cigar, and contented himself with looking upon the beauty of the town and bay and cliff, allowing the dinner to flow along. You will observe, if you have followed the narrative of our feast, that meat plays a small and fish a large part in a daimio's dinner—fish and the products of the forest and field. The red snapper has the place of honor, and although we have had the snapper in five different shapes—as a soup, as a ragout, flavored with cabbage, broiled with pickled beans, and hashed, here he comes again, baked, decorated with ribbons, with every scale in place, folded in a bamboo basket. Certainly we cannot be expected to eat any more of the snapper, and I fancy that in the ancient feasts the daimio intended that after his guests had partaken freely they could take a part of the luxury home and have a subsequent entertainment. Perhaps there were poor folk in those days who had place at the tables of the great, and were glad enough to have a fish or a dish of sweetmeats to carry home. This theory was confirmed by the fact that when we reached our quarters that night we found that the snapper in a basket with various other dishes had been brought after us and placed in our chambers.



BRONZE MODEL OF AN ANCIENT JAPANESE TEMPLE.

"Here are fried snappers—snappers again, this time fried with shrimps—eggs, egg-plants, and mashed turnips. Then we have dishes, five in number, under the generic name of 'shimadai.' I suppose shimadai means the crowning glory, the consummation of the feast. In these dishes the genius of the artist takes his most daring flight. The first achievement is a composition of mashed fish, panyu, bolone, jelly, and chestnut, decorated with scenery of Futamiga-ura. A moment since I called your attention to the moral lessons conveyed at a certain stage of our dinner, where the folly of ambition was taught by a carp trying to fly up a stream. Here the sentiment of art is gratified. Your dinner becomes a panorama, and when you have gazed upon the scenery of Futamiga-ura until you are satisfied, the picture changes. Here we have a picture and a legend. This picture is of the old couple of Takasago—a Japanese domestic legend that enters into all plays and feasts. The old couple of Takasago always bring contentment, peace, and a happy old age. They are household fairies, and are invoked just as we invoke Santa Claus in holiday times. Somehow the Japanese have improved upon our legend, for, instead of giving us a frosty, red-faced Santa Claus, riding along the snow-banked house-tops, showering his treasures upon the just and the unjust—a foolish, incoherent old fellow, about whose antecedents we are misinformed, of whose manner of living we have no information, and who would, if he ever came into the hands of the police, find it difficult to explain the possession of so many articles, we have a poem that teaches the peace that comes with virtue, the sacredness of marriage, and the beauty of that life which so soon comes to an end. The old couple are represented under trees of palm, bamboo, and plum. Snow has fallen upon the trees. Around this legend there is a dish composed of shrimp, fish, potato, water-potatoes, eggs, and seaweed. The next dish of the shimadai family is decorated with pine trees and cranes, and composed of varieties of fish. There is another decorated with plum trees, bamboo and tortoise, also of fish, and another, more curious than all, decorated with peony flowers and what is called the shakio, but what looked like a doll with long red hair. This final species

of the shimadai family was composed of mashed fish—a Japanese fish named kisu—shrimps, potatoes, rabbits, gold fish, and ginger. After the shimadai we had a series called sashimi. This was composed of four dishes, and would have been the crowning glory of the feast if we had not failed in courage. But one of the features of the sashimi was that live fish should be brought in, sliced while alive, and served. We were not brave enough for that, and so we contented ourselves with looking at the fish leap about in their decorated basins and seeing them carried away, no doubt to be sliced for less sentimental feeders behind the screens. As a final course we had pears prepared with horse-radish, a cake of wheat flour and powdered rice. The dinner came to an end after a struggle of six or seven hours, and as we drove home through the illuminated town, brilliant with lanterns and fireworks and arches and bonfires, it was felt that we had been honored by an entertainment such as we may never again expect to see."

From Nagasaki the "Richmond" sailed to Yokohama, the principal port of Japan, which was reached on the 3d of July. Here a magnificent welcome awaited the General. "The landing at Yokohama," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "as a pageant alone, was a glorious sight. Yokohama has a beautiful harbor, and the lines of the city can be traced along the green background. The day was clear and warm—a home July day tempered with the breezes of the sea. There were men-of-war of various nations in the harbor, and as the exact hour of the General's coming was known, everybody was on the lookout. At ten o'clock our Japanese convoy passed ahead and entered the harbor. At half-past ten the 'Richmond' steamed slowly in, followed by the 'Ashuelot.' As soon as the 'Monongahela' made out our flag, and especially the flag at the fore, which denoted the General's presence, her guns rolled out a salute. For a half-hour the bay rang with the roar of cannon and was clouded with smoke. The 'Richmond' fired a salute to the flag of Japan. The Japanese vessels, the French, the Russian, all fired gun after gun. Then came the official visits. Admiral Patterson and staff, the admirals and commanding officers of

other fleets, Consul-General Van Buren, officers of the Japanese navy, blazing in uniform; the officers of the 'Richmond' were all in full uniform, and for an hour the deck of the flagship was a blaze of color and decoration. General Grant received the various dignitaries on the deck as they arrived.

"It was arranged that General Grant should land at noon. The foreign residents were anxious that the landing should be on the foreign concession, but the Japanese preferred that it should be in their own part of the city. At noon the imperial barge and the steam launch came alongside the 'Richmond.' General Grant, accompanied by Mrs. Grant, his son, Prince Dati, Judge Bingham, Mr. Yoshida, Captain Benham, Commander Johnson, Lieutenant Stevens, Dr. Bransford, Lieutenant May and Paymaster Thomson—the naval officers specially detailed to accompany him—passed over the side and went on the barge. As soon as General Grant entered the barge the 'Richmond' manned yards and fired a salute. In an instant, as if by magic, the Japanese, the French, the Russians, manned yards and fired salutes. The German ship hoisted the imperial standard, and the English vessel dressed ship. Amid the roar of cannon and the waving of flags the General's boat slowly moved to the shore. As he passed each of the saluting ships the General took off his hat and bowed, while the guards presented arms and the bands played the American national air. The scene was wonderfully grand—the roar of the cannon, the clouds of smoke wandering off over the waters—the stately, noble vessels streaming with flags—the yards manned with seamen—the guards on deck—the officers in full uniform gathered on the quarter-deck to salute the General as he passed—the music and the cheers which came from the Japanese and the merchant ships—the crowds that clustered on the wharves—the city, and over all a clear, mild July day, with grateful breezes ruffling the sea.

"It was rather a long way to the Admiralty pier, but at half-past twelve the General's boat came to the wharf. There in waiting were the princes, ministers and the high officials of the Japanese government. As the General landed the Japanese band played the American airs, and Iwakura, one of the prime

ministers and perhaps the foremost statesman in Japan, advanced and shook his hands. The General had known Iwakura in America, and the greeting was that of old friends. There were also Ito, Inomoto and Tereshima, also members of the Cabinet; two princes of the imperial family and a retinue of officials. Mr. Yoshida presented the General and party to the Japanese and a few moments were spent in conversation. Day fireworks were set off at the moment of the landing—representations of the American and Japanese flags entwined. That, however, is the legend that greets you at every doorsill—the two flags entwined. The General and party, accompanied by the ministers and officials and the naval officers, drove to the railway station. There was a special train in waiting, and at a quarter past one the party started for Tokio.

"The ride to Tokio, the capital of Japan, was a little less than an hour, over a smooth road, and through a pleasant, well-cultivated and apparently prosperous country. Our train being special made no stoppage, but I observed as we passed the stations that they were clean and neat, and that the people had assembled to wave flags and bow as we whirled past. About two o'clock our train entered the station. A large crowd was in waiting, mainly the merchants and principal citizens of Tokio. As the General descended from the train a committee of the citizens advanced and asked to read an address, which was accordingly read in both Japanese and English, and to which General Grant made an admirable reply.

"At the close of the address the General was led to his carriage—the private carriage of the Emperor. As he stepped out several Japanese officials met him; among others was his Excellency J. Pope Hennessy, the British Governor of Hong Kong, whose guest the General had been. The General shook hands warmly with the Governor, who said he came as a British subject to be among those who welcomed General Grant to Japan. The General's carriage drove slowly in, surrounded by cavalry, through lines of infantry presenting arms, through a dense mass of people, under an arch of flowers and evergreens, until amid the flourish of trumpets and the beating

of drums, he descended at the house that had been prepared for his reception—the Emperor's summer palace of Eurio Kwan.

"The Japanese, with a refinement of courtesy quite French in its way, were solicitous that General Grant should not have any special honors in Japan until he had seen the Emperor. It was felt that as the General was the guest of the nation he should be welcomed to the nation by its chief. They were also anxious that the reception should take place on the Fourth of July. Their imaginations had been impressed by the poetry of the idea of a reception to one who had been the head of the American nation on the anniversary of American independence. The breaking out of the cholera in the towns on the inland sea would have been reason enough for hurrying through. But we discovered, as soon as we had left Nagasaki, that our visit to Tokio was timed for the 3d of July, and for the reception at the palace on the Fourth.

"The hour for our reception was two in the afternoon. The day was very warm, although in our palace on the sea we have whatever breeze may be wandering over the Pacific ocean. General Grant invited some of his naval friends to accompany him, and in answer to this invitation we had Rear-Admiral Patterson, attended by Pay Inspector Thornton and Lieutenant Davenport, of his staff; Captain A. E. K. Benham, commanding the 'Richmond;' Captain Fitzhugh, commanding the 'Monongahela;' Commander Johnson, commanding the 'Ashuelot;' Lieutenant Springer and Lieutenant Kellogg. At half-past one Mr. Bingham, our Minister, arrived, and our party immediately drove to the palace. The home of the Emperor is a long distance from the home of the General. The old palace was destroyed by fire, and Japan has had so many things to do that she has not built a new one. The road to the palace was through the section of Tokio where the old daimios lived when they ruled Japan as feudal lords and made their occasional visits to the capital. There seems to have been a good deal of Highland freedom in the manners of the old princes. Their town houses were really fortifications. A space was enclosed with walls, and against these walls chambers were built—rude chambers, like winter quarters

for an army. In these winter quarters lived the retainers, the swordsmen and soldiers. In the centre of the enclosure was the home of the lord himself, who lived in the midst of his people, like a general in camp, anxious to fight somebody, and disappointed if he returned to his home without a fight. A lord with hot-tempered followers, who had come from the restraints and amenities of home to have a good time at the capital and give the boys a chance to distinguish themselves and see the world, would not be a welcome neighbor. And as there were a great many such lords, and each had his army and his town fortress, the daimio quarter became an important part of the capital. Some of the houses were more imposing than the palace—notably the house of the Prince of Satsuma. There was an imposing gate, elaborately buttressed and strengthened, that looked quite Gothic in its rude splendor. These daimio houses have been taken by the government for schools, for public offices, for various useful purposes. The daimios no longer come with armies and build camps and terrorize over their neighbors and rivals.

"We drove through the daimios' quarter and through the gates of the city. The first impression of Tokio is that it is a city of walls and canals. The walls are crude and solid, protected by moats. In the days of pikemen and sword-bearers there could not have been a more effective defence. Even now it would require an effort for even a German army to enter through these walls. They go back many generations. I do not know how many. In these lands nothing is worth recording that is not a thousand years old, and my impression is that the walls of Tokio have grown up with the growth of the city, the necessities of defence, and the knowledge of the people in attack and defence. We passed under the walls of an enclosure which was called the castle. Here we are told the Emperor will build his new palace. We crossed another bridge—I think there were a dozen altogether in the course of the drive—and came to a modest arched gateway which did not look nearly as imposing as the entrance to the palace formerly occupied by the great Prince Satsuma. Soldiers were drawn up and the band played

'Hail, Columbia.' Our carriages drove on past one or two modest buildings and drew up in front of another modest building, on the steps of which the Minister Iwakura was standing. The General and party descended and were cordially welcomed and escorted up a narrow stairway into an anteroom. When you have seen most of the available palaces in the world, from the glorious home of Aurungzebe to the depressing mighty cloister of the Escurial, you are sure to have preconceived notions of what a palace should be and to expect something unique and grand in the home of the long-hidden and sacred Majesty of Japan. The home of the Emperor was as simple as that of a country gentleman at home. We have many country gentlemen with felicitous investments in petroleum and silver who would disdain the home of a prince who claims direct descent from heaven and whose line extends far beyond the Christian era. What marked the house was its simplicity and taste; qualities for which my palace education had not prepared me. You look for splendor, for the grand—at least the grandiose—for some royal whim like the holy palace near the Escurial, which cost millions, or like Versailles, whose cost is among the eternal mysteries. Here we are in a suite of plain rooms, the ceilings of wood, the walls decorated with natural scenery—the furniture sufficient but not crowded—and exquisite in style and finish. There is no pretence of architectural emotion. The rooms are large, airy, with a sense of summer about them which grows stronger as you look out of the window and down the avenues of trees. We are told that the grounds are spacious and fine, even for Japan, and that His Majesty, who rarely goes outside of his palace grounds, takes what recreation he needs within the walls.

"The palace is a low building, one or at most two stories in height. They do not build high walls in Japan, and especially in Tokio, where earthquakes are ordinary incidents, and the first question to consider in building up is how far you can fall. We enter a room where all the Ministers are assembled. The Japanese Cabinet is a famous body, and tested by laws of physiognomy would compare with that of any Cabinet I have seen. The Prime Minister is a striking character. He is small, slender, with an

almost girl-like figure, delicate, clean cut, winning features, a face that might be that of a boy of twenty or a man of fifty. The Prime Minister reminded me of Alexander H. Stephens in his frail, slender frame, but it bloomed with health, and lacked the sad, pathetic lines which tell of the years of suffering which Stephens has endured. The other Ministers looked like strong, able men. Iwakura has a striking face, with lines showing firmness and decision, and you saw the scar which marked the attempt of the assassin to cut him down and slay him, as Okubo, the greatest of Japanese statesmen, was slain not many months ago. That assassination made as deep an impression in Japan as the killing of Lincoln did in America. We saw the spot where the murder was done on our way to the palace, and my Japanese friend who pointed it out spoke in low tones of sorrow and affection, and said the crime there committed had been an irreparable loss to Japan.

"A lord in waiting, heavily braided, with a uniform that Louis XIV. would not have disliked in Versailles, comes softly in and makes a signal, leading the way. The General, and Mrs. Grant escorted by Mr. Bingham, and our retinue followed. The General and the Minister were in evening dress. The naval officers were in full uniform, Colonel Grant wearing the uniform of lieutenant-colonel. We walked along a short passage and entered another room, at the farther end of which were standing the Emperor and the Empress. Two ladies in waiting were near them, in a sitting, what appeared to be a crouching attitude. Two other princesses were standing. These were the only occupants of the room. Our party slowly advanced, the Japanese making a profound obeisance, bending the head almost to a right angle with the body. The royal princes formed in line near the Emperor, along with the princesses. The Emperor stood quite motionless, apparently unobservant or unconscious of the homage that was paid him. He is a young man with a slender figure, taller than the average Japanese and of about the middle height, according to our ideas. He has a striking face, with a mouth and lips that remind you something of the traditional mouth of the Hapsburg family. The forehead is full and narrow, the hair

and the light moustache and beard intensely black. The color of the hair darkens what otherwise might pass for a swarthy countenance at home. The face expressed no feeling whatever, and but for the dark, glowing eye, which was bent full upon the General, you might have taken the imperial group for statues. The Empress, at his side, wore the Japanese costume, rich and plain. Her face was very white, and her form slender and almost childlike. Her hair was combed plainly and braided with a gold arrow. The Emperor and Empress have agreeable faces, the Emperor especially showing firmness and kindness. The solemn etiquette that pervaded the audience-chamber was peculiar, and might appear strange to those familiar with the stately but cordial manners of a European Court. But one must remember that the Emperor holds so high and so sacred a place in the traditions, the religion and the political system of Japan that even the ceremony of to-day is so far in advance of anything of the kind ever known in Japan that it might be called a revolution. The Emperor, for instance, as our group was formed, advanced and shook hands with the General.

JAPANESE BRONZE VASE.

"That seems a trivial thing to write about, but such an incident was never known in the history of Japanese majesty. Many of these details may appear small, but we are in the presence of an old and romantic civilization, slowly giving way to the fierce, feverish pressure of European ideas, and you can only note the change in those incidents which would be unnoticed in other lands. The incident of the Emperor of Japan advancing

toward General Grant and shaking hands becomes a historic event of consequence, and as such I note it. The manner of the Emperor was constrained, almost awkward, the manner of a man doing a thing for the first time, and trying to do it as well as possible. After he had shaken hands with the General, he returned to his place, and stood with his hand resting on his sword, looking on at the brilliant, embroidered, gilded company as though unconscious of their presence. Mr. Bingham advanced and bowed, and received just the faintest nod in recognition. The other members of the party were each presented by the Minister, and each one standing about a dozen feet from the Emperor stood and bowed. Then the General and Mrs. Grant were presented to the princesses, each party bowing to the other in silence. The Emperor then made a signal to one of the noblemen, who advanced. The Emperor spoke to him for a few moments in a low tone, the nobleman standing with bowed head. When the Emperor had finished, the nobleman advanced to the General and said he was commanded by His Majesty to read him the following address:

"'Your name has been known to us for a long time, and we are highly gratified to see you. While holding the high office of President of the United States you extended toward our countrymen especial kindness and courtesy. When our Ambassador, Iwakura, visited the United States he received the greatest kindness from you. The kindness thus shown by you has always been remembered by us. In your travels around the world you have reached this country, and our people of all classes feel gratified and happy to receive you. We trust that during your sojourn in our country you may find much to enjoy. It gives me sincere pleasure to receive you, and we are especially gratified that we have been able to do so on the anniversary of American independence. We congratulate you, also, on the occasion.'

"This address was read in English. At its close General Grant said:

"'YOUR MAJESTY—I am very grateful for the welcome you accord me here today, and for the great kindness with which I have been received, ever since I came to Japan, by your government and your people. I recognize in this a feeling of friendship toward my country. I can assure you that this feeling is reciprocated by the United States; that our people, without regard to party, take the deepest interest in all that concerns Japan, and have the warmest wishes for

her welfare. I am happy to be able to express that sentiment. America is your next neighbor, and will always give Japan sympathy and support in her efforts to advance. I again thank Your Majesty for your hospitality, and wish you a long and happy reign, and for your people prosperity and independence.'

"At the conclusion of this address, which was extempore, the lord advanced and translated it to His Majesty. Then the Emperor made a sign and said a few words to the nobleman. He came to the side of Mrs. Grant and said the Empress had commanded him to translate the following address:

"'I congratulate you upon your safe arrival after your long journey. I presume you have seen very many interesting places. I fear you will find many things uncomfortable here, because the customs of the country are so different from other countries. I hope you will prolong your stay in Japan and that the present warm days may occasion you no inconvenience.'

"Mrs. Grant, pausing a moment, said in a low, conversational tone of voice, with animation and feeling:

"'I thank you very much. I have visited many countries and have seen many beautiful places, but I have seen none so beautiful or so charming as Japan.'

"All day during the Fourth visitors poured in on the General. The reception of so many distinguished statesmen and officials reminded one of state occasions at the White House. Princes of the Imperial family, princesses, the members of the Cabinet and citizens and high officials, naval officers, ministers and consuls, all came; and carriages were constantly coming and going. In the evening there was a party at one of the summer gardens, given by the American residents in honor of the Fourth of July. The General arrived at half-past eight and was presented to the American residents by Mr. Bingham, the Minister. At the close of the presentation Mr. Bingham made a brief but singularly eloquent address of welcome to General Grant, to which the General replied feelingly.

"Dr. McCartee, who presided, made a short address, proposing as a toast 'The Day We Celebrate.' To this General Van Buren made a patriotic and ringing response, making amusing references to Fourth of July celebrations at home, and paying a tribute to

the character and military career of General Grant. General Van Buren's address was loudly applauded, as were also other speeches of a patriotic character. There were fireworks and feasting, and after the General and Mrs. Grant retired, which they did at midnight, there was dancing. It was well on to the morning before the members of the American colony in Tokio grew weary of celebrating the anniversary of our Declaration of Independence.

"The morning of the 7th of July was set apart by the Emperor for a review of the troops. Japan has made important advances in the military art. One of the effects of the revolution which brought the Mikado out of his retirement as spiritual chief of the nation and proclaimed him the absolute temporal sovereign was the employment of foreign officers to drill and instruct the troops, teach them European tactics and organize an army. It is a question whether a revolution which brings a nation out of a condition of dormant peace in which Japan existed for so many centuries, so far as the outer world is concerned, into line with the great military nations is a step in the path of progress. But an army in Japan was necessary to support the central power, suppress the Daimios' clans, whose strifes kept the land in a fever, and insure some degree of respect from the outside world. It is the painful fact in this glorious nineteenth century, which has done so much to elevate and strengthen, and so on, that no advancement is sure without gunpowder. The glorious march of our civilization has been through battle smoke, and when Japan threw off the repose and dream-life of centuries and came into the wakeful, vigilant, active world, she saw that she must arm, just as China begins to see that she must arm. The military side of Japanese civilization does not interest me, and I went to the review with a feeling that I was to see an incongruous thing, something that did not belong to Japan, that was out of place amid so much beauty and art. The Japanese themselves think so, but Europe is here with mailed hand, and Japan must mail her own or be crushed in the grasp.

"The Emperor of Japan is fond of his army, and was more anxious to show it to General Grant than any other institution in

the Empire. Great preparations had been made to have it in readiness, and all Tokio was out to see the pageant. The review of the army by the Emperor in itself is an event that causes a sensation. But the review of the army by the Emperor and the General was an event which had no precedent in Japanese history. The hour for the review was nine, and at half-past eight the clatter of horsemen and the sound of bugles was heard in the palace grounds. In a few moments the Emperor's state carriage drove up, the drivers in scarlet livery and the panels decorated with the imperial flower, the chrysanthemum. General Grant entered, accompanied by Prince Dati, and the cavalry formed a hollow square, and our procession moved on to the field at a slow pace. A drive of twenty minutes brought us to the parade ground, a large open plain, the soldiers in line, and behind the soldiers a dense mass of people—men, women and children. As the General's procession slowly turned into the parade ground a group of Japanese officers rode up and saluted, the band played 'Hail, Columbia,' and the soldiers presented arms. Two tents had been arranged for the reception of the guests. In the larger of the two we found assembled officers of state, representatives of foreign Powers, Governor Hennessy, of Hong Kong, all in bright glowing uniforms. The smaller tent was for the Emperor. When the General dismounted he was met by the Minister of War and escorted into the smaller tent. In a few minutes the trumpets gave token that the Emperor was coming, and the band played the Japanese national air. His Majesty was in a state carriage, surrounded with horsemen and accompanied by one of his Cabinet. As the Emperor drove up to the tent General Grant advanced to the carriage steps and shook hands with him, and they entered and remained a few minutes in conversation.

"At the close of the review General Grant and party drove off the ground in state and were taken to the Shila palace. This palace is near the sea, and as the grounds are beautiful and attractive it was thought best that the breakfast to be given to General Grant by His Majesty should take place here. The Emperor received the General and party in a large, plainly fur-

A JAPANESE NOBLE PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF A TOWN.

nished room, and led the way to another room where the table was set. The decorations of the table were sumptuous and royal. General Grant sat on one side of the Emperor, whose place was in the centre. Opposite was Mrs. Grant, who sat next to Prince Arinagawa, the nearest relative to the Emperor and the commander-in-chief of the army. The guests, in addition to the General's party, were as follows: Her Imperial Highness Princess Aimayaura, their Imperial Highnesses Prince and Princess Higashi Fushimi, Mr. Sanjo, Prime Minister; Mr. Iwakura, Junior Prime Minister; Mr. Okunea, Finance Minister; Mr. Oki, Minister of Justice; Mr. Terashima, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Mr. Ite, Home Minister; Lieutenant-General Yamagata, Lieutenant-General Kuroda, Minister of Colonization; Lieutenant-General Saigo, Minister of War; Vice Admiral Kawamusa, Minister of Marine; Mr. Inonye, Minister of Public Works; Mr. Tokadaifi, Minister of the Imperial Household; Mr. Mori, Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs; Mr. Yoshida, Envoy to the United States; Mr. Sagi, Vice Minister of the Imperial Household; Mr. Yoshie, Chief Chamberlain; Mr. Bojo, Master of Ceremonies; Prince Hachisuka, Prince Dati, Mr. Insanmi Naboshima, Mr. Bingham and Mrs. Bingham; Ho-a-Chang, the Chinese Minister; Mr. Mariano Alvaray, Spanish Chargé d'Affaires; Baron Rozen, Russian Chargé d'Affaires; M. de Balloy, French Chargé d'Affaires; Governor Pope Hennessy and Mrs. Hennessy.

"The Emperor conversed a great deal with General Grant through Mr. Yoshida and also Governor Hennessy. His Majesty expressed a desire to have a private and friendly conference with the General, which it was arranged should take place after the General's return from Nikko. The feast lasted for a couple of hours, and the view from the table was charming. Beneath the window was a lake, and the banks were bordered with grass and trees. Cool winds came from the sea, and, although in the heart of a great capital, we were as secluded as in a forest. At the close of the breakfast cigars were brought and the company adjourned to another room. Mrs. Grant had a long conversation with the princesses, and was charmed with their grace, their accomplishments, their simplicity and their quiet, refined Oriental

beauty. At three o'clock the imperial party withdrew and we drove home to our palace by the sea.

"The palace of Euriokwan—General Grant's home in Tokio—is a few minutes' ride from the railway station. This palace was one of the homes of the Tycoon. It now belongs to the Emperor. If your ideas of palaces are European, or even American, you will be disappointed with Euriokwan. One somehow associates a palace with state, splendor, a profusion of color and decoration, with upholstery and marble. There is nothing of this in Euriokwan. You approach the grounds over a dusty road that runs by the side of a canal. The canal is sometimes in an oozing condition, and boats are held in the mud. You cross a bridge and enter a low gateway, and, going a few paces, enter another gateway. Here is a guardhouse, with soldiers on guard and lolling about on benches waiting for the bugle to summon them to offices of ceremony. There is a good deal of ceremony in Euriokwan, with the constant coming and going of great people, and no sound is more familiar than the sound of the bugle. You pass the guardhouse and go down a pebbled way to a low, one-story building, with wings. This is the Palace of Euriokwan. Over the door is the chrysanthemum, the Emperor's special flower.

"The main building is a series of reception-rooms, in various styles of decoration, notably Japanese. There are eight different rooms in all, in any one of which you may receive your friends. General Grant uses the small room to the left of the hall as you enter. On ceremonial occasions he uses the main saloon, which extends one-half the length of the palace. Here a hundred people could be entertained with ease. This room is a beautiful specimen of Japanese decorative art, and you never become so familiar with it that there are not constant surprises in the way of color or form or design. Each of the rooms is decorated differently from the others. The apartments of General Grant and party are in one wing, the dining-room, billiard-room and the apartments of the Japanese officials in attendance in the other wing. Around the palace is a veranda, with growing flowers in profusion and swinging lanterns. The beauty of the palace is not in its architecture, which is plain and inexpressive, but in the

taste which marks the most minute detail of decoration and in the arrangement of the grounds.

"Euriokwan is an island. On one side is a canal and embanked walls, on the other side the ocean. Although in an ancient and populous city, surrounded by a teeming, busy metropolis, you feel as you pass into Euriokwan that you are as secure as in a fortress and as secluded as in a forest. The grounds are large and remarkable for the beauty and finish of the landscape gardening. In the art of gardening Japan excels the world, and I have seen no more attractive specimen than the grounds of Euriokwan. Roads, flower-beds, lakes, bridges, artificial mounds, creeks overhung with sedgy overgrowths, lawns, boats, bowers over which vines are trailing, summer houses, all combine to give comfort to Euriokwan. If you sit on this veranda, under the columns where the General sits every evening, you look out upon a ripe and perfect landscape, dowered with green. If you walk into the grounds a few minutes you pass a gate—an inner gate, which is locked at night—and come to a lake, on the banks of which is a Japanese summer house. The lake is artificial and fed from the sea. You cross a bridge and come to another summer house. Here are two boats tied up, with the imperial chrysanthemum emblazoned on their bows. These are the private boats of the Emperor, and if you care for a pull you can row across and lose yourself in one of the creeks. You ascend a grassy mound, however, not more than forty feet high. Steps are cut in the side of the mound, and when you reach the summit you see beneath you the waves and before you the ocean. The sea at this point forms a bay. When the tides are down and the waves are calm you see fishermen wading about seeking shells and shellfish. When the tides are up the boats sail near the shore, and sometimes as you are strolling under the trees you look up and see through the foliage a sail float past you, firm and steady, and bending to the breeze.

"What impresses you as you look at Euriokwan from the summit of your mound is its complete seclusion. The Tycoons, when they came to rest and breathe a summer air tempered by the sea, evidently wished to be away from the world, and here they could lead a sheltered life. It is a place for contemplation and repose.

You can walk about in the grounds until you are weary, and if you take pleasure in grasses and shrubbery and wonderful old trees, gnarled and bending under the burden of immemorial years, every step will be full of interest. You can climb your mound and commence with the sea—the ships going and coming, the fishermen on the beach, the waves that sweep on and on. If you want to fish, you will find poetry of fishing in Euriokwan, for servants float about you and bait your hook and guard what you catch, and you have no work or trouble or worms to finger, no scales to pick from your hands. If you care to read or write, you can find seclusion in one of the summer houses. If it is evening, after dinner, you can come and smoke or wander around under the trees and look at the effect of the moonlight on the sea or the lake. Whatever you do or wherever you go you have over you the sense of protection. Our hosts are so kind that we cannot leave the palace without an escort. You stroll off with a naval friend from one of the ships to show the grounds or hear the last gossip from the hospitable wardrooms of the 'Ashuelot' or 'Richmond.' Behind you comes a couple of servants, who seem to rise out of the ground as it were. They come unbidden and carry trays bearing water and wine or cigars. If you go into one of the summer houses they stand on guard, and if you go on the lake they await your return. The sense of being always under observation was at first oppressive. You felt that you were giving trouble. You did not want to have the responsibility of dragging other people after you. You especially did not care about the trays laden with wine. But the custom belongs to Euriokwan, and in time you become used to it and unconscious of your retinues.

"You wonder at the number of servants about you—servants for everything. There, for instance, is a gardener working over a tree. The tree is one of the dwarf species that you see in Japan—one of the eccentricities of landscape gardening—and this gardener files and clips and adorns his tree as carefully as a lapidary burnishing a gem. 'There has been work enough done on that tree,' said the General, 'since I have been here to raise all the food a small family would require during the winter.' Labor,

the General thinks, is too good a thing to be misapplied, and when the result of the labor is a plum tree that you could put on your dinner table, or a peach tree in fruition that might go into a water goblet, he is apt to regard it as misapplied. Here are a dozen men in blue cotton dress working at a lawn. I suppose in a week they would do as much as a handy Yankee boy could achieve in a morning with a lawn mower. Your Japanese workman sits down over his meadow, or his flower-bed, or his bit of road, as though it were a web of silk that he was embroidering. Other men in blue are fishing. The waters of the lake come in with the tides, and the fish that come do not return, and much of our food is found here. The sprinkling of the lawns and the roads is always a serious task and takes quite an army for a good part of the afternoon. One of the necessities of palace economy is that you have ten times as many about you to do service as you want, and ways must be found to keep them busy.

"The summer houses by the lake are worthy of study. Japan has taught the world the beauty of clean, fine-grained natural wood and the fallacy of glass and paint. I am writing these lines in one of these houses—the first you meet as you come to the lake. Nothing could be more simple and at the same time more tasteful. It is one room, with grooves for a partition should you wish to make it two rooms. The floor is covered with a fine, closely-woven mat of bamboo strips. Over the mat is thrown a rug, in which black and brown predominate. The walls looking out to the lake are a series of frames that can be taken out—lattice work of small squares, covered with paper. The ceiling is plain, unvarnished wood. There are a few shelves, with vases, blue and white pottery, containing growing plants and flowers. There are two tables, and their only furniture a large box of gilded lacquer, for stationery, and a smaller one, containing cigars. These boxes are of exquisite workmanship, and the gold chrysanthemum indicates the imperial ownership. I have described this house in detail because it is a type of all the houses that I have seen in the palace grounds, not only at Euriokwan but elsewhere in Japan. It shows taste and economy. Everything about it is wholesome and clean, the workmanship true and minute, with no tawdry appliances to distract or offend the eye.

"Our life in Euriokwan is very quiet. The weather has been such that going out during the day is a discomfort. During the day there are ceremonies, calls from Japanese and foreign officials, papers to read, visits to make. If the evening is free the General has a dinner party—sometimes small, sometimes large. To-night it will be the royal Princes, to-morrow the Prime Ministers, on other evenings other Japanese of rank and station. Sometimes we have Admiral Patterson or officers from the fleet. Sometimes Mr. Bingham and his family. Governor Hennessy, the British Governor of Hong Kong, has been here during a part of our stay. General Grant was the guest of the Governor during his residence in Hong Kong, and formed a high opinion of the Governor's genius and character. The Governor is a frequent visitor at Euriokwan, and no man is more welcome to the General. Prince Dati, Mr. Yoshida, and some other Japanese officials, live at Euriokwan, and form a part of our family. They represent the Emperor, and remain with the General to serve him and make his stay as pleasant as possible. Nothing could be more considerate or courteous or hospitable than the kindness of our Japanese friends. Sometimes we have merchants from the bazaars with all kinds of curious and useful things to sell. But ever since our dear friend Mr. Borie went home the reputation of General Grant's party as purchasers of curious things has fallen. Sometimes a fancy for curiosities takes possession of some of the party, and the result is an afternoon's prowl about the shops of Tokio, and the purchase of a sword or a spear or a bow and arrows. The bazaars of Tokio teem with beautiful works of art, and the temptation to go back laden with achievements in porcelain and lacquer is too great to be resisted, unless your will is under the control of material influences too sordid to be dwelt upon. Sometimes we have special and unique excitements, such as was vouchsafed to us a few evenings since. Our party was at dinner—an informal dinner—with no guests except our Japanese friends and Governor Hennessy. While dining there was a slight thunderstorm, which gave some life to the baked and burning atmosphere. Suddenly we heard an unusual noise—a noise like the rattling of plates in a pantry. The

lanterns vibrated and there was a tremulous movement of the water and wine in our glasses. I do not think we should have regarded it as anything else than an effect of the thunder storm, but for Governor Hennessy. 'That,' he said, 'is an earthquake.' While he spoke the phenomenon was repeated, and we plainly distinguished the shock.

"Nothing could be more quiet than our days in Euriokwan. We read and write and walk about the grounds, and fish and sit up late at nights on the veranda, talking about home, about the East, about our travels, about Japan. Japan itself grows upon us more and more as a most interesting study. The opportunities for studying the country, its policy, the aims of its rulers, its government, and its diplomacy have been very great. In this palace which I have been describing there took place yesterday one of the most important events in the modern history of Japan—a long personal interview between General Grant and the Emperor. The circumstance that an ex-President of the United States should converse with the chief of a friendly nation is not in itself an important event. But when you consider the position of the Emperor among his subjects, the traditions of his house and his throne, you will see the value of this meeting and the revolution it makes in the history of Japan. The imperial family is, in descent, the most ancient in the world. It goes back in direct line to 660 years before Christ. For more than twenty-five centuries this line has continued unbroken, and the present sovereign is the 123d of his line. The position of Mikado has always been unique in Japan. For centuries the emperors lived in seclusion at Kiyoto. The Mikado was a holy being. No one was allowed to look upon his face. He had no family name, because his dynasty being unending he needed none. During his life he was revered as a god. When he died he was translated into the celestial presence. Within ten years it was not proper that even his sacred name should be spoken. That is now permitted, but even now you cannot buy a photograph of the Mikado. It is not proper that his subjects should look upon his face. When he first received a foreign ambassador (in 1868) his Prime Minister knelt at his side while his nobles sat around on mats where they could not see him.

"The first audience of General Grant with the Emperor, on the Fourth of July, was stately and formal. The Emperor before our return from Nikko sent a message to the General that he desired to see him informally. Many little courtesies had been exchanged between the Empress and Mrs. Grant, and the Emperor himself, through his noblemen and Ministers, kept a constant watch over the General's comfort. General Grant returned answer that he was entirely at the pleasure of His Majesty. It was arranged, consequently, that on the 10th of August the Emperor would come to the Palace of Euriokwan.

"The day was very warm, and at half-past ten a message came that the Emperor had arrived and was awaiting the General in the little summer house on the banks of the lake. The General, accompanied by Colonel Grant, Prince Dati, Mr. Yoshida and the writer, left the palace and proceeded to the summer house. Colonel Grant wore the uniform of his rank; the remainder of the party were in morning costume. We passed under the trees and toward the bridge. The imperial carriage had been hauled up under the shade of the trees and the horses taken out. The guards, attendants, cavalrymen, who had accompanied the sovereign, were all seeking the shelter of the grove. We crossed the bridge and entered the summer house. Preparations had been made for the Emperor, but they were very simple. Porcelain flower pots, with flowers and ferns and shrubbery, were scattered about the room. One or two screens had been introduced. In the centre of the room was a table, with chairs around it. Behind one of the screens was another table, near the window, which looked into the lake. As the General entered, the Prime Minister and the Minister of the Imperial Household advanced and welcomed him. Then, after a pause, we passed behind the screen and were in the presence of the Emperor. His Majesty was standing before the table in undress uniform, wearing only the ribbon of his order. General Grant advanced, and the Emperor shook hands with him. To the rest of the party he simply bowed. Mr. Yoshida acted as interpreter. There was a pause, when the Emperor said:

"'I have heard of many of the things you have said to my Min-

isters in reference to Japan. You have seen the country and the people. I am anxious to speak with you on these subjects, and am sorry I have not had an opportunity earlier.'

"General Grant said he was entirely at the service of the Emperor, and was glad indeed to see him and thank His Majesty for all the kindness he had received in Japan. He might say that no one outside of Japan had a higher interest in the country or a more sincere friendship for its people.

"A question was asked which brought up the subject now paramount in political discussions in Japan—the granting of an assembly and legislative functions to the people.

"General Grant said that this question seemed to be the only one about which there was much feeling in Japan, the only one he had observed. It was a question to be considered with great care. No one could doubt that governments became stronger and nations more prosperous as they became representative of the people. This was also true of monarchies, and no monarchs were as strong as those who depended upon a parliament. No one could doubt that a legislative system would be an advantage to Japan, but the question of when and how to grant it would require careful consideration. That needed a clearer knowledge of the country than he had time to acquire. It should be remembered that rights of this kind—rights of suffrage and representation—once given could not be withdrawn. They should be given gradually. An elective assembly, to meet in Tokio, and discuss all questions with the Ministry might be an advantage. Such an assembly should not have legislative power at the outset. This seemed to the General to be the first step. The rest would come as a result of the admirable system of education which he saw in Japan.

"An expression of gratification at the treaty between Japan and the United States, which gave Japan the right to manage her own commerce, led to a conversation about foreign policy in Asia. 'Nothing,' said the General, 'has been of more interest to me than the study of the growth of European and foreign influence in Asia. When I was in India I saw what England had done with that Empire. I think the British rule is for the advan-

tage of the Indian people. I do not see what could take the place of British power but anarchy. There were some things to regret, perhaps, but a great deal to admire in the manner in which India was governed. But since I left India I have seen things that made my blood boil, in the way the European Powers attempt to degrade the Asiatic nations. I would not believe such a policy possible. It seems to have no other aim than the extinction of the independence of the Asiatic nations. On that subject I feel strongly, and in all that I have written to friends at home I have spoken strongly. I feel so about Japan and China.

"'It seems incredible that rights which at home we regard as essential to our independence and to our national existence, which no European nation, no matter how small, would surrender, are denied to China and Japan. Among these rights there is none so important as the right to control commerce. A nation's life may often depend upon her commerce, and she is entitled to all the profit that can come out of it. Japan especially seems to me in a position where the control of her commerce would enable her statesmen to relieve the people of one great burden—the land tax. The effect of so great a tax is to impoverish the people and limit agriculture. When the farmer must give half of his crop for taxes he is not apt to raise more than will keep him alive. If the land tax could be lessened I have no doubt that agriculture would increase in Japan, and the increase would make the people richer, make them buy and consume more, and thus in the end benefit commerce as well. It seems to me that if the commerce of Japan were made to yield its proportion of the revenue, as the commerce of England and France and the United States, this tax could be lessened. I am glad the American government made the treaty. I hope other Powers will assent to it. But whether or not I think I know the American people well enough to say that they have, without distinction of party, the warmest wish for the independence of Japan. We have great interests in the Pacific, but we have none that are inconsistent with the independence of these nations.'

"Another subject which arose in the course of the conversation was national indebtedness. General Grant said that there was

A JAPANESE DWELLING-HOUSE.

nothing which Japan should avoid more strenuously than incurring debts to European nations. So long as the government borrowed from its own people it was well. But loans from foreign Powers were always attended with danger and humiliation. Japan could not go into a European money market and make a loan that would be of an advantage to her. The experience of Egypt was a lesson. Egypt was allowed to borrow to the right and left, to incur an enormous debt. The result is that Egypt has been made a dependency of her creditors. Turkey owed much of her trouble to the same cause. A country like Japan has all the money she wants for her own affairs, and any attempt

to bring her into indebtedness to foreign Powers would only be to lead her into the abyss into which Egypt has fallen.

"The General spoke to the Emperor on this question with great earnestness. When he had concluded he said there was another matter about which he had an equal concern. When he was in China he had been requested by the Prince Regent and the Viceroy of Tientsin to use his good offices with the Japanese government on the question of Loo Choo. The matter was one about which he would rather not have troubled himself, as it belonged to diplomacy and governments, and he was not a diplomatist and not in government. At the same time he could not ignore a request made in the interest of peace. The General said he had read with great care and had heard with attention all the arguments on the Loo Choo question from the Chinese and Japanese sides. As to the merits of the controversy, it would be hardly becoming in him to express an opinion. He recognized the difficulties that surrounded Japan. But China evidently felt hurt and sore. She felt that she had not received the consideration due to her. It seemed to the General that His Majesty should strive to remove that feeling, even if in doing so it was necessary to make sacrifices. The General was thoroughly satisfied that China and Japan should make such sacrifices as would settle all questions between them and become friends and allies, without consultation with foreign Powers. He had urged this upon the Chinese government, and he was glad to have the opportunity of saying the same to the Emperor. China and Japan are now the only two countries left in the great East of any power or resources of people to become great—that are even partially independent of European dictation and laws. The General wished to see them both advance to entire independence, with the power to maintain it. Japan is rapidly approaching such a position, and China had the ability and the intelligence to do the same thing.

"The Prime Minister said that Japan felt the most friendly feelings toward China, and valued the friendship of that nation very highly, and would do what she could without yielding her dignity to preserve the best relations.

"General Grant said he could not speak too earnestly to the Emperor on this subject, because he felt earnestly. He knew of nothing that would give him greater pleasure than to be able to leave Japan, as he would in a very short time, feeling that between China and Japan there was entire friendship. Other counsels would be given to His Majesty, because there were powerful influences in the East fanning trouble between China and Japan. One could not fail to see these influences, and the General said he was profoundly convinced that any concession to them that would bring about war would bring unspeakable calamities to China and Japan. Such a war would bring in foreign nations, who would end it to suit themselves. The history of European diplomacy in the East was unmistakable on that point. What China and Japan should do is to come together without foreign intervention, talk over Loo Choo and other subjects, and come to a complete and friendly understanding. They should do it between themselves, as no foreign Power can do them any good.

"General Grant spoke to His Majesty about the pleasure he had received from studying the educational institutions in Japan. He was surprised and pleased at the standing of these schools. He did not think there was a better school in the world than the Tokio school of engineering. He was glad to see the interest given to the study of English. He approved of the bringing forward the young Japanese as teachers. In time Japan would be able to do without foreign teachers; but changes should not be made too rapidly. It would be a pity to lose the services of the men who had created these schools. The men in the service of the Japanese government seemed to be, as far as he could learn, able and efficient.

"I have given you the essential points of a conversation that lasted for two hours. General Grant said he would leave Japan with the warmest feelings of friendship toward the Emperor and the people. He would never cease to feel a deep interest in their fortunes. He thanked the Emperor for his princely hospitality. Taking his leave, the General and party strolled back to the palace, and His Majesty drove away to his own home in a distant part of the city.

"In my letter from Nikko I told of the conference that had taken place between General Grant and the Japanese Ministers on the Loo Choo case. I gave you also a complete history of the Japanese and Chinese versions of the difficulty. Minister Ito promised to present the views of the General to the Cabinet and have a further conference with him. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Iwakura, the Junior Prime Minister; Mr. Okuma, the Finance Minister; Mr. Ito, the Home Minister, and Mr. Yoshida, the Japanese Minister to Washington, came to the Palace of Eurio-kwan and had a long conference with the General. Colonel Grant and the writer were present. The details of this conversation it is not thought advisable to print. The conference was long and interesting, and will be continued on the return of General Grant from Hakone, where he goes in the morning. There is perhaps no harm in my saying that General Grant, while fully sensible of the embarrassment surrounding the question, was hopeful of a peaceful solution. If war should come, it would be the result of intrigues of foreign Powers. Americans, I think, will be glad to know that the General has used his great name and vast authority with both Chinese and Japanese to circumvent these intrigues and bring China and Japan to a good understanding. He has labored for this on every occasion and with unpausing zeal, and has received from Mr. Bingham, our Minister, a hearty and sincere support."

Several excursions were made by General Grant into the interior of Japan. Among these was a visit to Nikko, about 100 miles north of Tokio. Nikko is famous for its scenery, and is also noted as the burial-place of the greatest personage in Japanese history, Tokugawa Iyeyasu, the warrior, lawgiver, and founder of the last and greatest dynasty of Shoguns, which held military power from 1603 to 1867. Another visit was to Yeddo, and another still to Kamakara, the ancient seat of the military government of Japan. Another still was to Hakone.

"When General Grant returned from Hakone," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "he made preparations to leave Japan. We had already stayed longer in the country than we had intended, but life was pleasant in Tokio,

and every day seemed to open a new scene of beauty and interest, and we felt ourselves yielding to the fascinations of this winning civilization. The hospitality of our hosts seemed to grow in grace and consideration, showing no sign of weariness. We became attached to our palace home of Euriokwan, and began to feel acquainted with the rooms, the curious figures on the walls, the odd freaks in the way of gardening, the rustic bridges, the quaint and clean little summer-houses, where we could sit in the afternoon and feel breezes from the sea. The weather felt unusually warm, and with the heat came the pestilence, and, although in Euriokwan, we were not conscious of its presence, and felt safe under the sheltering influence of the ocean, yet it saddened the community and seemed to rest upon the capital like a cloud, and we sorrowed with our friends. There were trips to Yokohama, where our naval ships were at anchor, and Yokohama itself was well worth seeing, as an evidence of what the European had done in making a trading camp on the shores of Asia. For, after all, these Eastern European cities are but trading camps, and remind you in many ways of the shifting towns in Kansas and Nebraska during the growing railway days. Now that the time was coming when we were to leave Japan, there were discussions as to where we should go—discussions in which our good friend Admiral Patterson took a leading part. The General did not care to go home; or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say that he did not like to leave anything unseen in Asia and the Pacific. As you may, perhaps, have inferred from what I have written, General Grant has become profoundly interested in these lands and in the political problems their future involves. I question if any one can see much of Asia without feeling that the politics of China and Japan must some day become a paramount consideration for Americans. We have discussed various routes that would bring us home at Christmas or early in the spring. There is the Amoor region, with a glance at Russian Siberia. This trip we had almost resolved upon, but the temptations of Japan have carried us beyond the time when we should go to the North. Then it is the typhoon season, and typhoons come sometimes

unannounced in a whirl, and whatever virtues our men-of-war possess, as typhoon ships they lack experience. There is Australia, with the Exhibition under way, and some of our naval friends sketch a most attractive programme that would take us to Melbourne and Sydney, and Valparaiso and Callao, and in time to San Francisco. There is our visit to the King of the Sandwich Islands—a promised visit—and this is finally resolved upon. Admiral Patterson offers the 'Monongahela,' which is under orders to return to America. To sail on the 'Monongahela,' however, would involve two or three weeks longer in Japan, and so for the present we cannot go to Honolulu. Our Japanese friends invent all kinds of schemes to detain us, and Mr. Yoshida is fruitful in suggestions as to excursions to Kohe, Kioto, Hakodadi, Osaka and other places famous in the history of Japan, which the cholera had hitherto prevented us from seeing. The cholera is everywhere, and precaution can no longer avail. What with the friendly solicitations of the Admiral on the one side and the Japanese on the other, it is difficult to make up our minds to go home. That, however, at the end of our debates, appears to be our only course; and when it is found that we cannot leave for Honolulu much before October, it is resolved to sail for California in the first steamer that leaves.

"When it was finally determined to return it was surprising to see how much we had to do. There was the gathering together of the odds and ends of a long journey—the bundling up for home.

"Our last days in Japan were crowded with incidents of a personal and public character. I use the word personal to describe events that did not find their way into the newspapers nor belong to public receptions. There were constant visits to the General from members of the Cabinet—from Mr. Iwakura, especially, who came to talk about public affairs. There were conferences on the Loo Choo question, when General Grant used his best efforts to bring China and Japan to a good understanding. What the effect of these conversations will be history alone can tell, but I may add that the counsel which the General has given in conversations with Mr. Iwakura and the Ministry he has also given in

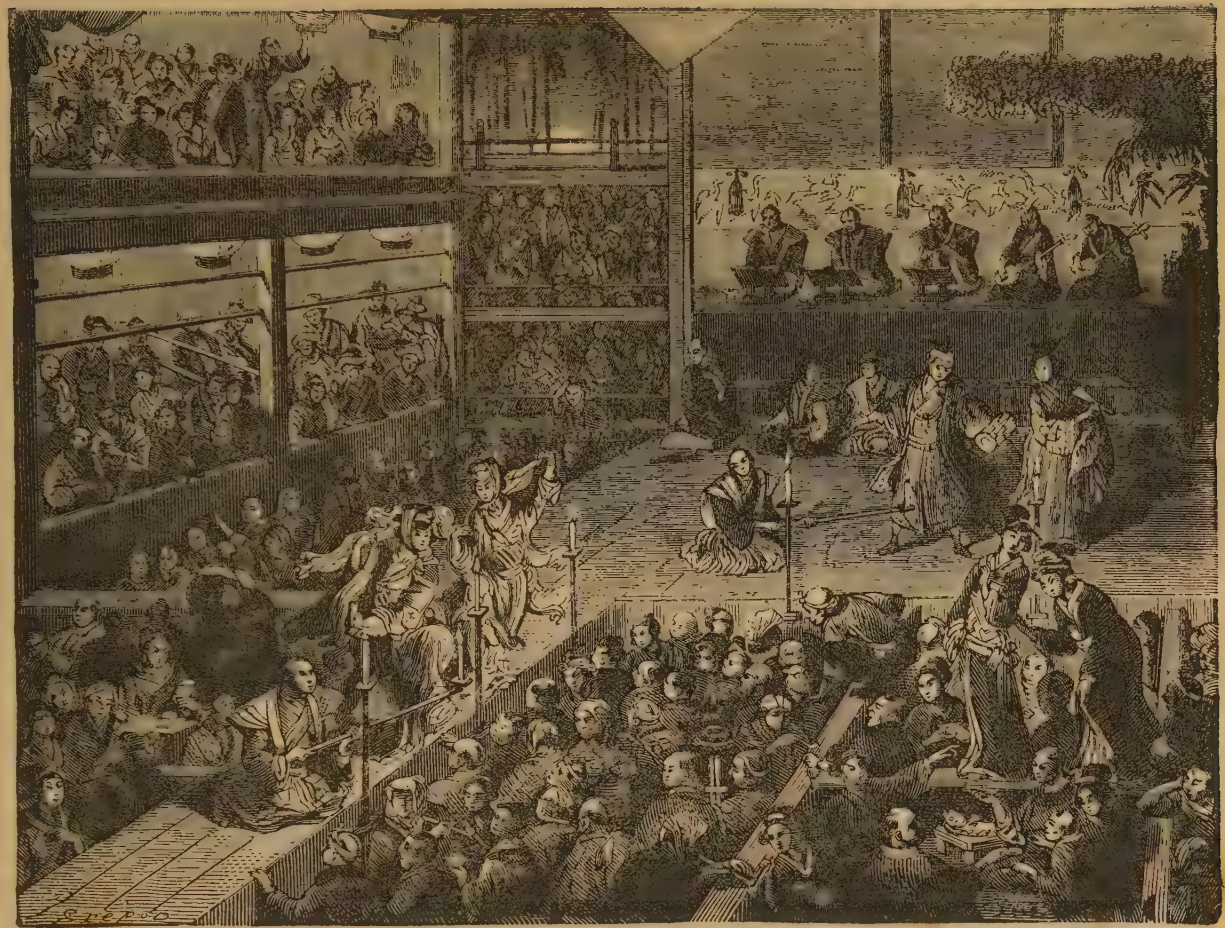
writing, and very earnestly, to Prince Kung and Li-Hung Chang. Since hearing both sides of the Loo Choo question—the Japanese case and the Chinese case—General Grant has felt himself in a position to speak with more precision than when, in China, he heard only the Chinese story. Other questions arose—questions connected with the industrial and agricultural advancement of Japan. The General pointed out to his Japanese friends the large area of fertile land awaiting cultivation, and how much might be added to the wealth and revenues of the country if the people were induced to develop the whole territory. This leads to a discussion of the land tax, so heavy a burden to the people, and which the government is compelled to impose for revenue. If, instead of taxes on land, the authorities could levy a tariff for revenue—such a tariff as we see in Germany and France—then the tax on land could be abated. This led up to the revision of the treaties, the absorbing question in Japanese politics, and which is no further advanced than it was when Mr. Iwakura went to the treaty Powers on his mission many years ago. The General has always given the same advice on the treaty question. One of the odd phases of the English policy in the East is, that while England allows her own colonies to do as they please in tariffs, to have free trade or protection, she insists that Japan and China shall arrange their imposts and tariffs solely with the view of helping English trade. In other words Japan, an independent power, is under a duress that Canada or Australia would never accept. This anomalous condition of affairs will exist so long as the treaty remains, and England has never shown an inclination to consent to any abrogation of her paramount rights under the treaty. General Grant's advice has been that Japan should make a statement of her case to the world. She should show the circumstances under which this treaty was made—how her ignorance was used to put her in an unfortunate and humiliating position. She should recall her own extraordinary progress in accepting and absorbing the modern civilization; that in doing this she has opened her empire to modern enterprise and shown the best evidence of her desire to be friendly with the world. She should recount the disadvantages under which this treaty places her—

not alone moral, but material, crippling and limiting her resources. She should announce that the treaty was at an end, but that she was prepared to sign the most favorable conventions that could be devised, provided the treaty Powers recognized her sovereign independent rights. She should at the same time proclaim her tariff, open her ports and the interior of her country, welcome foreign capital, foreign immigration, foreign labor and assert her sovereignty. The objection to this in the minds of the Japanese is that fleets may come, and the English may bombard Tokio as they did Simonoseki. 'If there is one thing more certain than another,' reasoned the General, 'it is that England is in no humor to make war upon Japan for a tariff. I do not believe that under any circumstances Lord Beaconsfield would consent to such an enterprise. He has had two wars, neither of which have commended themselves to the English people. An Englishman does not value the glory that comes from Afghan and Zulu campaigns. To add to these a demonstration against Japan because she had resolved to submit no longer to a condition bordering on slavery would arouse against Lord Beaconsfield a feeling at home that would cost him his government. Just now,' the General advised, 'is the best time. Lord Beaconsfield must soon go to the people. His Parliament is coming to an end, and even if he had adventurous spirits in his Cabinet or in the diplomatic service disposed to push Japan, he would be compelled to control them. Japan has a great many friends in England who are even now making her cause their own, and who would support her when she was right. More than all, there is a widespread desire for justice and fair play in England to which the Eastern nations, and especially Japan, need never appeal in vain. Japan has peculiar claims upon the sympathy and respect of mankind, and if she would assert her sovereign rights she would find that her cause met the approval of mankind.'

"Time will show how far this clear and firm advice will be accepted by the Japanese. While a good deal of politics was talked in these last days between the General and the rulers of Japan, there were other and more pleasant occupations. Attached to the palace was a billiard-room, and here every morning

would come tradesmen from the bazaars of Tokio with cloths and armor and swords and all manner of curious things to sell or to show. The hour after breakfast was our hour of temptation.

"But while we had our hours of temptation in the billiard-room and struggles with conscience—the extent of which, I am afraid, so far as some of us are concerned, will never be known until the time cometh when all things must appear—we had hours of instruction. Our hosts were ever thinking of some new employment for each new day. We grew tired in time of the public institutions, which are a good deal the same the world over, and after we had recovered from our wonder at seeing in Japan schools and workshops like those we left behind us, they had no more interest than schools and workshops generally. The heat of the weather made going about oppressive, and even the sea lost its freshness, and when the tides went down and the breeze was from the land the effect of the water was to increase the heat. Our interest in earthquakes was always fresh, and whenever the atmosphere assumed certain conditions our Japanese friends would tell us that we might expect a shock. In Japan the earthquake is as common a phenomena as thunder storms at home in midsummer, although there are no laws that govern their approach. I have told you of one experienced when we were all at dinner, and when we owed it to Governor Hennessy that we discovered there had been an earthquake. On that day it had rained, and all that I remember specially was that in walking about the grounds before dinner the air seemed to be heavy and the sea was sluggish. A few mornings before we left Eurokwan there was another experience. Our hosts had sent us some workers in pottery to show us the skill of the Japanese in a department of art in which they have no superiors. One of the famous potters had expressed a desire to show the General his work. After breakfast we found the artisans arranged in the large drawing-room. There was the chief worker, a solemn, middle-aged person, who wore spectacles. He was dressed in his gala apparel, and when we came into the room went down on his face in Japanese style. There were three assistants. One worked the wheel. Another baked the clay. A third made him-



INTERIOR OF A JAPANESE THEATRE.

self generally useful. The chief of the party was a painter. We saw all the processes of the manufacture, the inert lump of clay going around and around, and shaping itself under the true, nimble fingers of the workmen into cups and vases and bowls. There is something fascinating in the labors of the wheel, the work is so thoroughly the artisan's own, for when he begins he has only a lump of mud and when he ends his creation may be the envy of a throne room. It seems almost like a Providence, this taking the dust of the valley and creating it, for the work is creation, and we are reminded of Providence in remembering that when the Creator of all fashioned His supreme work it was made of clay. The decoration of the clay was interesting, requiring a quick, firm stroke. We were requested to write something on the clay before it went into the furnace. General Grant gave his autograph and the rest of us inscriptions written, as well as we could write, with a soft, yielding brush. After the inscriptions had been written the cups were washed in a white substance and hurried into the furnace. When they came out the fire had evaporated the coating and turned into a gloss the tints of our writing and the painters' colors had changed, and our inscriptions were fastened in deep and lasting brown.

"It was while we were watching the potters over their clay, and in conversation with a Japanese citizen, who spoke English and came as interpreter, about the progress of the special industry in Tokio, that we heard a noise as though the joists and wooden work of the house were being twisted, or as if some one were walking on the floor above with a heavy step. But there was no second floor in Euriokwan, and I suppose the incident would have passed without notice if our Japanese friend had not said 'There is an earthquake.' While he spoke we paused and again heard the wrenching of the joists and the jingling of the glass in the swinging chandelier. This was all that we noted. We walked out on the porch and looked at the foliage and toward the sea, but although observation and imagination were attuned we saw nothing but an unusual deadness in the air, which we might have seen on Broadway on a midsummer day. These were our only earthquake experiences in Japan.

"There were dinners and fêtes and many quiet pleasant parties during our last days at Euriokwan. The British Minister, Sir Harry Parkes, proposed an entertainment, but we were about to sail, and every night and every day we were engaged, and the General was compelled to decline Sir Harry's hospitality. There was a luncheon with Mr. House, the editor of the Tokio *Times*, in a pretty little house, near the American Legation, looking out on the sea.

"Among the most pleasing incidents of our last days in Tokio was a dinner with Sanjo, the Prime Minister, who entertained us in Parisian style, everything being as we would have found it on the Champs Elysées—the perfection of French decoration in the appointments of the house, and of French taste in the appointments of the table. Mr. Mori, who was formerly Japanese Minister to the United States, and is now Vice Minister for Foreign Affairs, and one of the strong and rising men in the Empire, gave a dinner and a reception. Here the General met most of the men noted in literary and scientific pursuits. Mr. Terashima, the Foreign Minister, also gave a dinner, which was Parisian in its appointments. Mr. Yoshida entertained a portion of our party—the General not being able to attend—in Japanese style. Among the guests were Saigo, Ito and Kawamura, of the Cabinet, and our good friends and daily companions, Tateno and Ishibashi, of the Emperor's household, who have been sent by His Majesty to attend upon the General and give him the advantage of their knowledge of English. We had had a stately Japanese dinner in Nagasaki, when we were entertained after the manner of the old daimios, but with Mr. Yoshida we dined as we would have dined with any Japanese gentleman of distinction if we had been asked to his house in a social way. Mr. Yoshida lives some distance from Euriokwan, in one of a group of houses built on a ridge overlooking the sea, on the road toward Yokohama. There are grounds were the master of the house indulges a fancy for gardening, a fancy which in no place do you see it so perfect as in Japan. The gardener in Japan is a poet. He loves his trees and shrubs and flowers, and brings about results in his treatment of them that show new possibilities and a new power of expression in nature.

"Mr. Yoshida had a few lanterns among his trees, but beyond this modest bit of decoration—just a touch of color to light up the caverns of the night—there was no display. Dinner was served in Japanese style. Our host wore Japanese costume, and the room in which we dined was open on three sides and looked out on the gardens. When you enter a Japanese house you are expected to take off your shoes. This is not alone a mark of courtesy, but of cleanliness. The floors are spotless and covered with a fine matting which would crack under the grinding edges of your European shoes. We took off our shoes and stretched ourselves on the floor, and partook of our food from small tables a few inches high. The tables were of lacquer and the dishes were mainly of lacquer. There is no plan, no form, in a Japanese dinner, simply to dine with comfort. Of the quality of the food I have not confidence enough in my judgment to give an opinion. Dining has always appeared to be one of the misfortunes that came with Adam's fall, and I have never been able to think of it with enthusiasm. I know that this is a painful confession, the display of ignorance and want of taste, but it cannot be helped. I gave myself seriously to my dinner, because I am fond of Mr. Yoshida, and wanted to pay him the compliment of enjoying his gracious and refined hospitality. Then I thought that it would be something that I might want to write about. But the dinner was beyond me. I cannot say that I disliked it, and I liked it about as well as nineteen out of twenty of the dinners you have in New York. It was picturesque and pleasing and in all its appointments so unlike anything in our close and compact way of living, that you felt somehow that you were having a good time; you felt like laughing, and if you gave way to your impulse it would have been to roll about on the floor in the delight and abandon of boyhood. If you did not want to eat you could smoke, and if not to smoke to drink—and there was drinking, smoking and eating all the time. Your attendants were maidens, comely and fair, who knelt in the middle of the floor and watched you with amusing features, fanning you and noiselessly slipping away your dishes and bringing new ones. They were so modest, so graceful, that you became unconscious

of their presence. They became, as it were, one of the decorations of the dinner. They watched the guests and followed their wishes as far as comfort was concerned. Beyond that I saw no word or glance of recognition. At home your servants are personages with all the attributes of human nature, and sometimes in a form so aggravated that they become a serious care, and you dine under fear in the presence of some oppressive responsibility. But our maidens might have been sprites, they were so far from us, and at the same time their grace and quickness made the mechanism of our dinner smooth and noiseless. A good deal of the pleasure of the evening, no doubt, came from the fact that we were all friends, good friends, anxious to please and to be in each other's society. That would add grace to a dinner of pottage and herbs, and when at last the inevitable hour came it was late before we accepted it, and when our carriage drove up to take us home we took leave of our host and of our Japanese friends with regret, and the feeling that we had enjoyed our evening as much as any we had spent in Japan.

"Another dinner worth noting, for it was the last expression of Japanese hospitality, was the entertainment given to General Grant by Prince Dati. When the 'Richmond' arrived in the bay of Nagasaki, and the Japanese authorities came on board to welcome General Grant to the empire, Prince Dati was at their head, as the Emperor's personal representative. From that time during our stay Prince Dati has been always with us. The Prince is about sixty years of age. Under the old regime he was a daimio, or feudal lord, of ancient family, who had the power of life and death over his retainers. When the change came, and the power of the lords was absorbed by the Mikado, and many of their rights and emoluments taken away, most of the daimios went into retirement. Some came to Tokio, others remained at their country homes. The great princes, like Satsuma, have ever since only given the government a sullen, reserved obedience. You do not feel them in State affairs. You do not see them. The authorities do not have the prestige of their influence and authority. There are names in Japan, possible centres of rebellion, while the forces of the State are in the hands of men who, a few

years ago, were their armor-bearers and samauri. The daimios appear to accept the revolution and give allegiance to the present government of the Mikado, but their acceptance is not hearty. Some of them, however, regard the revolution as an incident that could not be helped, as the triumph of the Mikado over the Tycoon, and altogether a benefit to the nation. Among these is Prince Dati. His position in Japan is something like that of one of the old-fashioned tory country lords in England after the Hanoverian accession. His office in the State is personal to the Emperor. We have all become much attached to Prince Dati, and it seems appropriate that our last festival in Japan should be as the guest of one who has been with us in daily companionship. The Prince had intended to entertain us in his principal town house, the one nearest Euriokwan, but the cholera broke out in the vicinity and the Prince invited us to another of his houses in the suburbs of Tokio. We went by water, embarking from the sea wall in front of Euriokwan. The sea was running briskly at the time we started, and there was a little trouble in going on board the imperial barge which had been sent to convey us. We turned into the river, passing the commodious grounds of the American Legation, its flag weather-worn and shorn; passing the European settlement, which looked a little like a well-to-do Connecticut town, noting the little missionary churches surmounted by the cross, and on for an hour or so past tea houses and ships and under bridges and watching the shadows descend over the city. It is hard to realize that Tokio is a city—one of the greatest cities of the world. It looks like a series of villages, with bits of green and open spaces and enclosed grounds, breaking up the continuity of the town. There is no special character to Tokio, no one tract to seize upon and remember, except that the aspect is that of repose. The banks of the river are low and sedgy, at some points a marsh. When we came to the house of the Prince we found that he had built a causeway of bamboo through the marsh out into the river. His house was decorated with lanterns. As we walked along the causeway all the neighborhood seemed to be out in a dense crowd waiting to see the General. Our evening with the Prince was very pleasant. He lives in palatial

style. He has many children and children's children have come to bless his declining years. He took an apparent pride in presenting us to the various members of his family. Our dinner was served partly in European, partly in Japanese style. There were chairs, a table, knives, forks, napkins, bread, and champagne. This was European. There were chopsticks, seaweed jellies, raw fish, soups of fish and salvi. This was Japanese. There was as a surprise a special compliment to our nation—a surprise that came in the middle of the feast—a dish of baked pork and beans which would have done honor to Boston. Who inspired this dish and who composed it are mysteries. It came into our dinner in a friendly way, and was so well meant and implied such an earnest desire to please on the part of the host that it became idyllic, and conveyed a meaning that I venture to say was never expressed by a dish of pork and beans since the 'Mayflower' came to our shores. The dinner over and we sat on the porch and looked out on the river. In the court-yard there were jugglers who performed tricks notable for dexterity, such as making a fan go around the edge of an umbrella and keeping a bevy of balls in the air on the wing like birds. Then we returned home, part of the way by the river, and, as the night had fallen in the meantime and the sea was too high for us to venture out in the boats, the remainder in carriages.

"Our last Japanese entertainment was that of Prince Dati. There were others from Americans. Admiral Patterson gave a dinner on board his flagship, the 'Richmond,' at which were present officers from our various ships, the Japanese Admiral, the Minister and the Consul General. The dinner was served on deck and our naval friends gave us another idea of the architectural triumphs possible in a skilful management of flags. We had the band, which the lovers of musical art at home will be glad to know is improving, although it has not mastered 'Lohengrin.' Lieutenant Commander Clark, however, to whose musical enthusiasm the band owes so much, informed me in confidence that if there was any virtue left in the articles of war he would have his musicians go through the 'Wedding March' at least before the cruise was over. The dinner with the Admiral

was quite a family affair, for the officers had been our shipmates and we knew their nicknames, and the Admiral himself had won our friendship and respect by his patience, his care, his courtesy, his untiring efforts to make General Grant's visit to Japan as pleasant as possible. When the rain began to fall and to ooze through the bunting and drip over the food it added to the heartiness of the dinner, for a little discomfort like that was a small matter and only showed how much we were at home, and that we were resolved to enjoy ourselves, no matter what the winds or waves might say. When the Consul General came he brought with him rumors of a typhoon that was coming up the coast and might break on us at any moment and carry us all out to sea. This gave a new zest to our dinner, but the typhoon broke on Tokio, turning aside from our feast, and when we returned on shore at midnight the rain was over and the sea was smooth. There was a garden party at the Consulate, brilliant and thronged, said by the Yokohama press to be the most successful fête of the kind ever given in the foreign settlement. The Consular building in Yokohama is a capacious and stately building, standing in the centre of a large square. It opens on the main street. The offices are in the lower floor—the jail is an adjoining building. The building and the grounds were illuminated with lanterns—festoons of lanterns dangling from the windows and the balconies—running in lines to the gate and swaying aloft to the crosstrees of the flagstaff. A special tent had been erected on the lawn and the band from the 'Richmond.' was present. The evening was clear and beautiful and everybody came, the representatives of the foreign colony, of the consular and diplomatic bodies, of the local government, officers of our navy with Admiral Patterson at the head, members of the Cabinet and high officials of the Japanese government. There was dancing, and during the supper, which took place in the tent, there was a speech from Consul General Van Buren, in honor of General Grant, in which he alluded to the approaching departure of the General for home, and wishing him and the rest of the party a prosperous and successful voyage. To this General Grant made a brief response and the entertainment went on, far beyond midnight and into the morning hours.

BRONZE VASE, A SPECIMEN OF ANCIENT JAPANESE ART.

"On Saturday, August 30th, 1879, General Grant took his leave of the Emperor. An audience of leave is always a solemn ceremony, and the Court of Japan pays due respect to splendor and state. A farewell to the Mikado meant more in the eyes of General Grant than if it had been the ordinary leave-taking of a monarch who had shown him hospitality. He had received attentions from the sovereign and people such as had never been given. He had been honored not alone in his own person, but as the representative of his country. His visit had this political significance, that the Japanese government intended by the honors they paid him to show the value they gave to American friendship and their gratitude. In many ways the visit of the General had taken a wide range, and what he would say to the Emperor would have great importance, because every word he uttered would be weighed in every Japanese household. General Grant's habit in answering speeches and addresses is to speak at the moment without previous thought or preparation. On several occasions, when bodies of people made addresses to him, they sent copies in advance, so that he might read them and prepare a response. But he always declined these courtesies, saying that he would wait until he heard the addresses in public, and his best response would be what came to him on the instant. This was so particularly at Penang, when the Chinese came to him with an address which opened up the most delicate issue of American politics, the Chinese question. A copy of this address had been sent to the Government House for him to look over, but he declined, and his first knowledge of the address which propounded the whole Chinese problem was when the blue-buttoned mandarin stood before him reading it. The response was one of the General's longest and most important speeches and was made at once in a quiet, conversational tone. The farewell to the Emperor was so important, however, that the General did what he has not done before during our journey. He wrote out in advance the speech he proposed making to His Majesty. I mention this circumstance simply because the incident is an exceptional one, and because it showed General Grant's anxiety to say to the Emperor and the people of Japan what would be

most becoming in return for their kindness, and what would best conduce to good relations between the two nations.

"At two in the afternoon the sound of the bugles and the tramp of the horsemen announced the arrival of the escort that was to accompany us to the imperial palace. Mr. Bingham arrived shortly after, looking well, but a little sad over the circumstance that the ceremony in which he was about to officiate was the close of an event which had been to him the source of unusual pleasure—the visit of General Grant to Japan. Prince Dati and Mr. Yoshida were also in readiness, and a few minutes after two the state carriages came. General and Mrs. Grant rode in the first carriage, Mr. Bingham, accompanied by Prince Dati and Mr. Yoshida in the second; Colonel Grant and the writer in the third. Colonel Grant wore his uniform, the others evening dress. The cavalry surrounded our carriages and we rode off at a slow pace. The road was long, the weather hard and dry, the heat pitiless. On reaching the palace infantry received the General with military honors. The Prime Minister, accompanied by the Ministers for the Household and Foreign Affairs, were waiting at the door when our party arrived. The princes of the imperial family were present. The meeting was not so stately and formal as when we came to greet the Emperor and have an audience of welcome. Then all the Cabinet were present, blazing in uniforms and decorations. Then we were strangers, now we are friends. On entering the audience-chamber—the same plain and severely furnished room in which we had been received—the Emperor and Empress advanced and shook hands with the General and Mrs. Grant. The Emperor is not what you would call a graceful man, and his manners are those of an anxious person not precisely at his ease—wishing to please and make no mistake. But on this farewell audience he seemed more easy and natural than when we had seen him before. After the salute of the Emperor there was a moment's pause. General Grant then took out of his pocket his speech, and read it as follows:

"'YOUR MAJESTY—I come to take my leave and to thank you, the officers of your government and the people of Japan for the great hospitality and kindness

I have received at the hands of all during my most pleasant visit to this country. I have now been two months in Tokio and the surrounding neighborhood, and two previous weeks in the more southerly part of the country. It affords me great satisfaction to say that during all this stay and all my visiting I have not witnessed one discourtesy toward myself nor a single unpleasant sight. Everywhere there seems to be the greatest contentment among the people; and while no signs of great individual wealth exist no absolute poverty is visible. This is in striking and pleasing contrast with almost every other country I have visited. I leave Japan greatly impressed with the possibilities and probabilities of her future. She has a fertile soil, one-half of it not yet cultivated to man's use, great undeveloped mineral resources, numerous and fine harbors, an extensive seacoast abounding in fish of an almost endless variety, and, above all, an industrious, ingenious, contented and frugal population. With all these nothing is wanted to insure great progress except wise direction by the government, peace at home and abroad and non-interference in the internal and domestic affairs of the country by the outside nations. It is the sincere desire of your guest to see Japan realize all possible strength and greatness, to see her as independent of foreign rule or dictation as any Western nation now is, and to see affairs so directed by her as to command the respect of the civilized world. In saying this I believe I reflect the sentiments of the great majority of my countrymen. I now take my leave without expectation of ever again having the opportunity of visiting Japan, but with the assurance that pleasant recollections of my present visit will not vanish while my life lasts. That your Majesty may long reign over a prosperous and contented people and enjoy every blessing is my sincere prayer.'

"When the General had finished Mr. Ishibashi, the interpreter, read a Japanese translation. The Emperor bowed, and taking from an attendant a scroll on which was written in Japanese letters his own address, read it as follows:

"'Your visit has given us so much satisfaction and pleasure that we can only lament that the time for your departure has come. We regret also that the heat of the season and the presence of the epidemic have prevented several of your proposed visits to different places. In the meantime, however, we have greatly enjoyed the pleasure of frequent interviews with you; and the cordial expressions which you have just addressed to us in taking your leave have given us great additional satisfaction. America and Japan being near neighbors, separated by an ocean only, will become more and more closely connected with each other as time goes on. It is gratifying to feel assured that your visit to our Empire, which enabled us to form very pleasant personal acquaintance with each other, will facilitate and strengthen the friendly relations that have heretofore happily existed between the two countries. And now we cordially wish you a safe and pleasant voyage home, and that you will on your return home find your

nation in peace and prosperity, and that you and your family may enjoy long life and happiness.'

"His Majesty read his speech in a clear, pleasant voice. Mr. Ishibashi at the close also read a translation. Then the Empress, addressing herself to Mrs. Grant, said she rejoiced to see the General and party in Japan, but she was afraid the unusual heat and the pestilence had prevented them from enjoying her visit. Mrs. Grant said that her visit to Japan had more than realized her anticipations; that she had enjoyed every hour of her stay in this most beautiful country, and that she hoped she might have in her American home, at some early day, an opportunity of acknowledging and returning the hospitality she had received in Japan.

"The Emperor then addressed Mr. Bingham, our Minister, hoping he was well and expressing his pleasure at seeing him again. Mr. Bingham advanced and said:

"'I thank Your Majesty for your kind inquiry. I desire, on behalf of the President of the United States and of the government and people I represent, to express our profound appreciation of the kindness and the honor shown by Your Majesty and your people to our illustrious citizen.'

"His Majesty expressed his pleasure at the speech of Mr. Bingham, the audience came to an end, and we drove back to our home at Euriokwan.

"The audience with the Emperor was the end of all festivities; for, after taking leave of the head of the nation, it would not have been becoming in others to offer entertainments. Sunday passed quietly, friends coming and going all day. Monday was spent in Yokohama making ready for embarking. The steamer, which was to sail on Tuesday, was compelled to await another day. On Tuesday the General invited Admiral Patterson, Captain Benham, Commander Boyd and Commander Johnson, commanding respectively the American men-of-war 'Richmond,' 'Ranger' and 'Ashuelot;' Mr. Bingham, General Van Buren and other members of the Japanese Cabinet, with the ladies of their families, to dinner, our last dinner in Japan. In the evening was a reception, or rather what grew into a reception, the coming of

all our friends—Japanese, American and European—to say good-by. The trees in the park were hung with lanterns, and fireworks were displayed, furnished by the committee of the citizens of Tokio. There was the band from the War Department. The night was one of rare beauty, and during the whole evening the parlors of the palace were thronged. There were the princes and princesses of the Imperial family, the members of the Cabinet, the high officers of the army and navy, Japanese citizens, Ministers and consuls. The American naval officers from four ships, the 'Monongahela' having come in from Hakodadi, were in full force, and their uniforms gave color to what was in other respects a brilliant and glittering throng. It was a suggestive, almost a historic assembly. There were the princes and rulers of Japan. Sanjo, the Prime Minister, with his fine, frail, almost womanly face, his frame like that of a stripling, was in conversation with Iwakura, the Junior Premier, whose strong, severe, almost classical features are softened by the lines of suffering which tell of ever present pain. In one room Ito sits in eager talk with Okuma, the Finance Minister, with his Hamlet-face and eyes of speculation. Okuma does not speak English, but Ito gives you a hearty American greeting. Mrs. Grant is sitting on the piazza where the fireworks can be seen, and around are Japanese and American ladies. Mr. Bingham, whose keen face grows gentler with the frosty tints of age, is in talk with Sir Harry Parker, the British Minister, a lithe, active, nervous, middle-aged gentleman, with open, clear-cut Saxon features, the merriest, most amusing, most affable gentleman present, knowing everybody, talking to everybody. One would not think as you followed his light banter, and easy, rippling ways, that his hand was the hand of iron, and that his policy was the personification of all that was hard and stern in the policy of England. This genial, laughing, plump Chinese mandarin, with his button of high rank, who advances with clasped hands to salute the General, is Ho, the Chinese Ambassador, an intelligent gentleman, with whom I have had many instructive talks about China. His Excellency is anxious about the Loo Choo question, and, when he has spoken with the General, advances and opens the theme, and hopes the

good offices of the General will go as far as his good wishes would have them. Commander Johnson we are all especially glad to see, because he has just recovered from an illness that threatened his life, and shows traces of disease in his pale face and dented eyes. Captain Benham feels sad over the General's departure, and has been expressing his disappointment at not being able to take us to Australia. House comes in and joins an American group—Dr. McCartee, E. T. Sheppard and General Van Buren. McCartee is the Foreign Secretary of the Chinese Embassy, an honorable and scholarly man, who has been more than a generation in the East, and now that three-score years have been vouchsafed to him, feels like going home. Few men have led a more modest and at the same time more useful life than Dr. McCartee, and the esteem in which he is held shows how much the Eastern people desire to honor Americans who command their respect. Mr. Sheppard, formerly an American consul at Tientsin, now holding a high and confidential place in the Japanese service, is a young man of ability, but does not propose to remain in Japan much longer. He has a Spanish castle in California, and means to go and live there before he has quite fallen under the fascinations of Eastern life. This man, with the swarthy features and full, blazing eyes, who greets you with a cordial, laughing courtesy, and who reminds you a great deal in his manners and features of General Sheridan, is the Secretary of War, the famous General Saigo, who commanded the Japanese expedition to Formosa. The General is brother of that still more famous Saigo—a great name and a great character—who threw away his life in that mad and miserable Satsuma rebellion. What freaks fate plays with us all! It was foreordained that this Saigo should be Secretary of War, and directing the troops of the government, while the other Saigo, blood of his blood, brother and friend, should be in arms against the government. General Saigo is in conversation with Colonel Grant, with whom he has become most friendly, and the Colonel is telling how a soldier lives on the Plains, and what a good time Saigo and the other friends who form the group would have if they came to America and allowed him to be their host and escort in Montana.

The other friends are notable men. The one with the striking features—a thin face that reminds you of the portraits of Moltke, a serious, resolute face that mocks the restless, dare-devil eye—is Admiral Kawamura, the head of the navy, famous for his courage, about which you hear romantic stories. Inemoto, who is near him, is Secretary of the Navy. It shows the clemency of Japan when you remember that Inemoto was the leader of a rebellion against the government in whose Cabinet he now holds a seat. He owes his life, his pardon and his advancement largely to the devotion and wisdom of one of the generals who defeated him. That officer is now at his side listening to the Colonel's narrative, General Kuroda, Minister of Colonization. Kuroda looks like a trooper. In another group you see Yoshida, with his handsome, enthusiastic face, and Mori, who looks as if he had just left a cloister, and Wyeno, fresh from England, where he has been Minister, whose wife, one of the beauties of Japan, is one of the belles of the evening; Inouye, Minister for Public Works —all noted men, and as I have had occasion to observe before, all young men. The men here to-night have made the new Japan, and as you pick them out, one after the other, you see that they are young, with the fire, the force and the sincerity of youth. The only ones in the groups who appear to be over forty are Sanjo and Iwakura. Sanjo has never put any force upon the government; his mission has been to use his high rank and lofty station to smooth and reconcile and conciliate. As for Iwakura, although he did more than any one else at the time, they say that he has ceased to look kindly upon the changes, that his heart yearns for old Japan, and that his eyes are turned with affection and sorrow toward the lamented and irrecoverable past.

"One of the princes is off with the naval officers and is challenging Captain Benham and the officers to drink champagne. But the Captain has more confidence in the water than the wine, and is trying to induce the Prince to come and see him once more on his ship. This Prince and the Captain have become great friends—the Prince saying that Benham is his elder brother. You may not have observed that among our naval officers are the lads of the fleet, midshipmen and cadets. It is not customary for

the young men to be included in official invitations. That privilege belongs to higher rank. The young men, however, are here to-night. I may as well say, because Mrs. Grant invited them to come specially and see her. She wanted to have the boys present, for she has boys of her own and knows that boys enjoy fireworks and music and high society, beauty and conversation, and like to show their uniforms as much as the captains and admirals, which they will be some day. So the boys are here and float about Mrs. Grant in a kind of filial way, and have voted her as a patron saint of every steerage in the navy. And, supper coming, groups go in various directions—some with Mrs. Grant and the ladies to one room where there are ices and delicate refreshments, and some, especially the Americans, with Saigo, and Kawamura, and Prince Dati, to drink a joyous toast, a friendly farewell bumper to the Colonel before he sails home. And this special fragment of the company becomes a kind of maelstrom, especially fatal to naval men and Americans who are sooner or later drawn into its eddy. But the maelstrom is away in one of the wings of the palace. In the drawing-rooms friends come and go—come and go, and give their wishes to the General and all of us, and wander about to see the decorations of our unique and most interesting dwelling, or, more likely, go out under the trees to feel the cool night air as it comes in from the ocean, and note the variegated lanterns as they illuminate the landscape, or watch the masses of fire and flame and colors that flash against the dense and glowing sky, and shadow it with a beauty that may be seen from afar—from all of Tokio, from the villages around, from the ships that sail the seas. Midnight had passed before our fête was ended, before the last carriage had driven away, and walking through the empty saloons the General and one or two friends sat down on the piazza to smoke a cigar and have a last look at the beauty of Euriokwan, the beauty that never was so attractive as when we saw it for the last time under the midnight stars."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE VOYAGE HOME.

General Grant Engages Passage for San Francisco on the "City of Tokio"—Departure from Tokio—Embarkation at Yokohama—Parting with Friends—A Royal Farewell—The Last Salute—The Voyage Across the Pacific—Life on the "City of Tokio"—Preparations to Receive General Grant at San Francisco—Arrival of the "City of Tokio"—A Grand Spectacle—Reception of General Grant at San Francisco—A Brilliant and Imposing Demonstration—End of the Tour Around the World.

GENERAL GRANT and party engaged passage on the Pacific Mail Steamer "City of Tokio," which was to sail from Yokohama on the 2d of September. The vessel was delayed, and did not sail until Wednesday, September 3d. On the morning of that day General Grant and his party left Tokio for Yokohama.

"We were up and stirring in time," says Mr. Young, in his letter to *The New York Herald*, "but our impedimenta was on board the steamer, and there was really nothing to do but breakfast and departure. The day of our leaving Japan was clear and beautiful, and, as the hour for our going was early, the morning shadows made the air grateful. While we were at breakfast the cavalry came trooping into the grounds, and we could hear the notes of the bugle and the word of command. Officials, ministers, and other friends came in to accompany the General. Shortly after eight the state carriages came. We drove slowly away, the cavalry forming around us, the infantry presenting arms. We looked back and took our farewell of Euriokwan, where we had passed so many happy hours. It was like leaving an old home. The servants swarmed on the veranda, and we felt sorry to leave behind us people so faithful and obliging. General Grant's departure from his Tokio residence was attended with as much ceremony as his arrival. Troops formed in double line from the

door of the palace along the whole line of our route, even to the railway station. Military officers of high rank rode with the cavalry as a guard of honor. The crowd was enormous and increased as we came to the railway. The station had been cleared and additional troops were posted to keep the multitude out of the way. On entering the station the band played 'Hail, Columbia,' and we found our Japanese and American friends present, some to say farewell, but most of them to go with us as far as Yokohama. The committee of citizens who had received us were drawn up in line in evening costume. The General shook hands with the members and thanked them for their hospitality. Mr. Iwakura escorted Mrs. Grant to the imperial car. Here were Mrs. Mori, Mrs. Yoshida, and other ladies. The Chinese Minister came just as we were leaving, and our train, which was a long one, was filled with friends who meant to see us embark. At twenty-five minutes past eight the train pushed out from Tokio, the troops presenting arms, the band playing our national air, the people waving their farewell, while the General stood on the platform and bowed his acknowledgments. Our engine was draped with the American and Japanese flags. Our train was a special one, and stopped at none of the intermediate stations. But as we whirled past each station we observed the crowds assembled to have a last glimpse of the General. As we passed Kanagawa and came in sight of Yokohama Bay, we saw the ships dressed from stem to stern with streamers, flags, and emblems. When we entered the Yokohama station the crowd was apparently as large as what we had left in the capital. There were troops presenting arms, a band to play 'Hail, Columbia,' and the Governor to welcome us. The merchants and principal citizens, in European evening dress, stood in line. The Governor escorted Mrs. Grant to her carriage, and we drove to the Admiralty wharf. The road was decorated with Japanese and American flags, and when we came to the Admiralty there was a display of what are called day fireworks, an exquisite combination of gray and blue, of colors that do not war with the sun, spreading over the sky gossamer shapes, delicate tints, showers of pearl-like spray. There in waiting we found the Consul General, Admiral Patter-

son, Captain Benham, Captain Fitzhugh, Commander Boyd, and Commander Johnson, who had come to escort the General on board his steamer. The Admiral was accompanied by Lieutenants Wainwright and Davenport of his staff. We remained at the Admiralty several minutes while light refreshments were served. The General then went on the Admiralty barge, Mrs. Grant being escorted by Admiral Kawamura, and amid the noise of the exploding fireworks and strains of the naval band we pushed off. In the barge with the General and party were Sanjo, Iwakura, the members of the cabinet, Prince Dati, Mr. Yoshida, and Mr. Bingham. The Admiral with his officers followed after in the barge of the 'Richmond.' We came alongside of the steamer 'City of Tokio,' and were received by Commodore Maury, who began at once to prepare for sea. During the few minutes that were left for farewells the deck of the 'City of Tokio' formed a brilliant sight. Boats from the four men-of-war came laden with our naval officers in their full uniforms to say good-by. All of them were friends, many of them had been shipmates and companions, and the hour of separation brought so many memories of the country, the kindness, the consideration, the good-fellowship they had shown us, that we felt as if we were leaving friends. Steam tugs brought from Yokohama other friends. House had come down from Tokio to say farewell and to see the last of a demonstration that to him as an American was more gratifying and extraordinary than anything he had seen during his long stay in Japan.

"In saying farewell to our Japanese friends, to those who had been our special hosts, General Grant expressed his gratitude and his friendship. But mere words, however warmly spoken, could only give faint expression to the feelings with which we took leave of many of those who had come to the steamer to pay us parting courtesy. These gentlemen were not alone princes—rulers of an Empire, noblemen of rank and lineage, Ministers of a sovereign whose guests we had been—but friends. And in saying farewell to them we said farewell to so many and so much, to a country where every hour of our stay had a special value, to a civilization which had profoundly impressed us and which

awakened new ideas of what Japan had been, of her real place in the world and of what her place might be if stronger nations shared her generosity or justice. We had been strangely won by Japan, and our last view of it was a scene of beauty. Yokohama nestled on her shore, against which the waters of the sea were idly rolling. Her hills were dowered with foliage, and here and there were houses and groves and flagstaffs, sentinels of the outside world which had made this city their encampment. In the far distance, breaking through the clouds, so faint at first that you had to look closely to make sure that you were not deceived by the mists, Fusiyama towered into the blue and bending skies. Around us were men-of-war shimmering in the sunshine, so it seemed, with their multitudinous flags. There was the hurry, the nervous bustle and excitement, the glow of energy and feeling which always mark the last moments of a steamer about to sail. Our naval friends went back to their ships. Our Yokohama friends went off in their tugs, and the last we saw of General Van Buren was a distant and vanishing figure in a state of pantomime, as though he were delivering a Fourth of July oration. I presume he was cheering. Then our Japanese friends took leave, and went on board their steam launch to accompany us a part of our journey. The Japanese man-of-war has her anchor up, slowly steaming, ready to carry us out to sea. The last line that binds us to our anchorage is thrown off, and the huge steamer moves slowly through the shipping. We pass the 'Richmond' near enough to recognize our friends on the quarter-deck—the Admiral and his officers. You hear a shrill word of command, and seamen go scampering up the rigging to man the yards. The guns roll out a salute. We pass the 'Ashuelot,' and her guns take up the iron chorus. We pass the 'Monongahela,' so close almost that we could converse with Captain Fitzhugh and the gentlemen who are waving us farewell. Her guns thunder good-by, and over the bay the smoke floats in waves—floats on toward Fusiyama. We hear the cheers from the 'Ranger.' Very soon all that we see of our vessels are faint and distant phantoms, and all that we see of Yokohama is a line of gray and green. We are fast speeding on toward California. For

an hour or so the Japanese man-of-war, the same which met us at Nagasaki and came with us through the Inland Sea, keeps us company. The Japanese Cabinet are on board. We see the smoke break from her ports and we hurry to the side of our vessel to wave farewell—farewell to so many friends, so many friends kind and true. This is farewell at last, our final token of good-will, from Japan. The man-of-war fires twenty-one guns. The Japanese sailors swarm on the rigging and give hearty cheers. Our steamer answers by blowing her steam whistle. The man-of-war turns slowly around and steams back to Yokohama. Very soon she also becomes a phantom, vanishing over the horizon. Then, gathering herself like one who knows of a long and stern task to do, our steamer breasts the sea with an earnest will—for California and for home."

The voyage from Japan to San Francisco was pleasant but uneventful. A head wind held the steamer back during the latter part of the voyage, but the run, on the whole, was enjoyable.

The citizens of San Francisco determined to welcome General Grant back to his native country in the most cordial manner. Democrats and Republicans joined heartily in the preparations, and a number of ex-Confederate soldiers, residing in San Francisco, took part in the arrangements and in the subsequent demonstration with a heartiness equal to that displayed by the veterans of the Union army. The War Department sent orders to General McDowell, commanding the Department of the Pacific, to co-operate in all things with the municipal authorities in welcoming General Grant, and similar orders were sent by the Secretary of the Navy to the naval officers on duty at San Francisco.

San Francisco had been feverishly awaiting the announcement that the steamer was in sight. The first tap of the bell and the hoisting of the flag on the Merchants' Exchange, announcing the approach of the steamer "City of Tokio," startled the city from the spell of suspense that has prevailed for the last three days, and transformed idle throngs that were lounging about the streets into excited and hurrying crowds. Bells began to ring, steam whistles to scream, and the thunder of cannon to reverberate over the hills and harbor. Thousands of men, women

and children, on foot, in carriages and on horseback, began to pour out in the direction of Presidio Heights, Point Lobos, Telegraph Hill and every other eminence in the vicinity, eager to catch the first glance of the incoming ship. Crowds hurried toward the wharves where the steamers and yachts that were to take part in the nautical pageant were lying.

At the moment the alarm giving notice of the approach of the "City of Tokio" was struck, the Executive Committee having charge of the demonstration were in session at the Palace Hotel, warmly discussing the question of carrying out the programme next day in case of the steamer's arrival in time, or deferring it until Monday. It was three-quarters of an hour later than the limit that had been determined upon, but it was at once resolved to carry out the demonstration immediately.

Immediately on receipt of the intelligence that the steamer "City of Tokio" was nearing port, the Reception Committee, consisting of Frank M. Pixley, ex-Senator Cole, General Miller and R. B. Cornwall, repaired to the tug "Millen Griffith," lying, with steam up, at the Pacific Mail dock, and at once started to meet the incoming steamer. The "Millen Griffith" stood well out to sea, and several miles outside the Heads met the "City of Tokio" coming in. The tug drew alongside and the Executive Committee, quarantine officer and customs officials, and a number of the representatives of the press boarded the steamer. No ceremony was observed except a general shaking of hands, and after the committee had announced the object of their visit and informed General Grant of the reception prepared for him, the conversation became general as the "City of Tokio" continued on her course. Soon after the Government steamer "McPherson" came alongside, and Major-General McDowell, commanding the Military Division of the Pacific, accompanied by his staff, boarded the "Tokio" and rejoined his old comrade-in-arms.

While this was transpiring the General Committee of Arrangements, with several thousand invited guests, assembled on board the large side-wheel Pacific Mail steamer "China," and a number of smaller steamers, while tugs took squadrons of the San

LIGHT-HOUSE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Francisco and Pacific yacht clubs in tow and started down the channel.

The sun was declining in the west as the steamers and yachts, gay with bunting, moved down the channel. From every flagstaff in the city flags were flying, and the shipping along the city front was brilliantly decked with ensigns, festooned flags and streamers. The impatient crowds that covered the hilltops stood straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of the "Tokio."

It was half-past five o'clock when a puff of white smoke from seaward, from the earthworks back of and above Fort Point, and the booming of a heavy gun announced that the steamer was near at hand. Another and another followed in rapid succession. Fort Point next joined in the cannonade, firing with both

casemate and barbette guns, and the battery at Lime Point added its thunders to the voice of welcome. In a few moments the entrance to the harbor was veiled in wreaths of smoke, and as the batteries of Angel Island, Black Point and Alcatraz opened fire in succession the whole channel was soon shrouded in clouds from their rapid discharges. For some time the position of the approaching ship could not be discovered, but shortly before six o'clock the outlines of the huge hull of the "City of Tokio" loomed through the obscurity of smoke and rapidly approaching shades of evening lit up by the flashes of guns, and in a few moments she glided into full view, surrounded by a fleet of steamers and tugs, gay with flags and crowded with guests, while the yacht squadron brought up the rear, festooned from deck to truck with brilliant bunting. Cheer after cheer burst from the assembled thousands as the vessels slowly rounded Telegraph Hill and were taken up by the crowds on the wharves and rolled around the city front, hats and handkerchiefs being waved in the air. The United States steamer "Monterey," lying in the stream, added the roar of her guns to the general welcome, and the screaming of hundreds of steam whistles announced that the "City of Tokio" had reached her anchorage.

The crowds that had assembled on the hills and along the city now, with a common impulse, began to pour along toward the ferry-landing at the foot of Market street, where General Grant was to land. The sidewalks were blocked with hurrying pedestrians and the streets with carriages conveying the committees. The steamers and yachts made haste to land their passengers, and in a few minutes the vicinity of the ferry-landing was literally jammed with people, extending for blocks along Market street and the water front just in front of the landing, the entrances to which were closed and guarded.

As General Grant reached the shore, Mayor Bryant addressed him at some length, welcoming him to his native country and especially to San Francisco, and announcing to him that, during his stay with them, he and his family and his travelling companions would be the honored guests of the City of San Francisco.

General Grant was then conducted to his carriage and escorted

to his hotel by the most superb procession ever seen on the Pacific Coast. "At precisely eight o'clock the head of the procession wheeled from Market into Montgomery street. The crowd so completely blocked the streets and sidewalks that it was with the utmost difficulty that the several platoons of police, which marched in double rank, could force a way for those who followed. They were under the command of Captains Lees, Douglass, Short, Stone and Guion. The magnificent strains of music from the throats of a band of fifty pieces announced the approach of the Grand Marshal, General W. L. Ellis, who rode a superb chestnut charger; his Chief of Staff, Colonel A. W. Preston, riding a sorrel. The cavalcade was divided into two squadrons, and more martial music stationed between the two divisions served to inspire the iron-shod heels of the horses with a life which corresponded with the excited feelings of the crowd that watched them. Lincoln Post, G. A. R., of San Francisco, and Sumner Post of Sacramento, Farragut Post of Vallejo, Phil Sheridan Post of San Jose and Lyon Post of Oakland; the Color Guard of Union and Confederate Soldiers; the Confederate Legion; the Army and Navy Club of Oakland, and the McClellan Legion, made up the grand reunion of the Blue and Gray, marching in one column to do honor to the First General of the Age. The Lincoln Post bore rockets and Roman candles, which they fired in the greatest abundance. Other features of this honored line of brave men, tried against each other in the hot fire of dreadful battle, were the devices which testified to the friendship and forgiveness which now unites them; 'The Army of the Potomac and the South' was the first motto heralded by a band to emphasize the glorious sentiment. More fireworks and candles lighted the letters which announced that 'The McClellan Legion Welcomes Grant;' 'Army of Tennessee;' 'Army of the Cumberland;' 'Army of the West;' 'Army of the Gulf,' with drums to roll out the time to which the old warriors' feet keep step; the Color Guard of Union and Confederate soldiers, with the largest silken flag and banner that was seen in the procession; the 'Army of the Pacific;' more flags and veterans in citizens' dress pass by, and their rear is covered by another

squad of police. A bugle sounded the 'Column right!' and the clattering hoofs of mettled steeds bore the brilliant uniforms, chapeaux, swords, belts, epaulets and trappings that distinguished the staff of the Second Brigade into sight, led and commanded by Brigadier-General John McComb. Twenty-five horsemen rode past and the well-known air of 'Marching through Georgia' intervened between the music made by the hoofs of prancing horses of Brigade and Regimental staffs. There were no more platoon fronts, the militia marching by in columns of fours; they came up Market street at a carry, but as the column turned into Montgomery each captain in succession gave his company the 'Right Shoulder Arms,' and very few of the infantry marching over the uncertain and ankle-spraining cobble-stones could avoid the duck of the head so inevitable with many men when about to execute this motion of the manual. Another band and drum corps followed; then a bugle and then came the Gatling Battery, most splendidly equipped, the First Light Artillery, with four pieces, the adjunctive caissons and complete teams of thirty-two white horses, the officers mounted on the same file past in beautiful array. It would be hard to choose between the Jackson Dragoons and the San Francisco Hussars in point of martial mien and gallant bearing. The former company of horse made the larger turnout of the two; it numbered fifty-seven besides the officers. Of the Uhlan caps and Cossack caps there were thirty-four in rank and file. An interval of two hundred yards broke the procession at this point, and the loud cheers which rent the air suggested the advent of the carriage bearing the city's guest. But the figure which accidentally was the centre of so much attention was that of Captain Jack; the eyes that strained for a sight of the Great Captain were disappointed when they fell upon the coal-black horse and buckskin breeches that bestrode it. Some Marshals' aids attempted to clear a new passage through the sea of human life that had closed in, but so eager were the people to see the object of their respect and patriotic love, that the column of Oakland Light Cavalry which followed, and which as escort immediately preceded the vehicle that bore the person of the ex-President, was broken out of all semblance to the form

of fours, and too hard pressed on all sides to manœuvre into twos. This magnificent militia squadron straggled around the turn in broken files. A splendid team of six bay horses, led by equerries to steady them through the mighty plaudits, loud shouts, sharp cheers and hoarse huzzahs uttered by quick-drawn breaths, brought to view two figures seated side by side within the open carriage. Mayor Bryant sat upon the left; the right hand of the other figure waved a white handkerchief in answer to the greeting poured from thousands of throats, and the people looked upon the long-expected ex-President Ulysses S. Grant. His carriage passed out of sight around the turn, followed by a four-in-hand containing U. S. Grant, Jr., and his mother, Colonel Fred Grant and other relatives and intimates; the Guard of Honor, composed of veterans of the Mexican war, and the Executive Committee were in their immediate rear.

"Many minutes elapsed before the carriages had all passed, each containing some of California's distinguished sons or honored guests. Among the number were: His Excellency William Irwin, Governor of California, and the officers of his military staff; Major-General Irwin McDowell, U. S. A., and staff, and Major Campbell; Commodore E. R. Calhoun, United States Navy, and staff; members of the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States, and of the Supreme and District Courts of California; Senators Newton, Booth and Farley, and ex-Senator Sargent; Congressmen Page, Pacheco and Davis; Government officers of the several departments, and State and municipal dignitaries and members of the Board of Trade. The brilliant uniforms of members of the various foreign diplomatic service, the epaulettes and gold lace that designate the rank of officers of the army and navy; the sashes that distinguish civil societies and the rosettes of committeemen flashed in the occasional rays of light that fell upon the magnificent pageant. Another band announced the coming of a new division of the line of march, and the delegation from the Fire Department came into view. A hose-cart drawn by members in their gay shirts and formidable hats led the Firemen's Brigade, and was followed by a splendid first-class Amoskeag steamer, drawn by four of the almost priceless animals for

which the Department stables have been for so long celebrated. The Union League paraded some hundred and fifty strong, and the Patriotic Order of Sons of America nearly as many, and bore well-executed designs representing, among others, the sentiment that the names of Washington, Lincoln and Grant are such as shall be respected.

"The roll of drums and the favorite notes of the Hungarian march and other inspiring strains accompany the tread of many feet, and French colors and German, white banners and the Stars and Stripes waved their silken folds above the dark lines of the procession. On either side of Market street for the distance of a block were arranged the Garibaldi Guards, the Austrian Jaegers, the Bersaglieri Italian Sharpshooters, the Italian Fishermen's Association, and other military and civic organizations, all of which turned out in full force. As General Grant passed in his barouche they presented arms. The procession wended its way very slowly along Market street, which was one blaze of rockets, Bengal fires and blue lights. The rays of a magnesium light located somewhere near Kearny street were directed down the street, and with the fireworks lit up the street until it was nearly as light as day. As the procession moved the steam whistles of the many mills in the vicinity began to screech, and bells brought out from warehouses were tolled, and kept an incessant clanging, while a steam calliope further up the street began to play national anthems."

With the magnificent reception at San Francisco, our narrative of General Grant's travels comes to an end. We have followed him through the most remarkable journey ever made, and have seen him safely landed upon the shores of his native country. It forms no part of our purpose to relate his progress along the Pacific coast, or his journey eastward.

CHAPTER XIX.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

Birth and Early Life—Boyish Characteristics—Enters West Point—Graduates—Appointed a Lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry—Services During the Mexican War—Promoted to a Captaincy—Marries Miss Julia T. Dent—Leaves the Army—Settles in St. Louis—Removes to Galena, Ills.—Breaking Out of the War—Grant Volunteers—Made Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Regiment—Receives a Brigadier-General's Commission—Seizes Paducah—Battle of Belmont—Capture of Forts Henry and Donnelson—Battle of Pittsburgh Landing—Siege of Corinth—Given Command of the Department of West Tennessee—Battles of Iuka and Corinth—The Campaign Against Vicksburg—Surrender of Vicksburg—Grant Defeats Bragg at Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain—Is Made Lieutenant-General—The Virginia Campaign—Battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor—Grant Crosses the James River—Siege of Petersburg—Retreat of Lee—Surrender of Lee's Army—Grant is Made General of the Army—Appointed Secretary of War *Ad Interim*—Controversy with President Johnson—Grant Twice Elected President of the United States—Events of His Administration—Retires to Private Life.

SO much has been written concerning the career of General Grant, that another biography of him, however brief, seems superfluous. Yet the present work would be incomplete without such mention of him. It is not, however, our intention to offer to the reader anything like an elaborate biography of the distinguished soldier whose triumphal progress around the world we have related, but merely to glance at some of the leading incidents of his life, by which we may hope to arrive at a proper estimate of his character.

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont county, Ohio, about twenty-five miles above Cincinnati, on the 27th of April, 1822. He came of a race of soldiers, his ancestors having fought bravely in the old French War and the War of the Revolution.

He was born the son of a tradesman—a tanner in humble circumstances—and his youth was passed in a country too recently settled to possess many of the advantages of civilization. In 1823, the year after his birth, his parents removed to George-

town, Ohio, and he passed his boyhood in that place. His early life was hard, practical, and unromantic, but exhibited in a marked degree many of the traits of energy, intensity of purpose and self-reliance, for which his manhood has been distinguished. He was a stubborn, self-willed child; he became a man of extraordinary firmness and resolution. He was fearless and fond of danger in his boyish pastimes, and was remarkable for the readiness with which he devised the means of accomplishing difficult undertakings; as a man this same fertility of resource led to his greatest triumphs as a soldier.

His ambition inclined him to dislike his father's trade, and to crave a better education than the schools in his vicinity afforded. In order to gratify this wish his father obtained for him from the Hon. Thomas L. Hamer, member of Congress, an appointment to a cadetship at West Point. Young Grant had been named at his birth Hiram Ulysses, but through some mistake his appointment was made out for Ulysses Simpson Grant, and this name he has ever since borne. He entered the Military Academy in 1839, and remained there four years. The study in which he showed the most proficiency during his course at the Academy was mathematics. He graduated in July, 1843, ranking twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine, and was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Fourth Regiment of Infantry. He was then a little over twenty-one years of age. During the two years immediately succeeding his graduation he was employed against the Indians on the frontiers. He served gallantly through the war with Mexico, being engaged in every battle in that struggle except Buena Vista. His gallant and meritorious conduct in these engagements won him the brevet rank of Captain in 1847, and the full rank in 1853.

At the close of the Mexican War he was stationed with his regiment on the northern frontier, first at Detroit and then at Sackett's Harbor. In 1848 he married Miss Julia T. Dent, the daughter of Judge Dent, of St. Louis, and sister of one of his classmates. In 1853 he was sent to California and Oregon with his regiment. On the 31st of July, 1854, he resigned his commission in the army, and removed to St. Louis. He cultivated a farm

near the city, and engaged in the real estate business in St Louis. He failed to make a support in these employments, however, and in consequence of this removed to Galena, Illinois, where he was employed by his father, who was now in very prosperous circumstances, in the leather trade. He was residing there as a simple and almost unknown leather merchant when the capture of Fort Sumter precipitated the war upon the country.

As soon as the news of President Lincoln's call for troops reached him, Captain Grant determined to offer his services to the Government. He said to a friend, "The Government educated me for the army. What I am I owe to my country. I have served her through one war, and, live or die, will serve her through this."

He at once raised a company of volunteers and marched it to Springfield, where he requested the Governor to give him his Captain's commission. Being informed, however, that a friend desired the position, he generously withdrew in his favor.

Soon after this Governor Yates appointed him to a clerkship in his office to assist himself and the Adjutant-General of the State in mustering in the troops. He performed this duty so well that the Illinois troops were sent forward with greater promptness and in better condition than the State authorities had ventured to hope. Says Governor Yates: "He was plain, very plain; but still, sir, something, perhaps his plain, straightforward modesty and earnestness, induced me to assign him a desk in the Executive office. In a short time I found him to be an invaluable assistant in my office, and in that of the Adjutant-General. He was soon after assigned to the command of the six camps of instruction which had been established in the State."

This quiet, humdrum life did not suit a man of Grant's character. He longed for activity. He had promptly offered his services to the General Government, but no notice had been taken of his offer. On the 17th of June, 1861, Governor Yates appointed him Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers, and sent him to the field. Here his military skill made itself so conspicuous that his friends easily procured him a commission as Brigadier-General of Volunteers, the commission dating from

GENERAL U. S. GRANT IN 1866.

May 17th, 1861. He was placed in command of the troops at Cairo, and was soon reinforced by McClernand's brigade.

On the 6th of September he seized Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee river, and on the 25th took possession of Smithville, at the mouth of the Cumberland, thus securing access for the naval forces of the United States to these important streams. On the 7th of November he fought the battle of Belmont, in Missouri, opposite Columbus, Kentucky. His force consisted of two brigades. The attack was unsuccessful, but the men behaved gallantly, and Grant had a horse shot under him. This, his first battle, made him as many enemies as friends, for fully one-half of the people of the Union severely condemned him for making the attack.

On the 21st of December, General Halleck, who had assumed the command of the Department of the Missouri, placed Grant in command of the District of Cairo, which was so extended as to form one of the largest military divisions in the country, in-

cluding the southern part of Illinois, that portion of Kentucky west of the Cumberland river, and the southern counties of Missouri. On the 3d of February, 1862, General Grant started with 15,000 men, aided by a fleet of gunboats under Commodore Foote, to capture Forts Henry and Donnelson, which commanded the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. Fort Henry, on the Tennessee, surrendered on the 6th of February, after a severe bombardment of an hour and fifteen minutes by the gunboats. Fort Donnelson was next attacked, and a series of severe battles ensued, the force under Grant having been increased to 30,000 men. The fort was surrendered unconditionally on the 16th, and its fall caused the evacuation of Nashville by the Confederates. The city was at one occupied. The capture of Fort Donnelson was the first real and substantial victory that had crowned the Federal arms during the war. Grant was justly the hero of the hour, and was at once commissioned Major-General of Volunteers, to date from February 16th, 1862.

With his Major-General's commission, Grant was given the command of the District of West Tennessee. His brilliant success made General Halleck envious of him, and an expedition of 40,000 men was placed under General C. F. Smith, Grant's junior in rank, and sent up the Tennessee. Smith was taken seriously ill soon after it had started, and the command devolved upon Grant. A large portion of the force lay at Pittsburgh Landing, on the Tennessee, for three weeks, while preparations were made for an attack upon Corinth, Mississippi, where the Confederate army was concentrated. At daybreak, on the 6th of April, they were surprised by the Confederates under General Albert Sydney Johnston, routed after a severe engagement, and driven from their camp. The Confederates lost their ablest commander in the West, General Albert Sydney Johnston, who was killed at the moment of victory. Grant was with another part of the army when the battle began, but as soon as informed of it he hurried forward, and reached the field about eight o'clock in the morning. Matters were very bad when he arrived, and grew worse during the day, and it was with difficulty that the Union forces could hold their ground at all. Grant was every-

where during the day, animating and encouraging his men, and attending personally to the execution of his most important orders. While others were despondent, he was calm and cool. His great hope was to hold his ground until night should put an end to the fighting. Should he succeed in doing this, he meant to reorganize his columns under the cover of the darkness, and, with the first light the next morning, attack the enemy with a fury and determination which he felt sure would win success. He knew that General Buell was marching to his assistance, but he meant to make this attack whether Buell came up or not.

Buell's troops arrived during the night, their commander reaching the field ahead of them. When he arrived, he asked Grant,

"What preparations have you made to secure your retreat, General?"

Grant replied,

"We shall not retreat, sir."

"But it is possible," said Buell, "and a prudent general always provides for contingencies."

"Well, there are the boats," said Grant.

"The boats," said Buell, "but they will not hold over ten thousand men, and you have thirty thousand."

"They will hold more than we shall retreat with," was the grim rejoinder.

Grant's judgment was vindicated by the result. The battle was renewed on the morning of the 7th, and the Confederates were defeated and driven back towards Corinth. General Grant was slightly wounded in this battle.

Three days after the battle, General Halleck assumed the direct command of the army, and advancing to Corinth, laid siege to that place. The Confederates evacuated it in the last days of May, and Halleck was called to Washington on the 11th of July. This left General Grant in command of the Department of West Tennessee, with head-quarters at Corinth. In this position he exhibited administrative ability of the highest order. His rule was strict and stern, but strictness and severity were needed. So well pleased was the Government with his conduct of affairs, that the President extended the limits of his department so as to

include the State of Mississippi, in which was situated the great stronghold of Vicksburg, the key to the Mississippi river.

When the Confederate leaders in the autumn of 1862 began the execution of their brilliant plan for dislodging him from the territory he had occupied, he penetrated their designs instantly, and by a series of movements no less brilliant and more successful than those of his antagonists, repulsed their attacks both at Iuka, on the 19th of September, and at Corinth, on the 5th and 6th of October, and forced them back across the Tallahatchie. Had his orders been rigidly obeyed the Southern force opposed to him would have been captured, and the rear of Vicksburg exposed.

General Grant's first campaign against Vicksburg was bold and skilful in its conception, but was defeated by the treachery of the officer in command at Holly Springs. By surrendering his post to the Confederates, he exposed all of Grant's communications to their mercy, and compelled him to fall back to his base of operations.

The reader is familiar with the long and vexatious delays of the siege of Vicksburg; how plan after plan was tried, only to find it a failure. He is also familiar with the fact that the country was almost unanimous in demanding the removal of Grant, and the appointment of another commander. President Lincoln seems to have been the only person who appreciated him, for when urged to remove him, he replied that he would first "try him a little longer," as he "liked the man."

Amidst all this clamor for his removal, all the denunciation that was heaped upon him, Grant was as calm, as hopeful, as silent as ever. He indulged in no unseemly boasts, no defence of any kind. He persevered, answering all fault-finders with the confident assertion, "*I shall take Vicksburg.*" This confidence affected his generals even while they questioned the soundness of his plans. General Sherman, especially, while frankly condemning his commander's plan, earnestly assured him of his warm and hearty co-operation in any undertaking the latter should see fit to venture upon.

All the approved plans having failed, Grant resolved to put

into execution a plan of his own conception. This was nothing more nor less than to sever his connections with his base of operations, plunge boldly into the enemy's country, invest Vicksburg, and open a new line of communication with his fleet. He accordingly broke up his camp above Vicksburg, ran his gunboats and transports by the batteries at that place, and marched his army across the country to Bruinsburg, where, on the 30th of April, 1863, he crossed the Mississippi, and advanced upon Vicksburg. He defeated the Confederate force at Port Gibson on the 1st day of May, and at Raymond on the 12th, after which he marched rapidly to Jackson, where General Joseph E. Johnston was collecting an army for the relief of Vicksburg. He attacked this force on the 14th and drove it towards Canton. Then retracing his steps he struck Pemberton's army a terrible blow at Champion Hills on the 16th of May, and drove it over the Big Black. On the 17th he crossed that river, driving Pemberton's forces into Vicksburg, and on the 18th laid siege to Vicksburg. He completely invested the city, and re-established his communications with his fleet in the river above and below the town. The siege was prosecuted with vigor, and on the 4th of July, 1863, Vicksburg, with a garrison of 27,000 men, was surrendered to General Grant.

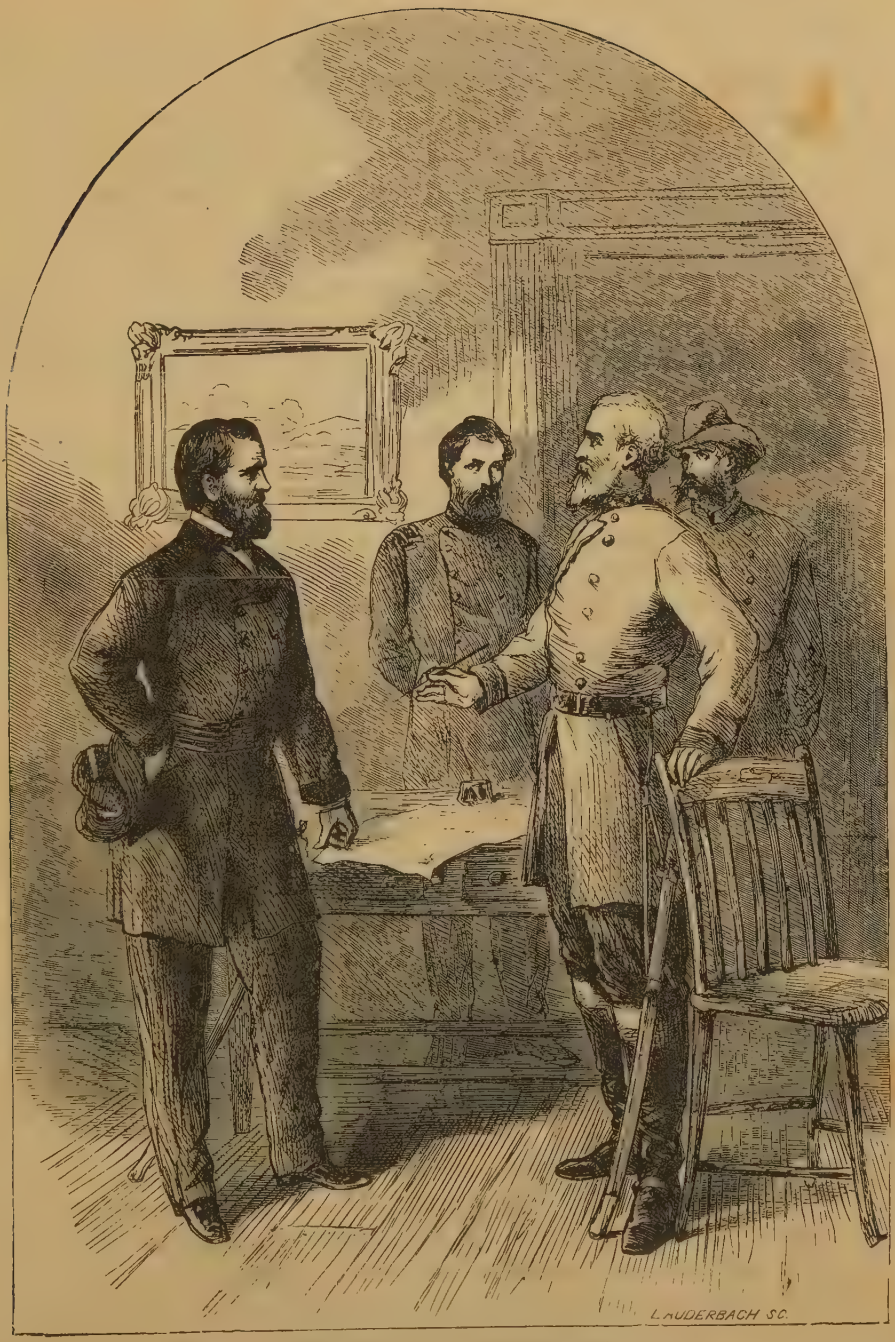
Henceforward there could be no doubt in the mind of any candid person that Grant was a great soldier. His Vicksburg campaign was a departure from the old principles of war, and one of the boldest and most brilliant evidences of his genius he could have given. It showed that he was capable not only of organizing a great campaign, but that he could move and fight his army successfully, and find victory where others saw only danger and disaster.

For his victory at Vicksburg Grant was made a Major-General in the regular army, and given command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, which embraced the departments commanded by Sherman, Thomas, Burnside, and Hooker. Immediately after the capture of Vicksburg, he sent Sherman with a strong force to drive Johnston back from Jackson, which undertaking was successfully accomplished.

Bragg having defeated Rosecrans, and having shut him up in Chattanooga, Tennessee, which place he was seriously threatening, Grant concentrated his forces for its defence. Being ordered to proceed to Chattanooga, he repaired to that place promptly, took command of the army, and on the 24th and 25th of November defeated Bragg's army at Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, and drove it back to Dalton, Georgia. This accomplished, he sent Sherman to relieve Burnside, who was besieged in Knoxville by the Confederates. Sherman accomplished this duty successfully.

The thanks of Congress, a gold medal from the same body, the thanks of State Legislatures and public assemblages of all kinds were showered upon the victor, and the whole land rang with his praise. Congress revived the rank of Lieutenant-General in the army, and on the 1st of March, 1864, President Lincoln signed the bill, and appointed General Grant to the position. General Grant at once repaired to Washington, and on the 9th received his commission from the hands of President Lincoln. This done, he applied himself to the task before him, declining all public honors.

Invested with the chief command of the armies of the United States, he relinquished to Sherman the direction of affairs in the Mississippi valley, and applied himself to the task of crushing the Army of Northern Virginia, the mainstay of the Confederacy. He planned two great campaigns, one under General Sherman, against Atlanta, and another under General Meade, against Lee's army and Richmond. General Grant accompanied Meade's army in its movements. On the 3d of May he crossed the Rapidan with 140,000 men, intending to interpose his army between the Confederates and Richmond. He was attacked in the Wilderness by General Lee on the 4th of May. A two days' battle ensued, the result being that Grant suffered a heavy loss and was foiled in his effort to outflank Lee. Grant then moved by the left to Spottsylvania Court House, but, arriving there, found Lee's army in a strong position, from which even his determined efforts could not dislodge it. He then marched rapidly to the North Anna river, but only to find Lee, in a still stronger posi-



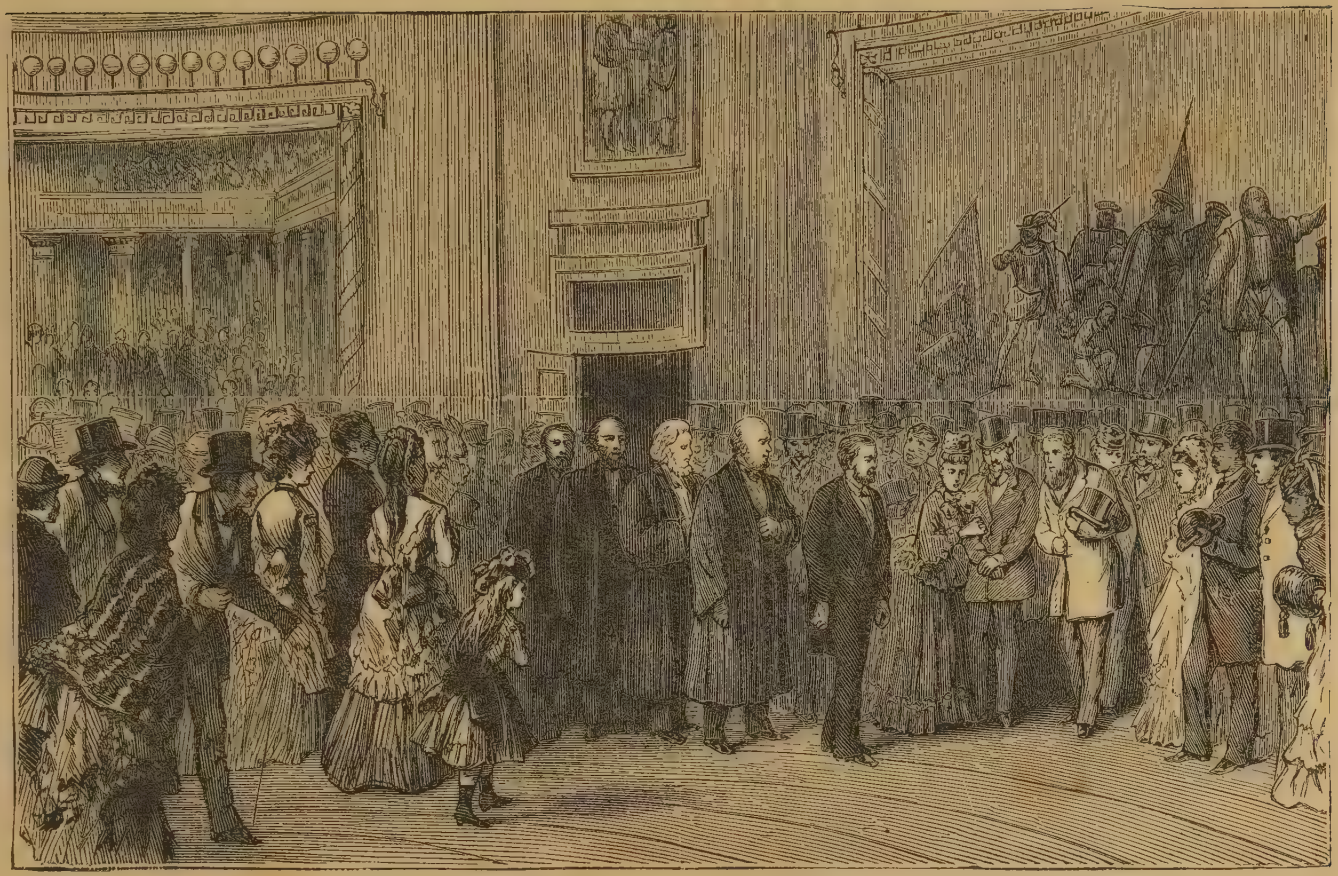
SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE.

tion, awaiting him. Moving once more to the left, he reached Cold Harbor, where Lee occupied an absolutely impregnable position. After a brilliant but fruitless assault upon the southern works, Grant moved to the James river, crossed it at Harrison's Landing, and invested Petersburg. Both Richmond and Petersburg were besieged. The events of the siege are too familiar to the reader to need repetition here. General Lee evacuated both places on the 2d of April, 1865, and retreated westward towards Danville to join Johnston. Grant made a vigorous pursuit, and after a gallant but ineffectual struggle General Lee was compelled to surrender his army to General Grant at Appomattox Court House, on the 9th of April. This surrender brought the war to a practical close, the other Confederate forces surrendering immediately thereafter.

The terms granted by General Grant to the defeated armies were generous in the extreme. No harshness or unkindness was shown to the vanquished. Bad as he regarded their cause, he knew that his prisoners were his countrymen, and that they had shown courage and heroism worthy of the American name, and he was too true a soldier not to pity them in their misfortunes. So kindly did he deal with them that many shed tears when informed of his generosity. He had been an inflexible foe; he now proved a generous friend.

"After the war Grant fixed his head-quarters at Washington; and on July 25th, 1866, he was commissioned General of the United States Army, the rank having been created for him. On August 12th, 1867, when President Johnson suspended Secretary Stanton from office, General Grant was made Secretary of War *ad interim*, and held the position until January 14th, 1868, when he returned it to Mr. Stanton, whose removal the Senate had refused to sanction."

At the Republican National Convention, held in Chicago, May 21st, 1868, General Grant was unanimously nominated on the first ballot for the Presidency of the United States, and Schuyler Colfax was nominated for the Vice-Presidency. Grant and Colfax were elected by an overwhelming majority, carrying twenty-six States, and receiving 214 electoral votes against 80 for Seymour and Blair, their Democratic opponents.



PRESIDENT GRANT PASSING THROUGH THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL TO TAKE THE OATH OF OFFICE.

General Grant was inaugurated as President on the 4th of March, 1869, with imposing ceremonies. The principal events of his first term were the reconstruction of the Southern States, the opening of the Pacific Railroad, the unsuccessful effort for the annexation of St. Domingo, and the settlement of the "Alabama" claims.

On the 5th of June, 1872, the Republican National Convention met at Philadelphia, and by acclamation nominated General Grant for re-election to the Presidency. The election came off in November, and Grant and Wilson received 268 electoral votes to 80 cast for their opponents, and a popular majority of 762,991. The principal events of General Grant's second term as President were the Panic of 1873, the passage of the Act for the Resumption of Specie Payments, the admission of Colorado as a State, the Sioux War, and the Centennial International Exhibition. On the 5th of March General Grant retired from the Presidency, being succeeded by the present incumbent, Rutherford B. Hayes.

For sixteen years General Grant had been constantly in the public service, without a day of rest from the cares and responsibilities of the various positions he had held. His retirement to private life was most grateful to him. He had long contemplated seeking the rest and recreation he so greatly needed in travel in foreign lands, and at the earliest practicable moment after his retirement from the Presidency he embarked upon the Tour Around the World, which we have described in the preceding chapters of this work.

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Agents should know with whom they deal, therefore we append the following sketch of the life of J. R. Jones, the President of the National Publishing Company, which was published in the "Advertiser's Gazette," a well-known commercial paper of New York City.

JOSHUA R. JONES was born near the village of Fawn Grove, in York County, Pennsylvania, on the 28th of August, 1837. His father was a farmer, and young Joshua remained at home until his eighteenth year, working on the farm during the summer, and attending the public school in the winter. He was impressed at an early age by his parents, with those qualities of industry, energy and self-reliance, which have distinguished his manhood, and to these early lessons much of his success may be attributed. He spent one year at a boarding-school in Loudon County, Virginia—completed his studies at the Pennsylvania State Normal School, and taught one year in a public school near his home, in York Co.

After the close of his school, he met with an agent who was canvassing his neighborhood for subscribers to a popular work, then being published. He was at that time endeavoring to decide upon some means of earning his living more consistent with his energetic nature than the quiet hum-drum life of a teacher, and this new method of selling books at once attracted his attention. The agent was pleased with the interest young JONES manifested in his business, and advised him to make the experiment of canvassing. Mr. JONES decided to do so, and upon making application to the publishing firm, was directed to canvass the County of Harford, in the State of Maryland, which he did so thoroughly that he was assigned another county. The canvass of these two counties occupied Mr. JONES about a year, and netted him a considerable sum of money.

After closing up his business here, he went to the Western States, where he renewed his efforts and was as successful as in the East. During his residence in the West, he travelled extensively through that great section of the country, selling books, and learning by experience and by contact with them, the actual wants of the people. Returning from the West, after a canvassing tour of nearly three years, he assisted in organizing a Subscription Book Publishing House, in Philadelphia, of which he was chosen President. Mr. JONES was especially fitted for the position, by reason of his long experience as an agent or canvasser.

In entering upon his new duties, Mr. JONES laid down a few plain and simple rules for his guidance. These were: To publish nothing but works of merit; to conduct his business upon principles of the strictest promptness and integrity. By keeping his books constantly before the public, he knew that he could create a demand for them, and he was fully alive to the advantages of publishing nothing but Standard Works. His expectations have been fully realized.

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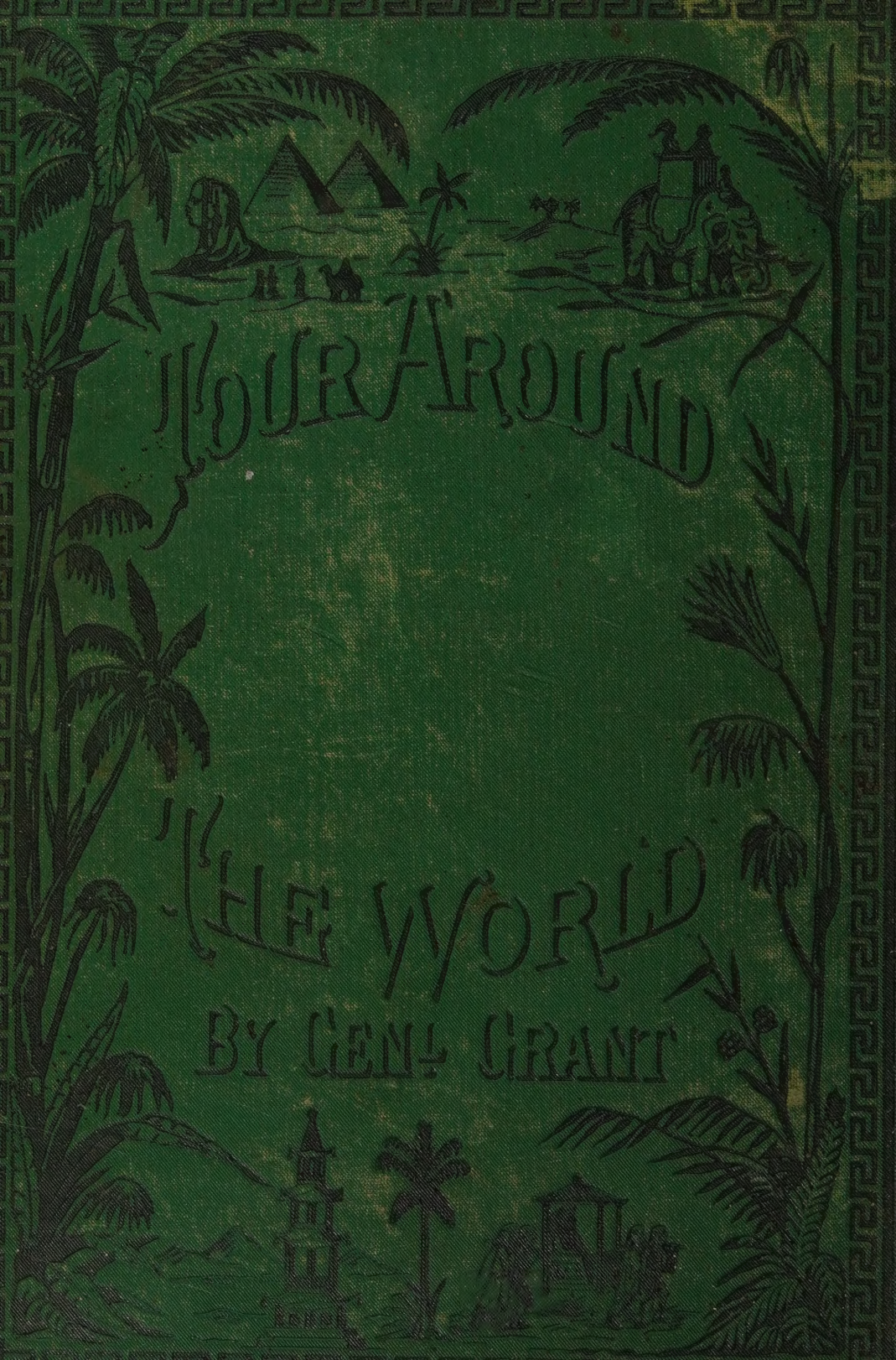
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